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in over a Million and a Quarter Homes
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See story, "Judson's Auction" on page 12.

COMFORT

EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Bumper Crops that Can't Be Marketed if the Railroad Labor Strike Continues

THE season is, at the present writing, so far advanced that the crop report recently issued by the Government may be relied on as a substantially accurate forecast of this year's harvest. According to information given out by the U. S. Department of Agriculture most of the principal crops are unusually large and some of them are record-breakers. Coming down to figures the Agricultural Department's estimates are: wheat, upward of 805,000,000 bushels; oats, 1,200,000,000; barley, 192,000,000; rye, 79,000,000, or more; sweet potatoes, 112,000,000 bushels; buckwheat, 13,000,000; rice 38,700,000; sugar beets, 5,080,000 tons; apples, 202,000,000 bushels; peaches, 56,000,000; peanuts 679,000,000 pounds; tobacco, about one and one-half billion pounds. For the fourth time in the history of the country our corn crop will exceed three billion bushels; our potato crop will be the second largest ever grown, while the hay crop is larger by more than a million tons than ever before.

Nevertheless in this great land stocked, as it is, with an abundance and even a superabundance of food there is grave danger that millions of our people may have to go on short food rations or even be subjected to famine conditions because of inadequate railroad freight service caused by the present railroad labor strike. Already have the railroads become so crippled by the strike that scores of passenger trains have had to be cancelled in order to give necessary preference to transportation of coal which is overstraining the diminished capacity of the great trunk lines; and yet the moving of the principal crops, which always puts the railroad freight service to the most arduous test, has not begun for this year. One needs no great degree of imagination or gift of prophesy to foresee a seriously aggravated situation when the chief food staples begin to contest with coal for preferential transportation privileges on the overburdened and strike-crippled railroads—it means, of course, a food-and-fuel famine in this land of plenty, unless the railroad labor strike should be ended very soon, and even so the business and industrial interests will suffer for some time after, as they are now suffering, no small detriment.

It is estimated that, if trade, industrial and transportation conditions were normal so that this year's bumper crops could be marketed at present prices, seventeen of the leading crops would bring the farmers well over seven billion dollars and increase the farmers' purchasing power by more than a billion dollars. In commenting on what should be the beneficial effect of the present bounteous harvest in promoting general prosperity *The Wall Street Journal* remarks that "out of the soil Nature has taken and handed to the American people the first fundamental for good business", and the *Minneapolis Journal*, pointedly expresses a well established truth by saying that "when the farmer prospers, all other forms of industry and business march to the same happy tune." But the trouble is that this rosy prospect hangs on that all-important and dubious *if* in the first line of this paragraph.

Trade and industrial conditions are far from normal and are daily growing worse because of partial paralysis of transportation which is becoming more extended and acute with each day's continuance of the railroad labor strike. Never, not even during the late war, has the need for the utmost possible freight service of our railroads been more pressing than now. The country being direfully short of fuel in consequence of the coal miners' strike, which has just ended, puts an unusual strain on the railroads to transport the millions of tons of the much-needed products of the mines that have resumed operations, for fuel is about as indispensable as food. There is no doubt that if the railroad strike continues its ruinous career it will be extremely difficult, if possible, to provide the fifty-two per cent. of our population which lives in cities and large towns with even a meager supply of necessary food, and added to

this are the needs of millions of farmers in the Eastern States who raise little corn and no wheat and therefore depend on the West for flour, corn and cattle feed. Under such conditions what prospect have the farmers of being able to market their bumper crops which but for the railroad strike would spread prosperity throughout the land?

This year's production of foodstuffs in the United States, notably of corn and wheat, is considerably more than the American people could consume even under favorable conditions, leaving a large surplus that must either be sold in a foreign market or carried over unsold. Obviously the effect of the continuance of the railroad strike would be to reduce American consumption of foodstuffs, thereby increasing the surplus for export, and at the same time prevent this surplus from reaching a foreign market because of the inability of the railroads to transport it to the coast. With the supply of agricultural products exceeding the demand for domestic consumption and the foreign market for the excess cut off, another probable result would be a drop in the prices received by the farmers even though the famishing city consumers might have to pay as high or higher prices than at present—leave it to the middlemen and speculators to see to that. You see the importance of the *if*. If the railroad labor strike continues not only will the farmers and the country at large be robbed of the prosperity which the big crops should bring, but will be afflicted with business depression and discomforts too numerous and distressing to mention.

Government Acts to Stop Lawless Interference with the Railroads.

Assuming that there may be rational grounds for a difference of opinion as to the right of railroad employees to strike in defiance of the decision of the Railroad Labor Board, no person imbued with a sense of common decency, respect for law or regard for the rights of others will try to justify or excuse any of the very many acts of lawless intimidation and violence in the form of threats, assaults, bodily injuries, murders, destruction of railroad buildings, cars and engines and the wrecking of trains, and numerous unsuccessful attempts to blow up bridges, burn buildings and wreck trains, throughout the country, perpetrated or instigated by the strikers, their sympathizers or friends in furtherance of the purposes of the strike. This lawlessness is of three distinct classes, each aimed at the accomplishment of a definite object.

When the strikers walked out a considerable number of the railroad shopmen, although members of the union, refused to obey the strike order and stuck to their jobs, and under promised protection by the Government the places of the strikers were being filled at a rate that indicated that the railroads would be able to maintain their freight and passenger service without serious impairment, which, if permitted to go on unchecked, meant the failure of the strike. When this became apparent the lawlessness began, first in the form of threats, personal injuries to and murders of men who stuck to their jobs or took the places of strikers, the manifest purpose being to force them to join the strike and to frighten would-be applicants from seeking employment; next came ditching of locomotives, injury and destruction of cars, burning of roundhouses, repair shops and other railroad property, aimed at crippling the physical equipment of the railroads; then followed the wrecking and attempted wrecking of trains by pulling the spikes from rails and by tampering with signals, resulting in several deaths and intended to terrify the public. After the strike had run into the second month scarcely a day passed without tidings of one or more shocking crimes perpetrated, attempted or plotted in connection with the railroad labor strike.

Thus had the situation become intolerable when, on the first day of September, the United States Government, acting through the Attorney General, began a resolute effort to end this reign of terror and restore law and order for the protection of life, property, personal liberty and the right of the people to travel and have their goods transported in interstate commerce without molestation or threatened interference. It was only after President Harding had gone to the limit of propriety in his repeated endeavors to bring about a peaceful settlement of the strike and had reached the point where "patience ceases to be a virtue" and further forbearance would have been unfaithfulness to duty, that he directed Attorney General Daugherty to take the initial step by applying to the U. S. District Court in Chicago for an injunction commanding the strikers, their agents, associates and all persons acting in aid or in conjunction with them to abstain from in any manner interfering with, hindering or obstructing railroad companies, their agents or employees in the operation of their respective railroads in the performance of their public duties and obligations in the transportation of passengers and property in interstate commerce and the carriage of the mails, and from attempting to prevent any person from freely entering into or continuing in the employ of the railroad companies.

Judge Wilkerson, before whom the petition came for preliminary hearing, on facts and argument presented by the Attorney General, issued the injunction as a temporary restraining order to remain in force until September eleventh, which date he assigned for a full hearing to determine whether the injunction should then be dissolved, modified or made permanent, and he ordered all parties interested to be notified accordingly. On that day, which at the present writing is still in the future, the parties defendant and any and all other persons whose rights are affected will have an opportunity to appear before the Court in person or by attorney and object to the injunction and present such evidence and arguments as they may wish to offer in support of their objections. In presenting his petition to the Court at the preliminary hearing Attorney General Daugherty stated that he did not appear as the representative of the railroads, but representing the people of the United States. He asserted that the Government of the United States is not opposed to labor unions if they obey the law, and that the requested injunction was not aimed at, and would not affect, any labor union that limits its activities to legitimate acts and lawful pursuits.

Mr. Daugherty has since explained that the purpose and effect of the injunction are not to compel any man to work who does not wish to work, but to protect those who desire to work from any form of interference in the free exercise of their natural and legal right to work when, where and for whom they choose. And President Harding has added his assurance that "the injunction will not be used to abridge personal liberty, and that its only purpose and the only use that will be made of it will be to restrain violence and compel obedience to law and order."

In reply to critics who denounce the injunction as infringing on the right of free speech and of freedom of the press Mr. Daugherty points out that in this respect it goes no further than to forbid what can not lawfully be spoken or published in print. To advise or instigate, in speech or in print, the commission of murder, arson or any other crime or transgression of law is unlawful and if uttered or printed in violation of the injunction would subject the author or publisher to a penalty—and why not? Judged according to moral standards the master mind that incites to crime is guiltier than his credulous satellite whom he induces to fire the shot, explode the bomb or apply the torch in execution of an atrocious villainy.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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Stella Rosevelt

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



Without sound or warning, she slipped from her chair to the floor.

Miss Gladstone!" he cried approaching and holding out his hand to her.

She started as if some viper had stung her.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

A CRUSHING BLOW.

THE next morning when the company met at breakfast Josephine experienced a feeling of intense relief upon learning that Lord Carrol had been called away to London at an early hour on "important business."

After breakfast was over, and as Josephine was passing through the hall on her way to her own room, she espied the morning papers lying on the table.

Mechanically she took up one, glancing carelessly over the columns, when almost the first thing she saw was a notice of the arrival of a steamer from New York two days previous, with a list of the passengers below.

A lurid light shot into her eyes and an angry exclamation burst from her lips as she read; for, among the other names in that list, she read those of Jacob Rosevelt, Miss Star Gladstone and maid, from New York.

She took the paper and went upstairs to her mother's room and showed the notice to her. "It seems as if that girl was bound to be the ruin of us. They are continually crossing our path, and I declare it is more than human nature can patiently bear. I wonder what has brought them to England?"

"I suppose Uncle Jacob thinks he must give his charming protegee every advantage possible," Josephine sneered, bitterly.

"Well, I'm sure we do not need to mind them now," Mrs. Richards said, with a sigh of satisfaction. "Even if she gets every penny of his money, your position will henceforth be far superior to hers."

"I don't know about that," the girl retorted, with a painful flush. "If Lord Carrol meets her, and they make up their quarrel, I shall still be rather in the background, I imagine."

"True; I had not thought of that," her mother replied, with a blank look. "I wish you could have managed to entrap him, Jo."

"Lord Carrol is a fool!" she said, passionately. Her mother looked up at her searchingly, mistrusting that her daughter had more reason for her pale face and heavy eyes than she knew of.

"If only that marriage last night could have been a real one, I should have been the happiest woman in England this morning," she said, wistfully.

"With one exception," Josephine thought, with a bitter sigh and a hard glitter in her eyes; but she said nothing.

They did not leave Sherbrooke house that day, however. A sudden storm came on during the afternoon, too violent to admit of the departure of any one, and Lady Sherbrooke would not allow any of her guests to mention such a thing. And so the long, dreary day was spent in rest and quiet.

But the next day broke bright and pleasant, and just as the company were sitting down to the morning meal, Minnie Shelton came dashing into the breakfast room, her cheeks glowing, her eyes sparkling, and her lips parted in the brightest of smiles, while a paper fluttered in her small hands.

"Such fun!" she exclaimed, merrily. "Here is a description of your ball, Lady Sherbrooke, in the *Cheshire Gazette*—the mock marriage and all; and the best of the whole thing is, they have written up that event so that at a first glance any one would naturally suppose that a real wedding had occurred. Listen."

She held up the paper and read: "MARRIED.—At the country residence of Lady Sherbrooke, on the 10th instant, Sir Archibald Sherbrooke and Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, to Miss Josephine Richards, formerly of New York, U. S. A., but recently reported to be the heiress presumptive to the Thornton estates in Devonshire. The fair bride was lovely in her bridal robes, not the least noticeable of which was the exquisite point lace veil, which was also of great value."

"There isn't that too rich for anything?" the gay girl cried; "and do look at the mock bride's blushes!" pointing at Josephine, whose face was crimson from varied emotions; "what a pity it is that our handsome groom is not here to see them; and one would almost imagine she was a real bride by her confusion."

"Then there follows a long account of the ball, which explains everything," she added, laying down the paper; "but I'm so out of breath that I can't read any more, and you'll have to peruse it for yourselves."

There was an awkward silence for a moment after she had ceased speaking.

Josephine, watching her opportunity, when some of the guests were leaving, sought and found that paper, and slipped it unobserved into her pocket.

In one of the rooms of a beautiful suite of apartments looking out upon St. James Square, a young girl sat by a window, looking out upon the passers-by in the street below.

It is our Star, fresh and beautiful as ever, but with something more of maturity and dignity in her bearing than when we last saw her.

She has been in London just one week, and is enjoying every day, despite the proverbial rain and fog, for she has returned to her native land once more, and every inch of ground is replete with interest for her.

As she sits there in her handsome parlor, looking out upon the street, a door opens, and Jacob Rosevelt enters.

He looks younger and in better health than we have ever seen him before, while his face is animated and genial, as if life was at its brightest with him.

Star looked around as he entered. "How quickly you have entered, Uncle Jacob," she said, rising, and going to meet him, and taking his hat.

"Yes; I knew you would be impatient for your letters, and, as there is quite a budget to be gone through with, I thought it best not to keep you in suspense."

As he spoke he drew from his capacious pocket half a dozen letters, and as many papers, which he had just received from the American Legation, and half of which he gave into Star's own hands.

She laid the papers, which, of course, were of minor importance, upon the table, and, sitting down in a low chair, carefully cut the ends of the envelopes, and was soon deep in the contents of her news from beyond the sea.

It took her nearly an hour to read them all. After reading the letters she took up her papers in a listless way. But all at once she noticed that one was not a home paper; it bore the London postmark, and was addressed in a hand she did not recognize.

"It cannot be from Ralph Meredith," she said to herself, "for he does not know that I am here. Besides, it is not his handwriting. I wonder who could have sent it?"

She opened it with considerable curiosity, and yet with a feeling of foreboding at her heart.

The *Cheshire Gazette*, she read, as she espied the heading, and then her eye glanced down over the columns underneath.

Suddenly she started. There is a paragraph marked.

Her eyes dilate—a look of horror comes into them; her lips grow pale, and she feels as if she is suffocating as she reads:

"MARRIED.—At the country residence of Lady Sherbrooke, on the 10th instant, Sir Archibald Sherbrooke and Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, to Miss Josephine Richards, of New York, U. S. A., and heiress presumptive to the Thornton estates in Devonshire, etc."

Could it be true? The paper dropped from her nerveless hands. Was the deed really done at last, and Archibald Sherbrooke lost to her forever?

She had not realized until that moment how much of hope had lived in her heart during all this time.

But these dreadful words had suddenly cut it down, as the sharp sickle cuts down the tender grass.

Had she really read them, or had her imagination played her some terrible trick?

Feeling as if she were turning to stone, she picked up the paper and compelled herself to go over the horrible sentence again.

"Yes, it was all true—it was as plain as print could make it. But what was this?"

A new terror seized her—something that she had not thought of until now, she had been so stunned by the bare fact that her lover had married.

"Sir Archibald Sherbrooke and Lord Carrol, of Carrolton!"

A mist comes over her eyes; her heart drops like a thing of lead in her bosom.

In an instant a suspicion of the truth flashed upon her.

Had she done her lover an irreparable wrong? she asked herself, with a feeling of despair. Had she driven him from her, taunting him with treachery and cowardice, and refusing to listen to his defense, when perhaps he had the best in the world to offer her?

Oh! if she had but heeded Mr. Rosevelt when he begged her to let him see him and learn the reason of his mysterious conduct. Oh! if she had only answered that advertisement and allowed him to come to her as he had entreated.

She had been cruel, unjust, wicked; and now it was too late to atone for it.

She felt as if bands of ice were being bound about her heart—as if coals of fire were heaped upon her brain, and branded upon it, in letters which would haunt her till her dying hour, those two names, Sir Archibald Sherbrooke and Lord Carrol, of Carrolton.

Familiar as she was with English customs, she could understand readily enough how he had become possessed of them, and it was so strange that she had never thought of it before.

In all her suffering upon learning, as she had supposed, that she had been betrayed, she had never endured pain like this; and, with her sight failing, her senses reeling, without sound or warning, she slipped from her chair to the floor, where she lay white and still in a lifeless heap at Jacob Rosevelt's feet.

CHAPTER XL.

STELLA'S MENTAL AGONY.

"Bless my soul! what does this mean?" Jacob Rosevelt cried, as, looking up from his own letters, in which he had been deeply absorbed, he saw the beautiful girl lying so white and still at his feet.

He rushed to the bell and rang it violently, then back again to Star, whom he lifted tenderly in his arms and laid her upon a sofa, where he began chafing her cold hands vigorously.

Mrs. Blunt soon made her appearance in answer to her master's summons, and looked so alarmed as herself to find the girl she loved so devotedly in such a critical state.

But Star's insensibility did not last long. All too soon she awoke to a consciousness of this new misery.

"What is the matter?" she asked, as, opening her eyes, she found her fond friends bending anxiously over her.

"You had a fainting turn, dear; but you are better now," Mrs. Blunt returned, holding a glass of wine to her lips.

Star passed her hand across her forehead and sighed heavily, as she began slowly to gather up the broken threads of memory again.

"What was it, Starling?" Mr. Rosevelt questioned, with a troubled look at her white face; "did you have bad news in your letters?"

"No; there were no ill-tidings in my letters," she answered, avoiding his eye, and wishing to conceal, if possible, the cause of her swoon from him. "I read them through," she added, "and was opening my papers, when I began to feel queerly. I believe I never fainted but once before in my life."

But she shuddered as she remembered how Josephine Richards had been the cause of that ill-turn, also.

She sat up and tried to collect herself. She still felt as if those icy hands were encircling her heart, and as if her brain was on fire; but she was anxious to get hold of that paper once more, and go away by herself.

She did not mean that Jacob Rosevelt should ever know that she had seen the notice of her lover's marriage; she meant to keep her secret locked close within her own breast, and not even let him suspect that she was still grieving for the man whose name had not been mentioned between them for over a year.

"I am afraid you are going to be ill," he said, noticing the great blue circles under her eyes with alarm.

"No; do not be anxious about me, Uncle Jacob," she returned, trying to smile. "I shall be all right again in a few minutes."

And she was, apparently.

She called all her will to her aid; she drank a full glass of wine, and soon felt much stronger, but oh! still so wretched and heart sick.

She arose after a while and began to move about the room, although both Mr. Rosevelt and Mrs. Blunt insisted that she was not able—that she ought to be still and rest all day.

But that paper was still lying upon the floor, with that marked paragraph staring her in the face.

She must get it and hide it, or they would learn all her trouble, and know how weak and feeble she was—how lacking in pride and self-respect to grieve thus after another woman's husband; and her lips curled with scorn at her own folly, while all the time the pain at her heart was growing more bitter.

Very quietly she gathered up her letters and papers, which had slipped to the floor when she fell.

With trembling fingers she folded that fatal sheet into the smallest compass, and tucked it slyly into her pocket; then laying the others on the table beside Mr. Rosevelt, she said:

"I do not think I will read any more now, Uncle Jacob; but perhaps you would like to look over these home papers. I will go and lie down for a little while, and try to sleep off my weakness."

He took her white face between his hands and looked anxiously into her eyes.

"My dear, my dear," he said, earnestly. "I hope you are not going to be sick; what should I do without you? You must take care of yourself for my sake, as well as for your own, my Star."

She smiled, and, taking one of the hands that held her face, touched her lips to it.

She was anxious to get away from his questioning eyes, and soon releasing herself from him, she sought her own room and locked herself in.

All day long she battled there with her tortured heart; all day long she fought with the love which she still bore Archie Sherbrooke, for it rose up stronger by a hundred-fold now that she had discovered that he was innocent of any wrong toward her, and realized her own cruel injustice to him.

If she had but opened and read more of that paper, she would have learned her error; but the moment she found herself alone, she took it from her pocket and threw it upon the glowing coals in the grate, and watched it while it burned to ashes. She was determined that Mr. Rosevelt should never see it.

All day long she lay upon her bed, and thought bitterly of Josephine as the proud and happy wife of Lord Carrol—as the mistress of his elegant home, the sharer of his position and title.

Oh! it was too cruel, when she had loved him so; when she knew that she could have made him so happy, while Josephine had only sought to win him from selfish and ambitious motives. Five days they had been married.

It almost seemed as if she would have given as many years of her life to have saved him from such a fate as she believed would be his with that vain and heartless girl for his lifelong companion.

She had known nothing of the Richards coming abroad; that notice of Josephine's marriage had been the first intimation that she had had of it.

She wondered if she had not sent her that paper—if, having seen their names and address registered at the American Legation, she had not, from a spirit of cruel triumph, sent it to her to wound and humiliate her.

But she should never know how fully her vile purpose had been accomplished. She would hide her anguish deep within her own heart. Wherever she went she would appear with a bright face and smiling lips, and no one should dream that her heart lay like a withered thing in her bosom.

Mr. Rosevelt came in to see her several times during the day, and she always smiled and told

him she was resting so as to be fresh for the evening.

Nine o'clock came, and Star Gladstone, a vision of bewildering beauty, entered the drawing-room of the United States minister's elegant residence, leaning on the arm of her distinguished-looking attendant.

There was a buzz of admiration as she crossed the threshold, as there always was wherever she appeared, for it was not often that even that place was graced by the presence of one so wondrously gifted with beauty.

"American ladies are noted for their beauty, I believe; but though I have met many, I have never yet seen a more exquisite face and form than that," said one gentleman to another, who stood leaning against the frame of the door through which Star and Mr. Rosevelt had passed but a moment before.

"You are right; but Gladstone, which is the young lady's name, sounds more English than American," returned the gentleman addressed.

"They are registered as Americans, however, and she has the peculiar beauty of one," said the first speaker. "They have a way of enhancing their charms, too, by their perfect taste in dress. Our English ladies, as a rule, do not understand the art of dressing well, though there are, of course, exceptions to the rule, as Miss Vivien Sherbrooke's charming costume over there testifies. By the way," he added, with more animation, "they say that that handsome young American—Meredith, they call him—is going to win our Cheshire beauty away from us."

He glanced, as he ceased speaking, across the room to where Miss Sherbrooke was sitting, while Ralph Meredith, in an attitude of devotion, was bending over her chair.

He was talking to her in a low tone, a smile on his handsome lips, a new light in his eyes, while she listened with drooping lids and flushed cheeks.

But chancing to glance up suddenly, Ralph started and uttered a low exclamation of surprise.

"Excuse me a few moments; I see friends," he said; and then leaving her hastily, he made his way quickly across the room.

"Miss Gladstone!" he cried, approaching and holding out his hand to her, his face all aglow. "I never was so happily surprised in my life! And here is Mr. Rosevelt, too! How does it happen that you are here? It seems almost like home to see home faces."

Star and Mr. Rosevelt greeted him most cordially, while Vivien Sherbrooke sat and watched them with wondering eyes.

"We hoped we should find you somewhere on our travels, for a familiar face makes the heart of the stranger glad, you know," Star said. "I received a letter from Grace today, and she writes: 'Be sure and hunt up Ralph, who is, without doubt, in London now.' But who is that pretty young lady across the room with the blush roses in her hair, and with whom I saw you talking as I came in?"

Mr. Meredith flushed again at this; but his eyes kindled as he glanced over at Vivien, and replied:

"Oh, that is an acquaintance that I have made since coming here. Come, and let me introduce you."

He purposely avoided mentioning her name, wishing to see how Star would receive the introduction.

Miss Sherbrooke, allow me to make you as acquainted with Miss Gladstone, a friend from beyond the sea; also Mr. Rosevelt. Miss Gladstone, Mr. Rosevelt—Miss Sherbrooke."

Ralph Meredith watched Star closely while he introduced and she exchanged greetings with Archibald Sherbrooke's sister; and although she might have appeared self-possessed to the casual observer, he noticed the quick catching of her breath as she heard the familiar name, and remarked the flush which leaped into her hitherto pale cheeks, and which, although pain had caused it, enhanced her loveliness tenfold.

"It is Archie's sister," Star said to herself, as their two white-gloved hands met, and a thrill of keenest pain shot through every nerve.

"How lovely she is!" she added. "Her eyes are like his in their expression, although not in color. Oh! I should have loved her, I know; and how rashly I have thrown all my happiness away!"

It needed all the power of her will to sustain her as she stood there beside Miss Sherbrooke, apparently so calm, and chatted with her for the next fifteen minutes; and Vivien never mistrusted the wild emotions which were surging in the heart of her new acquaintance, with whom she was exceedingly pleased.

"How perfectly charming she is!" she thought, as for a moment Star turned to speak to Ralph, and she studied her face more closely.

Then she started violently.

Surely she had seen that face somewhere before—those great, earnest blue eyes—that white forehead gleaming through a golden mist—that straight, delicate nose, and those beautiful red lips.

Yes, surely it was the face that her brother had painted when he was in America; only there was a look of pain in those eyes now that there had not been then; there were tense lines about the small, sweet mouth, and a seriousness about the whole countenance which told that the passing years since then had not been full of unalloyed pleasure.

It was the same, nevertheless, she felt convinced, and she resolved that she would find Archie, point Miss Gladstone out to him, and as certain if she were right in her surmise.

"Perhaps," she thought, light suddenly broke

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

FOR several months I have wanted to say just a few words on the care of cemeteries, neglected, country cemeteries, but, somehow, the opportunity never presented itself. It is rather a difficult subject to bring up. One can't say, "Speaking of cemeteries, for people seldom speak of them. They may be willing enough to talk about their neighbors or their appendicitis or tonsils operation or the fact that when they go shopping they just naturally select the best things, before I even ask what they cost."—You know the people I mean—but cemeteries are not on their conversation list. A letter from Mrs. Knapp of Cameron, N. Y., opens the way for a plea for better cemeteries. Read her letter. It is worth while. What has been done in her town can be done in any town, and a well-kept cemetery gives strangers a better impression of a town and its people. The burial of loved ones is something no one likes to think about but since it must be it is comforting to know that you can make their resting place beautiful for them with a monument of grass and flowers.—Ed.

CAMERON, R. R. 2, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for many years and always turn to the Sisters' Corner first and read the letters from all over the United States but it seems to me there are more letters from the western states than from the eastern. I have never seen a letter from our town or any nearby towns, so will try my luck.

I want to tell you something of what the women in this place have done in the past year. As you drive through the country you will see so many cemeteries that are neglected, grown up to bushes, berries, etc. Well, that was just the way with our North Cameron cemetery, known as the French Cemetery, because in the first place it was part of a farm owned by a man by that name. Our ladies formed a society known as the Ladies' Aid. We went to work with a will and now we are known as The Work and Win Society. We meet the last Thursday in each month and serve dinner for fifteen cents each and in the last year we have done wonders to our cemetery. We hired a man to remove the wild rose bushes, berry bushes, weeds, etc., grade in and seed where needed and keep it mowed. We bought a lawn mower and this year it could be mowed with the lawn mower. We are proud of what we have done and what we have done others can do. We have good times at our dinners and good dinners so everyone is interested. At each meeting we have a grab bag and articles donated are worth five cents. We then pay five cents and grab. This furnishes a lot of fun. One man got a paper of safety pins and another a pair of earrings while one lady got a pipe and another a paper of tobacco and another a man's necktie. The money we get from the grab bag is put into our Sunshine Fund and used to purchase flowers, fruit, etc., for the sick. Our officers consist of President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer and we work together with a united spirit and that means success.

I live on a farm two miles from the railroad station. We have many hills here but they are beautiful. My health is not very good. I have been sort of an invalid for years though scarcely ever sick in bed. Would be glad to receive letters and cards.

Sincerely, Mrs. MARY G. KNAPP.

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Comfort Sisters' Recipes

IT is the usual thing, I believe, in awarding a prize, to announce the conditions first and give all a chance to try for it, and that opportunity is now open to you, but for this month the prize, a COMFORT Sisters' Pin, goes to Mrs. Esther Miller, Belwood, Box 138, Nebr., for the best recipe. By "best" is meant the recipe that an inexperienced cook can successfully follow, the recipe that has the exact quantities given and minute instructions for putting together. Last month there was a recipe for pickles, giving correct quantity of tomatoes and spices and method of combining. That was all very well, then the writer went on, "add to cucumbers and onions," quite forgetting that she had not mentioned the required quantity of either. An experienced cook would just naturally know how much of each to use, but it isn't the experienced cook who uses this column the most. She doesn't need to, and for the benefit of the inexperienced cook everything must be as accurate and plain as possible. So many recipes have to be thrown into the wastebasket, or else tried out first in order to find out the correct quantity of the various ingredients, and all because the writer was a wee bit careless or perhaps she didn't understand the need for accuracy. Write your recipe as you would want it written if you didn't know a single thing about cooking. Who wins the pin next month?—Ed.

CREAMED BAKED POTATOES.—Take sliced potatoes, as for frying. Put a layer of potatoes in baking dish, sprinkle with salt, pepper and dots of butter, then more potatoes and repeat until dish is full. Cover with rich milk and put on top of stove until it begins to boil, then put in oven and bake. Stir occasionally. Bake until tender and then let brown on top.

MEAT BALLS.—If you have only a small quantity of meat, grind it with equal amount of crackers, add milk and beaten egg until soft enough to form balls. Fry. Leftover chicken can be used this way, and we like salmon and other fish prepared in this manner.—Mrs. M. H. G., Illinois.

CHILI CON CARNE.—Cut one pound of round steak into very thin strips about one inch long and brown in beef fat. Skim out the meat into a baking dish, and add to the fat three small onions sliced thin, and cook until softened and slightly browned, stirring frequently. Add to the onion one can of tomato, two cups of stewed kidney beans drained from their liquor,



CHILI CON CARNE.

one scant teaspoon of salt and one-fourth teaspoon of white pepper, and pour it over the meat in the baking dish. Bake three hours very slowly, adding a small green pepper cut into thin slices half an hour before it is done. Cover the top with hot mashed potato, and return to the oven until it is well puffed. Serve at once.

BEEF SOUP.—Take two large or three medium-sized red beets, peel, wash, slice and cook in two quarts of water to which one teaspoon of vinegar has been added. Remove beets. Beat one egg, add one tablespoon flour, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon vinegar, and one-half cup cold water. Stir so there are no lumps, pour into the boiling soup and let cook one minute. Serve with a little sweet or sour cream. A soup bone or scraps of leftover ham may be used for foundation. This is especially good for weak people.—Mrs. G. GERHARDT, Hesperia, Mich.

CANNED MEAT.—Late in fall when the weather becomes cold, or during the winter, a porker, beef or sheep may be butchered. A portion of beef may be kept fresh by allowing to freeze and remain frozen. This improves it for frying. Slice thin and roll in flour and fry in hot fat. To cut the meat, cut it into cubes of size to go into fruit jar. For one-quart jars fill but half full and add one teaspoon of salt and pepper to suit taste, then fill jar with meat. Place an old jar ring on while cooking is going on to avoid wasting a good ring as new ones must be put on after cooking. The cooking process renders the ring unfit to keep the meat. Turn on a cover, just so the jar isn't sealed tight and there is a little play as you endeavor to lift up by the top. If sealed too tightly the jar is likely to burst. Arrange enough jars into holders or onto rack to cover bottom of boiler. Now pour cold water into boiler until it comes within two inches of jar rings. This gives boiling room. Place boiler on stove, keeping a good fire. When boiling point is reached, time it. It requires three hours boiling and as water boils down, more boiling water should be poured into it from teakettle to keep the same amount of water. If beef is an old one, four hours should be allowed for cooking. At this time remove cover of boiler and cap of one jar. Test with fork to see if meat is tender. If not, replace cover and cook until it is. Take out one jar at a time, remove old ring, replace with a new one and turn cap and seal tight. When cold, fat will rise to top which keeps it airtight. Wash jars on outside and place in cellar for future use. To serve, I simply open a jar and empty contents into pan and set it in oven to brown. It is delicious. It can be warmed in frying-pan on top of stove. For small family it is best to use one-quart jars. Two-quart jars are desirable if one can use up the contents immediately in hot weather. If beef and pork may be canned together and all trimmings which are not too fat may be put into sausage. What is too fat for sausage can be cut up for lard. Season the ground sausage meat with sage, salt and pepper and mix well. Fry a sample to taste. If not seasoned properly a d d whatever is necessary and mix thoroughly again. Make into little flat cakes and fry. Put these into fruit jars or gallon syrup pails. Pour the hot fryings over it and add enough more hot lard to cover all. Seal jars or cover pails closely. When cold, remove to cellar for future use. This sausage and canned meat will come in very handy in such busy times as harvest, threshing or when unexpected company arrives, and is very good.—Mrs. ESTHER MILLER, Belwood, Box 138, Nebr.

SALMON CHOWDER.—Mince fine one can of salmon. Have ready leftover potatoes, sliced thin. Put a layer of crackers, broken into small pieces, on bottom of pan, cover with a layer of potatoes, then a layer of salmon, salt and pepper each layer, until pan is full. Pour milk over until it covers salmon, dot with butter, and bake in hot oven one hour or more.—Mrs. RIGGLE, Nebr.

TOMATO DUMPLINGS.—Put one pint of canned tomatoes in a stew kettle. Add one-quarter cup sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, butter size of an egg and a pinch of soda. Let cook while the dumplings are being made, while boiling drop the dumplings in quickly, place cover on kettle and do not remove it for twenty minutes. Have ready one teaspoon corn-starch dampened with milk and when dumplings are removed stir the corn-starch into the remaining tomatoes; when thick pour over the dumplings and serve while hot. Dumplings: one-half cup milk, a little salt, one egg, well beaten, one teaspoon baking powder and enough flour to make dough stiff enough to drop from spoon.—Mrs. M. B. C., Arizona.

BAKED RICE PUDDING.—One-half cup rice, one-quarter teaspoon salt, one-third cup sugar, sprinkling of grated nutmeg and one quart of hot milk. Scald the milk. Wash the rice and put it with salt, sugar and nutmeg into a buttered baking dish and pour on the hot milk. Bake from three to four hours in a moderate oven or until rice is soft and pudding is creamy. Stir it with a fork every five minutes until the last half hour, then allow it to brown.—ERMA MORGAN, Sanford, Miss.

BRAN MUFFINS.—Two cups bran, two cups white flour, two teaspoons salt, two cups sour milk, or buttermilk, one-half cup sugar, one tablespoon shortening, one egg, one-half teaspoon soda, two teaspoons baking powder and one-half cup water. Beat shortening, egg and sugar together until creamy. To sour milk add the soda dissolved in hot water, then the bran, flour, salt, baking powder and the egg and sugar mixture. Mix thoroughly and put into buttered gem pans. Bake in hot oven for twenty minutes.

SUPPER PUFFS WITH SYRUP.—Measure one even cup of flour after sifting, add one quarter of a teaspoon of salt and sift again. Measure one cup of milk, add part of it to the flour very slowly and stir until a smooth paste is formed. Beat the yolk of one egg until a light yellow and then beat in the remainder of cup of milk. Lastly add the white of one egg which has been beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in hot buttered cups or gem pans in quick oven for half an hour, or until well puffed and brown.

SYRUP.—Melt one cup of brown sugar (granulated will do) with one tablespoon of water in a frying-pan, and stir until it becomes a rich brown color. Add one cup of boiling water and simmer three minutes with stirring. When cold add half a teaspoon of vanilla.

BAKER'S CUSTARD PIE.—Beat the yolks of three eggs to a cream. Stir thoroughly one tablespoon of sifted flour into three tablespoons of sugar; this separates the particles of flour so there will be no lumps. Add this to beaten yolks of eggs with pinch of salt and one teaspoon of vanilla, and a little grated nutmeg. Add next the well-beaten whites of eggs, one pint of milk, scalded but not boiled, then cooled. Mix the milk in slowly. Have ready a deep pie tin lined with pastry. Fill with custard and bake twenty or twenty-five minutes.—Mrs. M. WIDMAN, Cleveland, Ohio.



For Every Member of the Family

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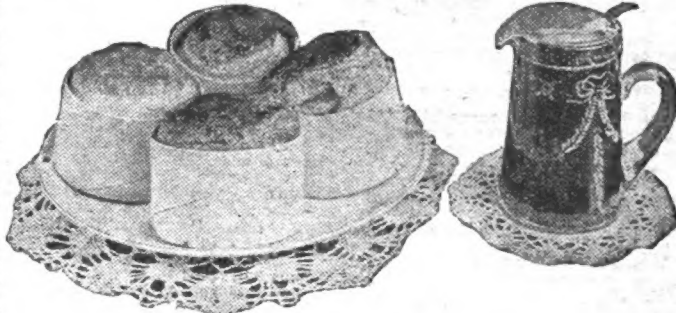
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SUPPER PUFFS WITH SYRUP.

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DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: COMFORT Sisters' Corner is the most helpful, cheerful place I've found yet. It's just like a big family circle and reading the letters is like getting letters from home. Some of you won't like my letter but if we were all of the same opinion and wrote just the same the letters wouldn't be very helpful or interesting. I like to have a neat house and I like real cleanliness and comfort. But we are not all situated so we

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

A Forgotten Love

by Adelaide Stirling



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CHAPTER I.

A PACKAGE OF LETTERS.

THE November storm drove hard at the shabby old house set in its few acres of sodden fields, which had been all the home the two motherless daughters of Tom Hamilton had ever known. Tom Hamilton, who had been born to a princely estate in the next county, and had died in the streets of London, drunken and in rags, having long ago turned over his two girls to the care of Miss Jane Archer, once a housekeeper at his father's house.

Miss Jane, as the children called her, did her best by them, having always idolized "poor Master Tom." She had money, and she spent it royally on her charges, sending them to school in Cheltenham, and teaching them in the holidays to make wax flowers and embroider handkerchiefs—poor accomplishments to face the world with—when death came suddenly for the old woman and left two grown-up girls to live as best they might.

For, at Miss Jane's death came a thunderclap. Her money had been sunk in an annuity; the very house that sheltered Tom Hamilton's daughters was only held on a lease that in two months would expire. All they had in the world was forty pounds a year, the last dregs of that great fortune which had been their father's. He had died before he could spend that, or they would have been beggars indeed.

The prospect was not a gay one, even for Jacqueline Hamilton, whom Miss Jane always considered indecently brave for a girl and unlikely ever to get a husband, since she had "no little confiding ways, such as being afraid of cows."

As for Gillian, the elder girl by two years—the wiser by a terrible six-months' stay with her out-at-the-elbows father in London, when rheumatic fever had him by the heels—a terror of the future had overmastered her. It woke her up at night in a cold sweat of panic.

Two half-educated, wholly useless girls, and only forty pounds a year between them and the nightmare streets of London! Not nearly a pound a week to throw to those gray wolves of hunger and cold that would crouch sternly at their door. Night after night the girl thought desperately while Jacqueline slept calmly by her side. Day after day she walked the low, ugly valley by the river, where the cattle shivered in the autumn fields. And in one of these aimless walks a solution of her problem came to Gillian Hamilton; in the daytime she thought it fell from heaven, in the night she was not so sure.

She grew thin in those days, and got a queer look in her eyes. She said to herself that it was because her sister hotly and scornfully refused to have anything to say to the comfortable, easy life that had been offered them; that was quite enough to make you wake up crying every morning. But Gillian knew more of life than Jacky. When Mr. Marchmont, whom she had seen sometimes at her father's—a strange associate for that untidy wreck—had met her in the dripping fields and told her that he had bought her father's old home, Hamilton Place, and was willing and anxious to adopt both his daughters, the girl dared not say no.

Jacqueline said no outright; but in the conversation she let out that the desire of her heart was to go to London and learn indexing. There was a fortune in it, and she could live with a school friend who was at it already. That settled it for Gillian.

Jacky should have all their fortune, and she would go and live with Mr. Marchmont. It was not the comfort, nor the house, nor the money that decided her; but that was the only way she saw for her to live without dragging Jacky down to the awful poverty she had seen enough of in London to fear and dread. She thought of the presents she could give her little sister; the home that would always be open to her—once Gillian was installed in it—if the indexing plan failed.

As for Mr. Marchmont, fifty years old, intol-erably well dressed and handsome in a small, old way, she thought of him as little as possible. It was out of the question, of course, for a girl to feel a hidden terror of a small, elderly man, with polished manners and a fashion of kissing her hand when he met her.

Tonight was their last night in the old home. Gillian rose from her packing of the fine, new dressing-bag which had been one of Mr. Marchmont's many gifts, and wondered why she had no pleasure in its silver fittings.

The room, as the girl looked round it for things which might have been forgotten, was almost empty. They had sold all the furniture by auction the day before, and most of it had been taken away. By this time tomorrow there would not be a stick remaining, but it did not matter; she and Jacky would be gone. One to hard work and scanty fare, the other to idleness and ease. Gillian for one moment thought that Jacky had chosen the better part; then she stamped her foot sharply.

"You fool!" she said to herself. "You know you can't work. Would you go and be a burden on Jacky? You are not to do anything but go with Mr. Marchmont. To refuse his offer would be madness—wicked, selfish madness!"

She moved hastily to the rattling, drafty window, where the last daylight was waning. There was one thing more to do before the old life should be dead and buried—only one thing.

She pulled a packet of letters from her pocket, and as she looked at it her strained, young face changed horribly, till it was the face of a woman bidding good by to love and life rather than that

of a girl whose fortune had suddenly remembered. With both hands she crushed the letters to her lips, while tears poured down her cheeks.

"Oh, my love!" she cried sharply, under her breath. "Oh, my love!"

"She read the notes through, as if she did not know them by heart, crouching in the rainy twilight. They were only notes; they might have been read on the housetops and a listening world would have laughed at the idea of their being love-letters. But to Gillian, who knew what was behind the everyday sentences, they were the round world and all that therein is.

She dropped her head on the window-sill, and was deaf to everything but the echo of a careless voice she would never hear again. She never stirred as Jacqueline came in and stood gazing at her.

"What are you doing?" asked a high, young voice full of wonder. "Tea's ready! I made muffins, because it was our last night, and—Why, Gill, my Gill, you're crying! What's the matter?"

"Nothing," sobbed Gillian, but the old, old lie was useless in the sharp ears of Jacky Hamilton. She knelt down and got both her strong, young arms round those quivering shoulders.

"Gill, she tried, 'tell me quick! Aren't you happy? Don't you want to go with that nasty, old man. For you shan't stir a step, if you don't want to. We'll go out and scrub sooner.'

"Don't talk nonsense!" A sob seemed to tear at Gill's very heart. It isn't that. And how do you know he is a nasty, old man? You've never even seen him."

Jacqueline had obstinately refused to meet Mr. Marchmont on the two occasions on which he had visited their house.

"I have seen him," she returned slowly, unexpectedly; "I saw him through the crack of the drawing-room door the last time he was here, and I think he is a bad, horrid, old wretch. I don't believe in his kindness one bit! Why does he want to burden himself with you, if he has no need to? You aren't an heiress; you can't do anything for him?"

"He doesn't need it; he's rich," wonderingly. "All the same, there's something behind his kindness," Jacky mused aloud. "I saw him look at you when your face was turned away, and I didn't like his eyes. You don't know anything about him, either! Oh, Gill! Think again. Don't go with him!"

"I must, now. And I do know about him. He used to come and see father—"

"Every respectable man in London used to go and see father. You said so yourself."

"He wasn't like them. I wondered why he came always; and I know he is rich and has bought Hamilton Place, for it was in all the papers when he bought it. There isn't anything against him, Jacky, really; it's only that you don't like him."

"I hate him, and I wouldn't sit in the room with him! But if he turns out kind, and you like him, I'll go and see you, if he asks me. Anyhow, Gill, if you're not happy, you won't stay, will you? You promise me to send for me once, or come to me? You won't let any nonsense about making me poor stop you? It isn't leaving me that makes you cry, is it?"

"I hate leaving you—but—" She had stopped crying; her face was self-contentious and very hard; "I was crying because I'm a fool!"

Jacqueline's keen, blue eyes fell on the crushed letters in Gillian's hand.

"There was someone then, when you were in London. 'I thought so always,' she said shrewdly. "Oh, Gill, if Mr. Marchmont is coming between you and anyone else, let him go—stick to the man you care for!"

Gillian who was always so gentle, caught her sharply by the arm.

"Hush!" she cried; "hush, Jacky! You kill me. I can't—stick to him—he doesn't want me."

Jacky sniffed.

"How do you know?" she asked, looking incredulously at the lovely, bent head, though it was too dark to see the copper light in the heavy brown hair; "I don't believe it."

"Oh, it's quite true! He did not give me any room to doubt it. He came often to see father. He loved me. I was—"

"engaged to him. But father didn't know it—no one did. I came home, and he wrote to me; but he kept saying it was a secret, and I only minded because of you. I begged him to let me tell you, and he wrote," a slow crimson covered her set face, "that it was all done. He could not have me—for his wife." Afterward Jacky remembered the odd wording of that sentence. "I was to forget him. That's all, Jacky. I never heard from him again."

"Then he was a beast! The sooner you forget him the better."

Gillian laughed, and the sound of it was not good.

"He was all the earth and all of heaven to me," she said desperately. "You may as well hear the truth while you're about it. Tomorrow I'm going to begin a new life, and forget him; you see, going to Mr. Marchmont had very little to do with my crying. Come on down to tea."

"What was his name?" Jacky Hamilton's eyes were curiously dark.

"His name? It doesn't matter; he has no name for me, any more," her sweet voice was dull. She held out the letters. "Burn them for me," she said piteously, and led the way downstairs.

Jacky shoved the letters into her pocket dust-furiously, and stood whistling a tune; she always whistled when she was angry.

"If ever I meet that man he shall pay for his hatredfulness to my Gill!" she thought, frowning. "I hate him, and when I hate people it isn't good for them."

She went down, whistling still, for her heart was very heavy.

As for the letters, it was months before she thought of them again; and then they wrung her heart long past tears.

CHAPTER II.

A GOLDEN CAGE.

Three months after Gillian Hamilton stood once more by a window, staring out into the chilly dusk. She was changed, as by a miracle, from the girl who had parted from her only sister in bitter tears. She was a fine lady now; but her eyes looked years older. Life at Hamilton Place with Mr. Marchmont was a very different thing from what it had been in her thoughts.

"I'm a slave; an expensive adjunct to a gorgeous house!" she thought. "I wish I were starving, and free. I can't see why on earth he adopted me. He doesn't like me. I wish there had not been that burglary at Lord Hollis. It frightens me, to think of burglars in this huge, lonely house."

She pushed back her veil impatiently. Oh, Jacky had been right to keep out of Mr. Marchmont's sight. He was a bad man, cruel to the core, kind though he was. If only she had listened to Jacky!

To her surprise, no one in the county knew any more of him than she did. He was rich and appeared from space, that was all. But invitations were showered on them; and Gillian never imagined that the great reason of Mr. Marchmont's easy acceptance in county society was his much-talked-of kindness to Tom Hamilton's daughter. Mr. Marchmont knew, and smiled contentedly at his own cleverness.

Gillian started as he came into the room. He liked to find her at this hour seated in a gorgeous tea-gown, ready to receive visitors, a lovely sumptuous figure in the light of the silver lamps.

"I beg your pardon. I thought you were ready," Mr. Marchmont was standing in the doorway with an air of polite surprise. You are not going out, surely?"

Gillian glanced quietly down at her heavy velvet gown, her sealskin coat. Her picture had suddenly weighed on her head like a discovered crime.

"Out?" she stammered. "Oh, no! I'm sorry. Mr. Marchmont; I was thinking and I forgot the time. Please pour out your tea. I will just take off my things."

"Please take the time to change your dress," he drew out his watch. "I can wait ten minutes." He crossed the room and rang the bell. "We can have fresh tea."

"I wish you would scold me, or let me have my tea as I am," she said with a lump in her throat.

"We are not coster-mongers, my dear Gillian," he said, with that neat, polished accent which was grating on her nerves. "I shall, of course, wait for you."

Gillian vanished, like a cowed dog, to reappear in an incredibly short time, the folds of her old rose gown floating behind her, its lace collar cut to show her round, white throat encircled with the rows of pearls which Mr. Marchmont never liked to see her without after five in the afternoon. His fondness for jewels was a passion.

He looked at his adopted daughter as she poured the tea into the gold-lined Sevres cups, her smooth, white hands heavy with rings.

She was more than pretty as she sat there, the smooth waves of her dark hair full of copper lights, her lovely, chiseled face bent down a little as she looked at the teacups. Her delicate, dark eyebrows flashed dark against her cheeks. She was more lovely than when he had first seen her, though it was a pity she did not smile oftener; few girls had such teeth.

"I almost wish I'd married her," he thought cynically. "Then I should not have to be so damnable careful about keeping my temper. She is more of a fool than I imagined; if she was only level-headed—we could make millions. Who could have thought that Tom Hamilton's daughter would be—conventional!" his upper lip quivered in a wondering sneer.

Gillian shrank a little under his eyes. If only he would be less punctiliously kind, more human, she could like him. And yet, she did not know. There were things about the house as well as the man himself that frightened her—small, inexplicable things that gave her a feeling of being a prisoner in a sumptuous jail.

"You seem languid. Was your drive too much for you?"

"My drive?" hastily. "No; oh, no!" How she hated those stately drives in the smoothly-rolling Victoria, while every drop of her young blood pined for exercise! Yet with Jacky to talk to, she could have loved them.

Mr. Marchmont had a way of sitting in silence, leaning back with closed eyes; she had soon learned that he did not want her to speak to him.

She took up the handkerchief she was embroidering for Jacky, and began to sew nervously.

Poor, little, brave Jacky! working hard at her indexing in London, with sometimes only bread and butter for dinner! If it were not for taking half that scanty bread and butter, Gillian would have turned her back on Mr. Marchmont and his money forever.

She looked at the untouched cakes on the tea-table—if only she could send them to Jacky! For it had been all a dream, that thought of sending Jacky presents; she never had a penny.

All her dresses were ordered for her. She could not even buy a stamp, and she sometimes wondered if those letters she laid on Marchmont's table to be stamped ever went to Jacky at all.

"You work very well," Marchmont said suddenly. "Let me see your monogram." The handkerchief was in his quick, dexterous hand almost before she knew it.

"It's a name, not a monogram," she flushed quietly—for, had she not picked her initials out of her best handkerchiefs to mark them over for Jacky?

"Jacqueline," read Mr. Marchmont; then he handed back the handkerchief. "She has fine linen for a girl with her income." His voice was quite as usual; but she saw he knew what she had done. She took her courage in both hands. "I've so many," she pleaded, "and she has so few."

"She could have the same," he returned indifferently; "it is her own fault that she is poor."

"I know—a little wildly—"you would have been good to both of us. But I'm so unhappy without Jacky. Could I have her here to stay, only for a little while, or might I go to her?"

Mr. Marchmont put his hand over his mouth; it was a way he had when he was displeased.

"Considering that I am quite aware of your sister's opinion of me," he said stiffly, "and why she refused my offer to adopt her, perhaps you can see why I have no desire for her society, any more than she has for mine. Kindly let that be final, my dear Gillian! In everything else, you know, I am only too pleased to give you your own way."

"Do you mean I am never to see Jacky any more?" She stood up, aghast.

"I mean I see no necessity," firmly, "for her coming here." Two girls would not suit his book at all now; one was boring enough, well as she was serving his purpose.

"Then let me go to her," her proud lips trembling.

"And live on her, and her forty pounds a year," he said slowly. "Do you realize what that would mean, Gillian?"

She shivered; she knew too well. Jacky might keep her head above water alone, with Gillian to keep—never. She was caught hard and fast in this gorgeous cage she had made for herself; a cage some instinct told her hid something hideous, wicked, ordinary as it looked.

"You see?" he said gently. "And if I were you, I should not imagine horrors about your sister. A girl with the brains I suppose her to have will never starve in London."

She flung up her head at the deadly significance his voice lent the words; staring at him in horror, her eyes blank, her lips white with sudden passion. He saw the first only, not the last, and felt he had dealt well with this fit of rebellion.

"If you want to please your sister," he continued affably, "you can send her that praiseworthy gown that does not suit you; though it is properly a perquisite of your maid's."

"I will send her nothing of yours," Her voice was even dull. "But as for my maid, that gown does not concern her. She is going to leave me. That burglary the night we left Lord Hollis has frightened her."

"Has she perhaps a diamond tiara?" Mr. Marchmont started angrily. "The robbery did not worry her any more than if it had happened in London. Our visit was over; we were at home, out of the way—thank goodness!—for there is nothing so thoroughly abominable as to be in a house at the time of a jewel robbery. Let the girl go at once. I won't have her shaking your nerves with penny-dreadful stories."

"Who do you think did it?" Gillian said nervously. "You don't think they'll come here, do you?"

"Tramps, who are certain to be caught," shortly. "The whole affair was ridiculous. They only stole a few two-penny half-penny rings."

"Because Lady Hollis was brave, and struggled and screamed—"

"A foolish, hysterical thing to do," he cut her short; "better lose all you have than risk your life like that. If your maid has nothing better to do than enlarge on such topics, the sooner she goes the better. You can get another maid."

For a moment she looked at him, her eyes no longer blank.

"I can get another maid," she repeated with a curious intonation. "I have heard of one, if her references are satisfactory to you."

"Settle that with Mrs. Gibbs," he returned shortly. He let everything to the smart, showy housekeeper, who scarcely took the trouble to hide her dislike of Gillian. "Only do it at once."

He rose with that manner which always seemed mocking, as well as deferential, to open the door for her as she passed out; but he did not look at her or he might have seen a new strength in her face.

"I will have a new maid," she said to herself as she went up the wide, polished stairs to her room; "someone Mr. Marchmont never saw. I must—I can't bear this any longer! If only I had not signed those papers giving him legal guardianship over me till I'm twenty-one, I would go away. But he would get me back again. And I have no money, anyhow. I can't go!"

She passed an unshuttered window, and stopped to close and bar it. The robbery of the house where they had been staying had shaken her nerves.

Lady Hollis had been at the point of death after a desperate struggle with a masked man, who had got but little, thanks to her courage. She was a kind woman, Lady Hollis; and Mr. Marchmont had not even seemed sorry for her.

"I wonder if he would be sorry for me," Gillian thought, with a little shiver. She did not care a straw for her own jewels, but the great house was curiously lonely at night, and her own rooms very isolated.

She wondered afresh why Marchmont had adopted her, as she stood in front of her glass taking off those pearls and laces for which she had sold her birthright and freedom. For her—

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

"I almost wish I'd married her," he thought cynically.

For an instant he held her so, her face was level with his.

USING THE FALL APPLES

By
Violet
Marsh



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IT is during the autumn season that the finest flavored apples are obtained for cooking and canning. The fall apples are also very juicy, and their tender, spicy skins will cook as soft as the rest of the apple. The old saw, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away," is not without merit, for the apple, besides its nutritive value, possesses tonic and regulative properties that have a positive health-sustaining action. Raw or cooked it is especially valuable to be eaten with meat, fish, eggs, beans, peas, lentils or other nitrogenous foods. The apple can well take its place as a nourishing tonic, for among all the dishes made from fruits none other so well fills the need for something both refreshing and appetizing, or is so dependable as well made stewed apple sauce, or apples properly baked and pleasing to the eye as well as to the taste, or one of those jellied apple pies that melt in the mouth. There are also numerous other dishes wherein apples are used for little more than a flavoring, for they give a winy, pleasant taste that blends well with many other flavors.

I cannot too strongly urge the housewife to fill her empty jars with early apples, both whole and sliced, for you will have a product that possesses a fine texture, color and flavor not to be obtained from storage fruit. For drying purposes the later varieties are preferable as these have a higher content of sugar and less starch.

To Detect Spoilage in Canned Food

The time is not far off when we shall begin to use the canned foods with which we have filled our shelves and to wonder if they have "kept" as we intended they should. Since the method of cooking the food in the jars has come into use, most failures are caused by a defective seal, usually due to the covers not fitting the jars or having uneven surfaces that cause tipping. Rubbers that do not fit properly are also a source of defective sealing. The rubber that fits goes into place readily, but if it is a little small and must be stretched into place, the rubber will lose in thickness and elasticity and may cause an imperfect seal.

Very often spoilage is accompanied by the formation of much gas which is plainly visible through the glass jar, or which, if it occurs in tin, causes the ends of the can to bulge, or "swell." In other cases, there is no gas formed and the product may appear to be in good condition as far as the inspection of the closed container is concerned, but upon opening it may be found that the flavor is unduly sour, or disagreeable in some other way, so that the product cannot be safely used at all. Those types of spoilage in which there is formation of acid without gas or bubbles is called "flat-sour."

When opening a jar it should require the application of some force to remove the top, for the sealing of the jar while the contents are boiling hot results in the formation of a partial vacuum, and if the seal remains perfect the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere holds the cover down. Similarly, the tin can should be flat or slightly drawn in at the ends when cool. Any canned food which has conspicuously softened or has become mushy to an extent not warranted by the cooking process to which it was subjected should not be eaten.

Autumn Apple Recipes

CANNED BAKED APPLES.—Wipe and core tart apples of uniform size. Make a syrup, using two measures of water to one and a half of sugar, and boil it fifteen minutes. Arrange a layer of apples closely together in an agate pan, and use sufficient syrup to come about half way up the sides. Bake in a moderately hot oven, basting frequently to prevent the apples from breaking. When done, carefully lift into sterilized jars, first a layer of apples and then enough syrup from the pan to fill all crevices. Repeat until jars are filled. If the syrup in the baking pan is insufficient to fill jars, finish with the plain syrup used boiling hot. It is well to estimate about how many jars the apples and syrup will fill so as to use the same amount of plain syrup in each jar. Partly seal, place in hot water bath and cook fifteen minutes after the water begins to boil. Seal and set in a dark, cool closet.

APPLES MAY BE PARED AND CORED AND STEWED IN A SYRUP UNTIL CLEAR AND TRANSPARENT, AND THEN CANNED AS ABOVE DESCRIBED.

APPLE PIE FILLING.—Select firm sound apples.

Take off a thin peeling, then cut into halves and core. Drop the apples into very cold slightly salted water to prevent tarnishing. Cover the peels and cores at once with cold water, cook twenty minutes and strain. While the peels are cooking remove the apples from the salted water and cut the halves in two, put into a preserving kettle with a small amount of water, cover closely, quickly bring to a boil and set back where they will steam cook while the syrup is being prepared. Take the strained juice, bring to a boil and add an equal amount of sugar and cook eight minutes. Pack the steamed apple closely into sterilized jars and when all are filled divide the syrup evenly between the jars, using a knife blade down the sides to make sure the syrup fills all vacancies. If the syrup is insufficient to fill the jars, finish with plain syrup. Using a syrup made from the peels and cores adds a rich flavor. Cook 30 minutes in a hot water bath.

CANNED APPLE SAUCE.—Wipe and cut apples into slices without peeling or coring. Add water to just cover and cook rapidly until soft. Press through a wire strainer and add sugar to taste. Cook ten minutes, adding boiling water if too thick. Pour boiling hot into hot jars, and cook ten minutes in a hot water bath after the water begins to boil. Seal.

APPLE GLACE.—Select large red apples that are firm and tart, core and peel them about one-third of the way down from the stem end. Place the apples in an agate dish that can be closely covered. For eight apples make a syrup by boiling one and a quarter cup of sugar with two cups of water for five minutes, pour it over the apples, cover and bake in a fairly hot oven until tender but not broken, basting frequently. Remove the cover, sprinkle about a teaspoon of sugar over the peeled portion of each apple, increase the oven heat and bake uncovered until the tops have browned, basting occasionally.

JELLIED APPLES.—Into a stew-pan put one and a quarter cup of sugar, one slice of lemon, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoon of ginger and two cups of cold water, and simmer ten minutes. Add one rounding quart of tart apples, measured after they have been peeled, cored and cut into eighths. Simmer closely covered until tender, then carefully skim out the apple and place it in a serving dish. Add to the syrup one tablespoon of lemon juice, a very little of the grated rind and two tablespoons of granulated gelatine that has soaked in half-a-cup of cold water while the apples are cooked. There should be about one pint of syrup, but if not, add hot water to make this quantity, remove the slice of lemon and pour over the apple. Set away to stiffen. Serve with whipped cream.

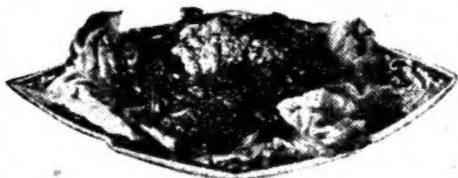
APPLE WHIP. Soak two level tablespoons of gelatine in five tablespoons of cold water twenty minutes and then beat it into two cups of hot apple sauce to which a little extra sweetening has been added. The

apple sauce should be creamy and fairly thin. Beat the sauce and gelatine frequently until cool, then add one tablespoon of lemon juice, a little grated nutmeg and about three drops of extract of rose, beat and set away to stiffen. Before serving, fold in one cup of whipped cream. Sprinkle shredded coconut over the top that has been previously steamed until soft.

APPLE KITCHEN.—Scald two and one-half cups of milk and let it become lukewarm. Take one-half cup of the cooled milk in which to dissolve one yeast-cake, then return to the whole with one teaspoon of sugar. Beat in three and one-half cups of sifted flour until the mixing spoon will leave the batter clean. Let rise, taking care it does not fall in center, then add four whole eggs and the whites of two well beaten, one tablespoon of sugar, one teaspoon of salt and one-third of a cup of softened butter. Beat well and add flour until the consistency of a cake mixture. Cover and set in a warm place until double in bulk, cut down and spread thin in shallow tins. Cut apples into eighths, cover the cake uniformly with them, sprinkle with sugar and a little cinnamon and bake in a fairly quick oven.

APPLE AND CORN-MEAL PUDDING.—Pour boiling water over two cups of corn-meal until it is thoroughly wet. Stir in one-third cup of molasses, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoon of ginger, one even teaspoon of salt and half a teaspoon of soda dissolved in warm water. Thin out the mixture with warm water until it will pour from the

dish. Cut three tart apples into eighths and remove the cores but do not peel. Put mixture and apples into a well-buttered pan in layers, cover tightly, set into boiling water on a holder that will keep it off the bottom of kettle and boil three hours. Do not allow the water to stop boiling as it will make soggy rings in the pudding. Serve with thin cream.



SOUTHERN SWEETS.



APPLE WHIPS.



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APPLE CUSTARD.—Pare and core six or seven tart apples. Fill each cavity with sugar, add about one-eighth teaspoon of butter and half a teaspoon of lemon juice. Bake in a fairly hot oven. Beat the yolks of three eggs, add three tablespoons of sugar, a very little salt and beat again. Now add to the egg mixture two cups of scalding milk, stir and pour it over the baked apples and return to the oven to thicken which will take but a short time. Cool. Beat the whites of three eggs until foamy but not stiff, gradually add three tablespoons of sugar and beat until stiff. Spread over the apples, set the dish on a board in the oven to prevent further cooking of the custard, and cook the meringue about seven minutes in a moderate heat.

APPLE PIE.—Line a deep pie tin with good pastry which should hang over the edge one inch. Wash and wipe apples, cut into eighths without paring and core. Arrange the pieces of apple around the edge and then over the bottom of plate, heaping the plate considerably if a thick pie is desired. Mix one teaspoon of flour with one scant cup of sugar if the apples are juicy, add a few gratings of nutmeg and a little cinnamon. Pour over the apples and dot with bits of butter. Roll the top crust quite thin, set the pie plate onto it and crease the exact size of the outer edge and cut. Fold once and cut openings for the steam to escape. Place over the pie, moisten the edge with cold water and turn the under crust over the top, gently pressing it into place. Place the pie in a hot oven, gradually reducing the heat to moderate, and bake one hour. Apple pies require long cooking and should be made thick.

VINEGAR FROM APPLE CORES AND PARINGS.—Put all the trimmings in a stone crock as they are made, covering with cold water and adding one cup of molasses to each gallon of water. Keep in a warm place covered with a cloth. When the desired amount is obtained, soften a yeast-cake with a little cold water, spread it on a slice of bread, then tie it in a piece of white cloth and place yeast side down in the crock. After fermentation ceases, strain and bottle.

October Recipes

OVEN-BROILED CHICKEN.—Split chicken down the back and clean. Have a good head of steam in your steamer kettle, and lay the chicken in the steamer and steam half an hour. Remove from steam, baste thoroughly with butter, sprinkle lightly with salt and dredge with flour. Lay in a large shallow baking tin and cook in a very hot oven until tender and brown. Turn frequently and baste with melted butter if necessary. Steaming prevents the thin layers of meat from drying, and the whole chicken will be juicier.

BREADED VEAL CUTLETS WITH SLICED TURNIP.—Trim the skin from the veal. Lightly beat an egg and add to it four tablespoons of milk and a pinch of salt. Roll the cutlets in fine dry bread-crumbs, then in the egg and again in the crumbs. Quickly brown in good cooking fat, turning from side to side, then set the frying-pan back, cover and cook slowly until tender. Cut new tender turnips into slices and boil until tender. Dip the slices into melted butter and set in a hot oven for five minutes.

LIVER SAUSAGE.—Select nine pounds of fresh pork with fat and lean quite evenly mixed. Cut into two-inch pieces, put into a baking dish without water, and bake two hours closely covered in a moderate oven. Drain from the fat while hot, then grind through the food chopper, using the fine cutter. Cut three pounds of fresh liver into strips and grind through the food chopper. Mix pork and liver with one-half cup of salt, two tablespoons of finely-sifted sage and one tablespoon of white pepper, and again grind it. Fill skin three-quarters full, boil one hour, hang to dry in a well-screened place, then smoke four days. For immediate use, the sausage meat is delicious made into flat cakes and fried brown in plenty of fat. Liver will not keep many hours off the ice, so there must be no delay in handling. After smoking, these sausages are cooked, and to serve need only to be heated in boiling water, or better still, steamed hot.

BAKED ONIONS.—Peel and quarter ten good-size onions and arrange in deep baking dish. Dot with two tablespoons of butter or four tablespoons of very thick cream. Sprinkle with one scant tablespoon of sugar, one scant teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon of paprika, or a dash of cayenne pepper. Cover closely and cook in their own steam until soft and tender which will usually require about one and a half hour.

POTATOES WITH BACON.—Select medium-size potatoes. Cut off about an inch-thick slice from the top, and scoop out a cavity large enough to

hold a slice of well-smoked breakfast bacon. Add a sprinkling of paprika, a little butter, and then replace the top, holding it in place with a toothpick through each side.

SOUTHERN SWEETS.—Scrub five good-size sweet potatoes and boil hard until soft. Peel and cut into lengthwise slices half an inch thick. Arrange in a well-buttered shallow pan, sprinkle with salt and half a cup of brown sugar. On each slice place a bit of butter, and over all squeeze the juice of half a lemon. Brown in a hot oven.

TOMATOES STUFFED WITH BAKED BEANS.—Cut a small slice from the stem end of the tomatoes and scoop out the soft part of center. Take baked beans with juice well cooked down, add a little scraped onion and fill the tomatoes. Top with fine bread-crumbs moistened with melted butter, sprinkle with paprika and bake in a hot oven.

RIPE CUCUMBER KETCHUP.—Pare the cucumbers, remove seeds and soft centers, and cut into two-inch pieces. To each quart of prepared cucumber add three-fourths cup of sliced onion, one stalk of tender celery and three green peppers. Put through the food chopper and cook until tender, using just enough boiling water to prevent catching on the bottom. Stir frequently. When done, add two cups of hot vinegar, one and a third cup of sugar, a little cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Cook to the right consistency and seal boiling hot in sterilized bottles.

MIXED PICKLES.—Carefully rinse one quart of small martini in cold water so not to bruise them. Peel one quart of small button onions, holding them under cold water. Rinse and drain until dry 160 small cucumbers. Separate one medium-size cauliflower into individual flowerets. One rounding quart of small green string beans, and one pint of small yellow butter beans. The beans should be young and entirely free from strings. The rind of half a medium-size watermelon, pared and cut into small strips. Into a cheese-cloth bag put one rounding tablespoon of stick cinnamon broken into small pieces, one tablespoon of whole cloves, one tablespoon of white mustard seed, one-half tablespoon each of whole allspice, peppercorns, and whole mace, one teaspoon of celery seed, and one-fourth pound of scraped horseradish root. To allow for swelling, the bag should only be half full when tied. Dissolve three scant cups of salt in two quarts of boiling water and when cold add two quarts more of cold water. Put the prepared pickle into a stone crock and cover with the brine. Cover with an earthen plate held down with a stone, and if the brine does not come over the plate, add cold water. Let stand 48 hours, then drain, wash in cold water and return to crock. Slowly cook the bag of spice and one tablespoon of alum in two quarts of good vinegar about eight minutes, or until it can be skimmed, add two quarts of boiling water and pour at once over the pickles. Again cover with the weighted plate. In six weeks they are ready to use. Remove bag of spice when pickles are of the desired flavor. If a sweet pickle is desired, add two cups of sugar to the vinegar before it is boiled.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup sugar, one-fourth cup butter, one egg, one-half cup sour milk, one-half teaspoon soda, one tablespoon Baker's cocoa sifted in one cup flour. Last of all, one-fourth cup boiling water, one teaspoon vanilla.

CHOCOLATE FILLING.—Into a double boiler put one square of plain Baker's chocolate, and as soon as it melts add one-half tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of rich milk, one-half cup of light brown sugar, a small pinch of cinnamon, and a slice of orange rind about two inches square. Stir well and cook ten minutes, then remove orange rind and add one-third cup of chopped walnut meats. Spread on lightly buttered bread.

DOT CHOCOLATE FUDGE.—One twenty-five cent cake of Baker's chocolate, one cup confectioners' sugar, a pinch of salt, whites of two eggs beaten stiff, one cup chopped walnut meats, one teaspoon vanilla. Place chocolate in dish over a kettle of boiling water to melt. Mix sugar, eggs and salt together. Pour melted chocolate over this mixture, add walnut meats and vanilla. Pour into buttered plate and let stand over night.

COCOA RICE.—Bring one pint of milk to a boil in a double boiler. Add a pinch of salt and half-a-cup of brown rice. Cook until rice is soft, and then pour into a baking dish. Pour over the top, but do not stir in, one cup of cold milk to which has been added two tablespoons of sugar, and let it stand one hour. Stir together two tablespoons of Baker's cocoa and one tablespoon of sugar and add to it one-half cup of cold milk. When smooth, pour it over the rice and bake in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes after it is heated through. Serve with milk or thin cream.

Cubby Bear's Hallowe'en

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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A LOUD knocking was heard on the door. Again and again it came. Mamma Bruin dropped her knitting and sprang from her chair to answer the knock, but before she had time to cross the room, the door burst open from without. In rushed Wollie Woodchuck, Squilly Porcupine and Racky Coon, pell-mell, tumbling over each other in their hurry.

A rush of chill air from the October night outside followed them.

"Whatever is the matter?" cried Mamma Bruin, for their faces wore a look of terror, and their eyes were staring wildly.

"Oh, such a dreadful monster!" panted Racky Coon. "It chased us everywhere, and we ran for your house as soon as we could."

"I shall not go home tonight," declared Wollie Woodchuck. "Nothing would tempt me to stay alone while that creature roams at large."

"It is a case for Policeman Bobb Catt—but who will have courage to go for him I do not know," said Squilly Porcupine, trying to smooth down his quills, which were bristling in all directions, from his fright.

"You are safe here," Mamma Bruin told them. "I will let nothing harm you. Now be calm, and tell me all about it."

"Well, then," began Wollie Woodchuck, "we were out there taking a walk this starry night. The farmer when he cut his corn, just left it standing in great bundles in his field. Strange he did not care enough about it to carry it into his barn! But since it was left there to waste, we thought we might as well have some. So that is where we were going."

"You will never tell the story if you are so slow about it," broke in Racky Coon. "We were crossing the pasture on our way to the cornfield, when, starting up from nowhere, it seemed, a frightful creature came toward us!" Racky shuddered, and Cubby Bear, who was listening, crept close to Mamma Bruin's side.

"Such a creature!" It was Dr. Squilly who took up the tale. "Nothing like it was ever seen before in the Pleasant Forest. It had a round, yellow head, great eyes, a three-cornered hole for a nose, and a monstrous mouth, stretched in an enormous grin!"

"It was all a-fire inside!" gurgled Wollie Woodchuck, glancing fearfully toward the door.

"Did you all three see it?" asked Mamma Bruin. "Sometimes when only one has a strange story to tell, it is only a dream," Racky assured her.

"Oh, this is no dream," Racky assured her. "We all three saw it plainly. Too plainly ever to doubt it. Its great eyes were blazing, and the fire shone through its nose, and its mouth, too. It had great ugly, uneven teeth—"

"Its grin was horrible," put in Squilly; and his quills, which he had smoothed down, began to rise again at the memory.

"This is strange, indeed!" said Mamma Bruin. "What was its body like?"

"We could not see its body, for it was all in shadow behind the fiery light that shone from its face," said Racky. "We turned and ran, and—now this is the strangest part of our story—there, again, ahead of us, we saw the same creature! How could it have been in both places, both before and behind us? I ask you that?"

"There must have been two of them," Mamma Bruin told him.

"Indeed, I should think the woods were full of them! This was Wollie's opinion. "For we darted this way and that, trying to run from them, and turn whichever way we would, soon we would see that blaze of light, and the glaring eyes and grin."

"If the thing was grinning, it couldn't have been meaning to harm you, could it?" asked little Cubby Bear.

"I think it was glad to be frightening us so," said Squilly.

"Strange, strange! I never heard the like of it!" mused Mamma Bruin, and old Grandma Bear, when the story was told to her, said the same.

"I am not afraid to go for Policeman Bobb Catt," said Mamma Bruin. "Something must be done! We cannot have our Pleasant Forest spoiled, and if such frightful creatures have come here, they must be driven out!"

"How brave you are!" exclaimed Wollie Woodchuck admiringly; and when she started out, they all went with her, finding comfort in her courage and strength.

"Please go to Bunny Rabbit's house first," begged Cubby Bear, "and see if he is all right."

He is so timid, he would be frightened out of his wits if he saw the monster, alone!"

So to Bunny Rabbit's house, which was near by, they went.

They all crowded into the little house, and were just closing the door, when one of the Bunny Babies gave a shrill cry and hid his little face under Bunny Rabbit's arm!

"There, there, at the window!" cried Cubby Bear. "It is gone now, but oh, I saw it! A grinning face, all fiery, just as they told us!"

while the others kept as close to her as they could.

"Where shall you go?" whispered Cubby Bear. "I do not know," answered Mamma Bruin. "We are as likely to find what we seek in one place as another."

As the little procession moved along a broad path in the forest, Bunny Rabbit suddenly gave a startled shriek, and threw both his arms around the cartful of Bunny Babies.

"Over there!" cried Wollie Woodchuck, point-



AGAIN, NEARER THIS TIME, THEY SAW THE FIERY FACE, GRINNING AT THEM FROM AROUND THE THICKET OF LOW HEMLOCKS.

"I will not stand this!" declared Mamma Bruin boldly. "I shall follow this creature to his lair, if need be, and I shall not wait to find Bobb Catt. I am big enough, and strong enough, to settle this thing myself. Frightening Baby Bunnies, indeed! You may all follow me, if you like, but if not, I shall go alone."

"Oh, we will go, too," said Racky. No one dared to be left behind, it seemed, and the Baby Bunnies were hastily packed into their little cart for the fearsome night ride.

Mamma Bruin strode valiantly in the lead

ing. "And there is another! You see, there were two of them!"

For a few moments they all stood still, huddled together.

Again, nearer this time, they saw the fiery face, grinning at them from around a thicket of low hemlocks.

Mamma Bruin dropped on all-fours, and made a dash into the darkness.

"I missed it!" she said, scurrying wildly around the hemlocks. "I wish I could be on all sides of the thicket at once! It is in there somewhere."

I am sure."

Cubby and Racky plucked up their courage.

"We will help you," they said, and took their places on guard.

Mamma Bruin bided her time, keeping a keen eye ready for any movement of the enemy.

Suddenly she gave a spring into the midst of the thicket.

An angry snarl from within showed that she had caught what she was after.

"Ah, ha! I have you," she growled. The boughs of the little hemlocks were shaken by the struggle which followed.

Cubby Bear and Racky Coon hurried to Mamma Bruin's aid. The timid ones watching drew nearer.

With startling suddenness, a round yellow object was seen to roll on the ground. A light flared up, then went out, followed by a thin trail of smoke.

Squilly Porcupine bent over to examine it.

"A pumpkin, a pumpkin!" he cried, in huge disgust. "We were scared of a pumpkin, with a light inside it!"

"But I do not understand," said Wollie. "How could a pumpkin chase us everywhere, and look through Bunny Rabbit's window?"

"It could not. Someone had to carry it, of course," explained Squilly.

Just then Mamma Bruin backed slowly out of the hemlock thicket, dragging by the neck a long, struggling reddish form.

"It is only Foxy Reynard!" Cubby Bear shouted joyously.

"Foxy at his tricks again!" repeated Racky Coon.

Mamma Bruin gave Foxy a shake, and pulled him to his feet.

"Speak up, Foxy Reynard," she said, "and tell us all about your cruel joke. Where did you get your pumpkin face, all fire inside, to frighten babies with?"

But Foxy was sullen, and would make no answer. His red coat was rumpled, his fun was ended, and Mamma Bruin had not been gentle with him. She still held him by the shoulder with a grip like iron.

The Bunny Babies, in their little cart, were squeaking with laughter. "Oh, the funny, funny pumpkin!" they said. "We were all goosies to be afraid!"

"Look out, there! Look out!" shouted Squilly Porcupine. The little animals scattered wildly, wondering what new danger was upon them.

Another pumpkin came skimming through the air, and a howl of pain broke from Foxy Reynard, for the big, flying yellow ball had hit him squarely on top of the head.

Mamma Bruin was so surprised at this, she let go her hold on her prisoner's shoulder, and staggered backward; while Foxy Reynard lost no time in seizing his chance for escape, and was off like a shot.

"The other pumpkin-face!" cried Cubby Bear in amazement. "Where did it come from?"

"I threw it!" called a voice from the darkness beyond the hemlock thicket; a thin, high voice, which they all knew to belong to Wollie Weasel.

"I threw it, but I did not aim well, for I meant to hit someone beside Foxy Reynard with it. You were all so stupid you did not know that tonight is Hallowe'en, but Foxy and I knew it, and started out to see how we could celebrate. We found the children at the farm making what they called Jack-o'-Lanterns out of pumpkins. We watched them around the corner of the house. They put lights in all the pumpkin-faces, and they made a brave showing. I can tell you. Then the children left these two on the piazza while they went off down the road with some others, and while they were gone, Foxy and I took these two. We have had such a good time."

"Be off with you," warned Mamma Bruin, "or I shall give you such a shaking as I gave Foxy Reynard!"

"And you had best see to your friend," called Dr. Squilly Porcupine after him, "for you gave him a bad wallop on the head when you threw your pumpkin."

"See, the pumpkin is all broken to bits," said Cubby Bear, as he picked up a piece of it from the ground. "Where has the other one gone to?"

"Here it is," answered Wollie Woodchuck, speaking in a thick voice, for his mouth was full. He had been making good use of his time, and had eaten nearly half of Foxy Reynard's Jack-o'-Lantern.

"Have some!" he offered. "It is still good, even though it tastes a little of smoke."

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NOVEMBER COMFORT

Prominent among the many features that will add unusual interest to our coming Anniversary Number for November will be the illustrated narrative by Mr. Gannett, COMFORT's founder and publisher, of the wonders that he saw and adventures that he encountered on his recent tour of central Europe by airplane. The following are some of the

Special Features for November

"Touring Europe by Airplane" Mr. Gannett tells of his airplane tour of England, war-scarred France, Switzerland, part of Germany, Belgium and Holland, and describes the international balloon race—profusely illustrated.

"Morena's Cause for Thanksgiving" A beautiful story with an optimistic uplift.

"The Forgotten Woman" Another thrilling romance by Alice L. Whitson portrays the tragic injustice of the double standard of morality.

"Thanksgiving Cooking" Good things for Thanksgiving and other seasonable recipes—also How to Can Chicken.

"Charades and Puzzles" To help entertain the family and guests Thanksgiving Day or Evening.

"Home-Made Christmas Gifts" The handywork of the giver is the most hearty token of Christmas remembrance between friends.

"Cubby Bear Leaves Home" Cubby Bear tires of home and sets out to seek adventure, but what he encounters is not to his liking.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 408 it means that your subscription expires with this present issue and that you will not receive November COMFORT unless you renew your subscription at once—we can not send you a single copy, after expiration, until you have renewed. Don't miss November COMFORT.

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October, 1922.

Crumbs of Comfort

Love always lifts.

Try more than once.

A promise is a debt.

Praise loudly, blame softly.

God has plans for every life.

Lift the fallen and save the falling.

Do not make a pet of your stomach.

Honesty is greater than consistency.

Making up lost time cannot restore it.

A friend is one who helps us be our best.

Half-trying is the secret of many a failure.

What we have been makes us what we are.

A sharp temper can never be dulled by use.

Build your house with Love for the architect.

Righteousness is needed more than prosperity.

Shallow minds can hold the deepest prejudices.

We cannot hire a substitute in the battle of life.

The best argument for Christianity is a Christian.

If you would teach truth you must be true yourself.

Self-sacrifice lies at the door of all true usefulness.

A flood of words often denotes a drought of thought.

A great heart has no room for the memory of a wrong.

Most opinions are canned stuff and too few are home-grown.

The development of good habits is the best habit to acquire.

It is better to be blinded by love than to stumble with hate.

"Force of habit" is merely another way of saying "lack of will."

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any.

The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at a time.

In a tiny cottage the space for happiness is just as great as in a palace.

It is always easier to discuss the doings of others than to do our own duty.

Nature is the greatest of universities, endowed by God and free to all men.

The courteous man uses discretion and the kindly man avoids giving offence.

Good habits are not made on birthdays; the workshop of character is everyday life.

Every noble life leaves the fiber of it interwoven forever in the warp of the world.

Many a man thinks a change of scene is wanted, when all he needs is a change of heart.

In making a budget of your earnings, leave a liberal allowance for the upkeep of your mind.



LEAGUE RULES:

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

IT'S the harvest time of the year again. As you perch up here on my knee we can look over millions of acres where the days of growth and greenness are over, and where summer's task has been brought to a splendid close, rightly celebrated by banners of leafy red and gold blazing in the sunlight. It's a great sight, isn't it? Beautiful enough to keep Billy quiet and to be enjoyed by even Cousin Gus Trick as he removes a powder puff from his eye and revels in the brilliant scene as much as clouds of scattered talcum will permit. For this is the season of the year's fruition: Nature dwells quiescent through still weeks of hazy, lazy sunlight, before winter comes to put a frosty seal of sleep upon her eyes and set her to dream through the white months of the apple blossoms and the spring rains that are again to be in the good and eternal circle of the seasons.

With Nature her harvest time is always sure, but she must work through her appointed round, have her months of growth and her days of rain and sun. I often think of how much of our own waiting, of how many of our unsolved and solving problems, we could bear patiently and confidently if we would remember this slow certainty our great earth mother uses in attaining results. Always there must be a seedtime, a period of growth and budding, before we can have a harvest of any sort—whether it be of the soil, of the mind or heart, or even of such slow-growing things as social progression and communal law.

Nothing, perhaps, moves more slowly than Humanity—that million-and-billion-seeded plant, but we know it moves. With our unaided eyes we cannot see the plan and movement by which the bare gray twig of the apple tree will, months later, give us bud, leaf, blossom and finally its full-fledged fruit, but we know that the process is sure. So we should know that in man is planted something that will yet come to a full fruition of world happiness. More than doubting ourselves, to doubt this would be to doubt the Great Planter and Harvester. Our fault is that we are always too ready to doubt; too ready to question every movement forward of the creative heart of man—to think the weeds too thick or the soil too poor for Humanity's tender leaf-buds of heart and spirit to spring forward. Yet in spite of cold doubt, critical storms, crowding of weeds of world-evil and the thin seed-beds of weakness and unfaith, the plant of man's future pushes onward and upward. We need as much patience through the world's winter months as we need of rejoicing in the sun and rain which speeds all that is good. Today we stand in want of no better and unceasing prayer than "Increase our faith." With what we know of the growth wrought in the past ages and what we see being wrought today, there can be no greater blasphemy than that of the mocker of the unconquerable spirit of man, than that unfaith of him who is ready to sneer at the accomplishment, or hope of accomplishment, of aught beyond his sight and touch—or the taste of tongue.

There are many who are ready to question our own great system of government because to them its faults seem more evident than its future, its mistakes than its gains; who jeer at prohibition because it has not at once and in this generation made our land an abode of wingless angels; who make dark prophecies of further slaughter because we have so lately seen millions of men die at the hands of their fellow men. Yet our own government today gives a higher standard of individual happiness than has ever been seen in the world before; the mighty step forward of prohibition will not be turned to a backward foot-print and has already marked a fine and astounding gain, and as for the black and old evil of war, there are rising up in every country remedies of reason—and the feelings and emotions more powerful than reason—which must yet blind this world-scourge and draw its blood-stained teeth.

But the fullness of all these gains at once and quickly? Most certainly no—as certainly as that I could not have eaten the Northern Spies I will soon be munching if I had craved them a few weeks after the orchards were white and pink. There must be hurts, delays, arrestments in Humanity's growth and our spiritual evolution. Think of the cataclysms registered in the past ages in that natural world so sturdy, faithful and vaunted by our material-minded critics and scorners! Yet the old world survives, has twined on, healed its wounds and is beautiful before us this autumn. And more than the world which contains him and which he contains, man himself is in truth a world of spiritual growth. As slowly as triumphantly he must overcome all evil, pass through his appointed round of seasons, and finally emerge to a fruitage and harvest worthy of the seed that was sown in him.

I feel with a certainty which is more than any knowledge, that under the asters and golden-rod spreading the fields this October, under the far stars of the clear autumn nights, under the fields of ripened grain and the full boughs of orchards, there dwells a power which will yet make the spirit of man as serene and beautiful as the fall landscape and give us hearts as glad as the pageant of the red and yellow woods. Every harvest is a promise. Every spring is a prophecy. Let us love our world because Someone once loved it and made it beautiful for us. It will be better and more beautiful because we must and shall patiently and faithfully work to make it so. Though these perfect October days must give place to grayer months and the coming winter, with just as much certainty as we know that spring and another harvest will come again, let us cling to a belief in man's indwelling, overcoming spirit—whose progress can only be limited by our unfaith, and made slow by our weakness.

Here's wishing you a happy harvest time this year and happier ones to come! I would like to eat a big red apple with every one of you and help in the husking of every ear of corn that may stand on any of our Family fields so far from Brooklyn corner groceries. Billy is a wonder at a husking bee. I wish all of you could see him in operation and watch him blush behind his whiskers when he finds a red ear.

And now for the letters:

PARKSVILLE, R. R. 1, Box 109, Ky.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:
I was just reading the cousins' letters and I am wondering if you will let me come in and talk just a little while. As I am the only child, grandchild and niece in my family, I get pretty lonesome sometimes. I will first tell you how I look: I have dark red curly hair which is eighteen or twenty inches long. Even if I am seventeen years old, I still wear it in curls

down my back. I have dark brown eyes, eyelashes and eyebrows; very fair complexion with a whole heap of freckles; a big nose and a double chin—but not the kind of double chin fat women have. I am five feet, four inches tall, and weigh 115 pounds.

I live beside the L. & N. railroad which divides the bluegrass region from the knobs. When I want ferns, flowers or huckleberries, I don't have far to go after them. I went with four of my cousins (I have 144 cousins) to gather some huckleberries this morning. They had never seen any growing on the bushes. We got a great many, but I believe we got more chiggers than berries. My cousins said they would never go to the knobs again in summer.

Our house sets on a little hill. In front of the house, across the road or pike, there is a wheat field, and in the rear a pasture. Back of the pasture the forest sets in.

I am learning to sew and cook. I have made several garments. I have crocheted caps, scarfs, booties, yokes and lace. Mamma and I have embroidered a bedroom set and I am embroidering another by myself. I have baked pies, cakes, corn bread, biscuit and sweet potatoes; also light bread. The cost of five loaves of bread is 15¢ cents, besides the work of baking it, which is easily done. I can cook a few other things, too.

I have 200 strawberry plants of my own and I tend forty raspberry vines I brought from the woods and set in the garden and I have sage, horseradish and rhubarb growing in the garden also.

Like Martha Buckle, I think that city folks believe themselves better than country people. I have some city cousins, and when they come out here they seem to think it an honor to them to know nothing about the country or farming, but when we visit them, they think we haven't any knowledge at all if we don't know about city ways before we get there. Most of them are even ashamed to be seen on the street with people from the country. I wonder if Uncle Lisha would speak to one of us if we should meet him in Brooklyn. Would you, Uncle? Martha, I guess your age to be eighteen or twenty. Am I right?

Don't you girls think it would be nice for each of us to have a COMFORT kodak album, so we could know each other better? I have a kodak and would like to receive pictures from all who cared to send them. Will try and return all, if I do not get too many. I wish the boys would not send any, as I would not return one of mine for theirs.

Who has my birthday—May 5th? I have never owned a goat, but I believe I could make a pet of Billy; as I have owned three dogs, seven cats and one white rabbit. Also I have herded a hundred or two hogs for papa at different times and I made all of them all and most of them were wild when I got them. I don't mean I went to the forest and caught them like our grandfathers did, but most of the hogs came from big farms or ran out in the woods where they did not see many people, so they were just a bit wild. The dogs were given to me and the cats just came from I don't know where. So if you will send Billy out here I will make a pet of him, even if I have to part with my red hair and freckles to do it.

Now, Uncle Lisha, as soon as I see this in print I will send you one of my pictures. I will choose now, as I have been four days writing this letter—writing a few minutes each day.

Lovingly yours, RUTH MAE PRICE.

Ruth, I have given you a place of honor in our Read-Headed Division, Curly Section, Shade Three Index Number 12.197. We have a lot of red-headed cousins, Ruthie, and many of 'em (like you and Cousin Gus Trick) have to be rated in the Curly Section. However, you will be proud to know that so far you hold the record for length of curls in this section—the longest reported before your letter arrived being 16½ inches from root to tip.

Like everybody else, I have often heard of Kentucky's famous crop of bluegrass, but I never knew before that your great state went in for the growing of knobs and chiggers. Of course the knobs, when one thinks of it, would be a profitable crop—as they could always be sold to the door factories. As for chiggers, I don't quite know what they are, but they sound nourishing and appetizing. From what you write, I judge they must grow on bushes like huckleberries, and that they produce most plentifully. Billy butted in to tell me he knew what chiggers were, but Bill knows so much and always takes so long in telling it, that I refused to listen to his description. Anyway, they must be a good crop or you would not bother to go out and gather them like huckleberries.

I really think, Ruth, that if you can make pets of wild pigs, you might even make some sort of a pet out of Billy—for Bill is wild enough at times, and also has a rather—well, I'll call it a good hearty appetite. I think it's your double chin which makes you such an animal tamer. If anybody could make a pet of Bill, it would have to be a red-headed girl with a double chin—or maybe a quadruple one would be better yet—for Billy has a firm, well-set jaw of his own, I assure you.

Ruth, I told Martha Buckle I did not agree with her, and I don't agree a bit more with your opinion of the opinions city folks hold. Some may be as city-conceited as you say these cousins of yours are, but on the average, city people thoroughly appreciate the qualities and abilities of land-dwellers. There are too many clever, hard-working country boys and girls coming to our cities every day, Ruth, and making good there, for city people to disregard the human product of the soil or rank it below its real worth and take any "clever than thou" attitude. You just come to Brooklyn, Ruth, and see if I won't be proud and delighted to walk down Flat-bush Avenue with you and show you all the latest styles in knobs and chiggers.

FALMOUTH, MASS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I come again, this time to ask as a favor that you will publish this brief note of explanation which also gives my new address. In reply to my two letters in January and April issues of COMFORT and my "Missing Friend" notice in the June number, I have received a host of letters, but over 300 of them were either unsigned or did not give full name and address even though some of them contained questions and seemed to require an answer. If these Cousins will write again to my new address below, and give me their full names and addresses I will answer their letters. I would especially like to hear from "Miss Molly" of Jackson, Tenn., and "Alyce" of St. Louis, Mo. My full name is JOHN JAY VINCENT WILCOX.

P. O. Box 221, Falmouth, Mass.

HECTOR, ARKANSAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA, BILLY AND ALL THE COUSINS:
Hello! Gee! I had to yell to let everybody know I'm here! I don't believe that cousin in China heard me, but let him sleep. All I ask is permission to come in and shake the mist off my curls. This is sure a wet day. I can hear the wind shriek through the towers of my castle. It makes me long for a mate. My castle is situated away back in the Ozarks of Arkansas. It is a huge affair covering the top of one



A Delightful Test

To bring you prettier teeth

This offers you a ten-day test which will be a revelation to you. It will show you the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

Millions of people of some forty races now employ this method. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. You should learn how much it means to you and yours.

Clouded by a film

Your teeth are clouded more or less by film. The fresh film is viscous—you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Old methods of brushing leave much of that film intact. The film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. Film is the basis of tartar.

How it ruins teeth

That film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So most tooth troubles are now traced to that film, and they are almost universal.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

of these peaks. Sometimes I am almost afraid to stay here all by myself, with no one but Snow, my colored man. You see, I have never found a mate. Sometimes I can hear the screams of a cougar, away off in a canyon. Oh, how lonely it makes me! Sometimes I think I will climb to the top of the tallest tower in my castle and throw myself off. But when I get up there and look down on the rustling leaves and flowers, I just can't do it. If some of the cousins will write me a letter it might save my life. Ah, the day is getting gloomier and gloomier. If I had but a few letters to read and a few pictures of bright happy faces from the outside world, it might cheer me up.

Listen: I am going to let you in on the ground floor of a little secret. This is for ladies only. Now, girls, don't tell anybody—hold on, there is a horrid man listening!—but, girls, I can cook. I'll send a sample of my fudge to those who send me a letter and a photo. But don't forget the photo; I must have it to know what kind of candy to send.

Now a word to Uncle Lisha and Billy and I must be going: Uncle Lisha, I am in sympathy with you. I happen to know something of goats for I have a flock of the woolly rascals; but maybe your Billy is not one of these mountain goats. If you will come and live with me, Billy, I will give you the job of educating my goats and you may sleep in my library.

Now for a little description of myself: I am rather tall and slim and straight as a board. I have very dark curly hair, which is unruly, being long on top. It is determined to shade my dark brown eyes with a curl instead of letting my long black lashes do that. My mouth is generally open, showing uneven rows of white teeth—when I have anybody to talk to or laugh with. I'll close, hoping to get a shower of letters soon. Love to all.

WILLIAM M. HUBLEY.

William, if you will just wait a while before flinging yourself off that lofty tower among your flower beds, you can arrange to have a nice soft pile of pink and green letters for you to bury your curly head in six feet deep as you land after the drop. We are never going to let you die of gloom on the lonely top of a dark Ozark, with nobody whiter than Snow to lighten up your heart and hearth. It is truly a pitiful picture you draw, William, of your sad fate and your melancholy listening to the shrieks of Missouri wind and the screams of Ozarkian cougars. It does seem to me that you need a lot of cheering up, and, believe me, you are going to get it. Snow will have to go for your mail in an oxcart, and you will have to start manufacturing your fudge in the castle soap kettle. Business is go-

Now we combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency. Leading dentists everywhere urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, called Pepsodent. It complies with modern requirements. And these two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Two other effects

Pepsodent brings two other effects which authority now deems essential. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube and watch these effects for a while. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then judge the benefits by what you see and feel. You will be amazed.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 286, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

ing to commence soon on your Ozark summit, Willy, my boy, and the castle is going to hum from moated keep to battlemented towers. For your life is going to be saved and your slim and charming straight-as-a-board form will have to bend over a desk for many a day, answering the letters of blonde and brunette lifesavers. Our Family is—never going to let any curly-headed member expire in the midst of gloom while there are any two-cent stamps to be bought.

DALTON, R. R. 1, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:
I wrote you all a letter some time ago, but I suppose it was Billy's meal time when the letter arrived. But please, Uncle Lisha, do not let him brake any teeth on this one, because, as I said in my other letter, I am a lonesome little girl and want to know if some of the cousins won't write to me. I know perfectly well what a job I am undertaking and want to say this as a warning to those who do write—I will try to answer and I will answer all those who enclose a stamp. It may take a good while and I want you all to have patience, and lots of it, for I am going to business college and I am pretty busy most of the time and cannot neglect my studies. But I will do my level best. Uncle, I know you are either laughing or feeling real sorry for me, but you have no idea how lonesome I am.

I am getting along fairly well with my work here and I like it. I started on May 23rd and have been working hard ever since and then the real work will begin when I get through and I am in an office—as I hope to be some day. Of all my studies I like typewriting the best. I am not very good at it yet, but I am getting better every day, for we have two or three speed tests each day and I make one or more words at each test. On account of the hot weather we commenced in summer at 7.45 and go right through until 12.45 when we are finished for the day.

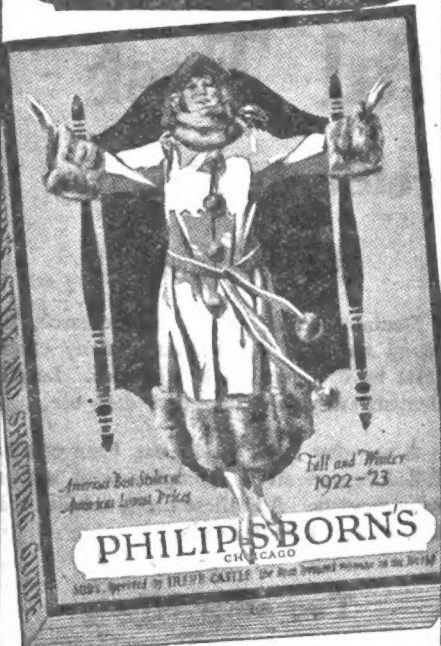
I am a young girl, five feet, six and one-half inches tall, and have very fair complexion, with dark hair and blue eyes. I live in the country, over two miles east of Dalton, Ohio, and about seven miles from Massillon where I am attending school. Please don't think I walk it, now, for I absolutely do not. I could though, for if my education depended on my walking back and forth I would gladly hoof it.

My parents own two and a half acres of land and last year we raised over a hundred chickens. This year we raised three out of sixteen! Talk about luck, some lucky luck I call that. What do you think? Dad has been repairing our place—not just repairing it,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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The Gods Arrive

By Maud Mary Brown

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PART II.

MARCIA'S eyes held the haunting ones of her visitor for a moment before the latter, bursting into a gale of gay laughter, took an impulsive step forward and gathered Marcia into her strong young arms.

"Aunt Marcia! You perfect dear! Did I frighten you? You fell hard for the melodrama stuff, which goes to prove that I'm an actress of parts. Texas papers please copy. Aunt Marcia, are you glad to see me? Because I'm frightfully glad to be here."

Speechless, Marcia held the girl back and looked at her. No wonder her eyes had seemed familiar. They were her own at eighteen. But Anita was not so beautiful as she had at first thought. Her humorous mouth was too wide for actual beauty and her nose tipped ever so slightly skyward; but it was an interesting and piquant face and Marcia, unconsciously yearning for the companionship of her own kin, loved it straightway.

"Anita Reese!" was all she was able to utter.

"That's me," replied Anita with ungrammatical airiness.

"Whatever possessed you! You deserve to be spanked. Why didn't you let me know you were coming? Imagine getting into New York with no one to meet you! Take off your hat, dear, and sit down and tell me all about it."

Anita held Marcia's hands in a tight and comforting grasp as they sat down to talk.

"Of course you know that dad died a long time ago?"

Marcia nodded.

"Grandmother went a year ago and granddaddy followed her in the winter. It left me all alone, you see. Granddaddy had always kept your Oldham's lawyer's address and after I got things straightened out, I came straight to New York. Mr. Seymour wrote me where to find you. You're all I have now, Aunt Mark."

If Marcia had not already warned to the girl, she would have at that name. Nobody but her father had ever called her Mark.

"Oh, my dear, I am so glad to have you. Father always wanted you; did you know that?"

Anita had known that from discreet but nevertheless irate grandparents.

"I've come to stay, Aunt Mark, except for the business trips I suppose I'll have to take back to Texas. Grandfather left me all he had, and it's rather a lot. Aunt Mark, I want to get this off my chest right now; I never blamed mother a bit for ducking. That ranch was the limit till we found oil and I got old enough to show 'em what was what. 'Course I got along because granddaddy sent me to the Coast to school, but mother must have nearly died of loneliness. That is that."

They talked till luncheon time when Anita remembered that she had left a taxicab waiting below and she went down to dismiss it.

In the afternoon a deluge of trunks and boxes overflowed the apartment. Anita regarded them a trifle dubiously.

"It looks as though we would have to get into larger quarters, Aunt Mark," she said.

"We can manage nicely for the present, dear," planned Marcia. "Later in the spring we are going out of town."

"You must remember, Aunt Marcia," Anita spoke shyly—"that I am on my own. Please tell Uncle Jim that."

That evening when Harkness came home he scanned Anita with amused eyes. "So you thought you would have a fling at New York," he bantered.

She nodded brightly. "Just naturally flopped right down on Aunt Mark like an airplane with a broken wing."

To Marcia's vast relief, she made no mention of the shock she had given her.

"I love it," Anita was saying stoutly. "Aunt Mark is fruity. Are you going to like me, Uncle Jim?"

"So far as I know," he smiled, "nobody has yet called me subnormal."

"I tried to get you, Jim, to tell you to be sure to come home to dinner. I wanted to celebrate."

"Did you, Marcia? I had to run out to Long Island on one of those tedious business trips."

"Your breath doesn't smell a bit tedious, Uncle Jim," teased Anita.

Harkness threw back his head and laughed. "So that's your number!" he said. "All right; I have it now and I fancy Anita knew her New York far better than did Marcia. Inside of a fortnight her shrewd eyes had observed every detail of the Harkness ménage."

On the way home from a shopping expedition one day in the car which she had bought, Anita spoke regretfully of the frock which she had tried to induce Marcia to buy.

"It suited you," she fretted. "And when a dress suits you it's a crime not to get it. You really should jazz up your clothes a little, Aunt Mark."

"I can't afford it, Anita."

"Uncle Jim affords good clothes."

"That is different, my dear. That is business."

"That is fiddlesticks!" retorted Anita rudely. She stepped on the accelerator in her irritation and a block further on was halted by a policeman.

"Well, what's the matter?" she snapped into the face of the officer.

"Anita!" warned Marcia.

"You were going fifty, young lady; that's what's the matter," said the officer.

"I can't believe it! But what of it, anyway? Do you call that fast? Why, officer, our steers down in Texas run faster than that."

She was suddenly leaning forward, dimpling into his face. He held his official expression only a moment before his face relaxed into a grin.

"All right," he said, "I'll take your word for it. Only this isn't Texas, and if I let you off this time you'll have to look out in the future."

"Thank you. When I get within gun shot of your beat in the future," she promised gravely, "I'll pretend I'm following a hearse. Goodness, see the line we're holding up! I feel like a celebrity. Good by, officer."

"Anita!" protested Marcia as the latter saluted and moved sedately on.

"Yes, Aunt Mark? Shocked? Well, you're to blame for the whole episode—you and your I-can't-afford-its. At least you might let me buy that dress for you."

"We won't discuss that, please, Anita."

Anita drove a block in silence. Then, "If I ever happen to meet a married and my husband treats me like a shabby pair of slippers—comfortable, and good enough for domestic use, but not smart enough to show outside the house—I'll duck as mother did."

"We won't discuss that either, Anita."

"No," amended Anita, not heeding her aunt's air of dignity, "on second thought I won't duck; I'll make a noise like a wife; in other words, I'll raise Cain."

Her aunt sat in freezing silence.

"It won't get you anything to get so all over icy, Aunt Mark. You and I are all that are left of the Rands. I'm not trying to be impertinent, blessing, but I want desperately to see you happy, and you aren't going about it in the right way. You're far too young and innocent for this city. It's a good thing I came."

March had come in meekly and Marcia felt a yearning for the country, but Anita, drinking her

fill of the city, begged for a reprieve and the family drifted on from day to day in town.

Marcia was increasingly thoughtful these days. For a time after Anita's arrival Harkness, attracted by her piquancy, had spent more time at home, but now his old habits had him by the throat.

"Business, business!" he exclaimed when Anita rallied him on his absence.

"Your chief must be a slave driver," Anita observed coolly.

In fact, the attitude of Mr. Palmer was puzzling Harkness not a little. He was not as cordial as formerly; there were now conferences to which he, Harkness, was not admitted. Recently, when he had mentioned beginning operations on his own mine, Mr. Palmer had abruptly changed the topic of conversation.

Harkness never dreamed that it was his own surrender to the city which had wrought the change in his chief and he was troubled and humiliated, for he knew that he had brought business to the firm, justifying its financial confidence.

Marcia's reflections too, were personal. Was she, as Anita so picturesquely stated, lying down on her job? In the old days men had stolen her father's patents. Now, in quite the modern fashion, she feared that a woman was stealing her husband. And she was supinely permitting it. She tried to flagellate her spirit to the fighting pitch, but she failed miserably. A wife fighting for her husband was to her a degrading sight.

One day in April Marcia received a letter from Mr. Seymour, her father's old lawyer, reminding her that her presence was required in Oldham at the opening of the sealed instructions regarding her father's bequests.

"I had entirely forgotten it," she remarked as she passed the letter over to Anita. "We have been married ten years, Anita. I wish," she added after a pause, "that I could go to Oldham without your uncle's knowledge. I dread opening up the old wound."

Anita comprehended her viewpoint with characteristic swiftness. "It's perfectly feasible," she said. "Don't you remember that Uncle Jim announced that he must go to Washington for a few days? You can slip up to Oldham while he is gone. You'll have to maneuver to keep the children quiet."

So it was settled. The next forenoon Anita drove her aunt to the Grand Central and later went down town and, bribing her way right and left with her smiles, she calmly walked into Harkness's office.

He looked tired, she thought, as he glanced up at her.

"Hello, Anita!" He rose and pointed to a chair. "How did you find your way down here? Anything wrong at home?"

"Not one little thing, Uncle Jim. I'm bored, that's all; so I thought I would run down and ask you to take me to luncheon. They're having hash at home. If you'll be a lamb I'll drive you to your train afterwards."

He glanced nervously at his watch. "I'm deucedly sorry, Anita," he said, "but I've a date with some people. Business, you know."

"Oh, bother business!" pouted Anita. "Please, Uncle Jim."

She brightened at a sudden thought. "Why can't I join your party? I'm a business person myself. Please!"

He looked her over critically and she endured the scrutiny with a hopeful smile. She would, he decided, do credit to any man. Whatever there had been of the theatrical in her dress when she came, Marcia and her own good sense had restrained. She was the typical modern girl of wealth. It would not be a bad idea to show Palmer that he had such a one in the family.

"I believe I'll take you," he decided.

"Goody! Now, old dear, I'll go over in that corner and not speak to you till you're ready to go."

They met their party in the lobby of an up-town hotel—Mr. Palmer and a client and the inevitable Mrs. Archer. Harkness presented Anita with a little touch of pride.

"My wife's niece, from the free and untrammelled state of Texas," he smiled.

"And not so free, at that," retorted Anita. "We've heard of the eighteenth amendment down there."

She had evoked a laugh and that gave her a running start. Her pulse was perfect. She sensed a little of the exultation of battle as she looked into Mrs. Archer's hostile eyes.

The latter was furious and Anita knew it. She had come to regard Harkness as her personal property and she would make him pay dearly for bringing a woman so much younger and fresher than herself to this luncheon.

Mr. Palmer loved youth and insisted that Anita sit next to him and while Harkness was ordering he gave her his entire attention.

"I have never seen your aunt," he said presently.

"No? You've missed a lot. Aunt Marcia isn't keen for business. You must meet her soon. You will love her."

Mrs. Archer, who had been listening, turned to them with an ingenuously smile. "I have seen her," she said.

There was an unspoken insult in the older woman's voice and Anita throbbed under its sting. She turned to Mrs. Archer with eyes which she made adoring. Under the look Mrs. Archer flinched a trifle.

"Do pardon me if I stare," pleaded Anita, "but I really can't keep my eyes off you."

Mrs. Archer's suspicion melted under the flattering eyes.

"Uncle, isn't Mrs. Archer precisely like the pictures I showed you of grandmother?" Her young voice carried beyond their own table.

"She was such a dear. I lost her, you know. Please let me know you awfully well. I know you could take her place. Aunt Mark is sweet, but she is really too young quite to take granny's place with me."

A terrible silence enveloped the party when Anita's high voice had ceased. Of them all, she was the only serene one. Inwardly she was a tremble, but no one could have guessed it.

"Granny had her face done over, too," she went straight on. "How grandfather teased her. It's wonderful what they can do nowadays. Not all the reconstruction work is being done in Belgium and France, is it?"

Mr. Palmer was past fifty and constitutionally dignified, but he giggled like an uncontrolled schoolboy. Harkness silently cursed himself for having been beguiled into bringing this young firebrand to the luncheon. However, he felt a sudden desire to grin at the face of Mrs. Archer who was convulsed with rage and mortification.

And Anita, having tossed her bomb, devoted herself to her excellent food with the guileless face of a child.

"We mustn't linger, Uncle Jim," she said, once her appetite was satisfied. "I am taking him to his train," she explained as she and Harkness rose. "I've had a topping time. Good by, Mrs. Archer. Don't forget me, will you? Good by, Mr. Palmer. I like you a lot," she added for his ear alone.

"Well," Harkness began as he seated himself in Anita's car, "you've succeeded in cooking our goose with Mrs. Archer. We'll never do business with her after that."

"You couldn't do business with that woman in a million years," returned Anita curtly. "She's doing business with you, Uncle Jim, and she is getting more out of you in luncheons and the like

than you'll ever get back. If you can prove that she really has a cent to invest and that you've lost your chance at it because of me, I'll put money in your old mine myself. And that is that. By the way, I want to pay for my luncheon."

"You are in a frame of mind to enjoy insulting people, aren't you, Anita?"

"Well, after living with you for some time, I assume that you are poor. Aunt Mark never goes anywhere or has anything."

"Anita!"

"And of course I infer that you can't afford—"

"Anita!"

"Then is it true that you are ashamed of her? I confess I've suspected it. I don't much wonder. Her clothes are a sight. I wish she would accept things from me."

"They had reached the Pennsylvania station and Anita had brought her car to a stop when her uncle next spoke."

"Anita," he said, "I don't know who or what has put such outrageous notions in your head. Ashamed of your aunt? Why, she's the finest woman in the world!"

Anita winked drolly. "Don't try to put anything over on little Anita," she said. "Good by, Uncle Jim."

He got slowly out of the car and Anita waved to him till her eyes lost him in the crowd. "Take that to Washington with you," she said in his general direction before settling down to the wheel.

The next evening she met Marcia at the station and even her intrepid spirit was shaken at the sight of her aunt's face.

"What is it, Aunt Mark?" she asked when they were in the car.

"Anita, the money is mine after all."

"Why, of course! I suspected it, you poor little innocent. I get my sense of the theatrical from grandfather. I don't see why you should get so shell-shocked over a nice little thing like that."

"It isn't a little thing, Anita. That money has been piling up for ten years and there's a fearful lot of it."

Anita hooted at the fear.

"Father only meant to test us, but with his characteristic caution, he provided for the unexpected. Not even Mr. Seymour knew what was in that sealed envelope. There was a letter in it for me, Anita. A letter from the dead. He said that if anything happened to him before he died, he would tell us the ten years' wait would not hurt us. But it has hurt us; it has come too late."

"Too late for what, Aunt Mark?"

"To buy happiness. Father didn't reckon on that."

"Happiness has no for-sale tag on it," Anita replied wily.

"At least I can help your uncle to fulfill his ambitions. I can give him money."

"Aunt Mark, I'm going to drive you home through the park and deliver a lecture on the way. Don't tell Uncle Jim yet. Will it become public news?"

"I asked Mr. Seymour to keep it out of the papers," said Marcia dully.

"Good. Now for the lecture. Don't try to buy Uncle Jim, Aunt Mark. Make him desire you. You can, too. You don't realize how lovely you could be if you would give yourself some attention. You have let yourself drift into a humiliating position and it's your job to get out of it. You think that Uncle Jim has fallen for that aged vamp. Well, he hasn't. I know, for I have seen them together. However, there are plenty of others not so aged and not so obvious floating about, and no wife may sing 'The strife is o'er, the battle done' till she writes the cheque for the tombstone for her husband's grave."

Marcia smiled wanly.

"Now if you'll put yourself in my hands, Aunt Mark, I'll guarantee results."

Bewildered and a little frightened, Marcia promised.

"It's going to be difficult to stage the show with Uncle Jim hanging around," admitted Anita, "but we'll manage because we must."

During his three days' trip to Washington Anita's parting shafts pricked in Harkness's mind precisely as she had planned them to do. How could anyone think such an absurdity as Anita had voiced? Ashamed of his wife? Did Palmer perhaps, think it? And was that the reason for his recent coldness? Did Marcia think it? The thought was bitter.

Dear patient Marcia. He might have been selfish, but surely he was not capable of so despicable a thing as that.

Hereafter, he decided, the damnable business should come second to her. Palmer could do some of the same cat business himself. He, Harkness, was a mining engineer and not a carpet knight and he'd tell 'em that. For two cents he'd go back West to stay.

Returning to New York, he reported at once to the office where he was ordered to start West that evening on consultation work which would require several weeks. On the whole he was glad. There were things he wanted to get straight in his mind. He had time for only a hasty trip up-town.

When he had finally left, Anita swung her aunt around in a mad dance. "Fate," she chanted, "is my most indulgent friend."

Nothing in Marcia's previous life approached the furious month which followed. There was a house to be found, and between hunting trips she was handed from hair dresser to masseuse to out-fitter impartially.

"I won't wear those frocks," she rebelled at last.

"Why, I'm thirty and the mother of two children!"

"You promised," reminded Anita.

"Madam will do well to rely on the young lady's taste," submitted the modiste.

In the end Anita had her way. They moved out to Long Island—to a lovely place with formal gardens and a glorious view of the Sound. In that environment some of Marcia's lost assurance was regained.

"If Uncle Jim gets snoop about the place, you can tell him I rented it at a bargain," counseled Anita. "I did, too. I love you in that gray erandi, Aunt Mark. You make Mrs. Archer look like an ancestor."

The day was set for Harkness's return. He was glad that the family had moved to the country for, somehow, the city had grown intolerable to his mind.

He reached home at seven in the evening, gasping with dismay as he viewed the grounds through which his taxicab was passing.

Anita, glowing in a new dinner gown, was waiting for him in the hall.

"Hello, Uncle Jim," she said before he could speak. "It's a shame the car couldn't meet you. You're awfully late, you know. You'll barely have time to dress. We're entertaining at dinner in honor of your return. The Palmers are coming, and Mrs. Archer. She's a forgiving soul, isn't she? I had to urge her some. Aunt Mark was delayed and is dressing. Don't stop to speak to her now, there's a dear. Hurry!"

He took the stairs at a run. Not stop to speak to Marcia! He'd enjoy seeing anyone stop him! "Marcia!" he called lustily, and was suddenly confronted by a white-capped maid.

"Madame is dressing," she said blandly.

"Oh, she is, is she?" blustered Harkness. "Which is her room?"

With one eye on the disappearing maid, he tapped impatiently at his wife's door.

"Jim, is that you?" came a breathless voice.

"You'll have to wait, dear."

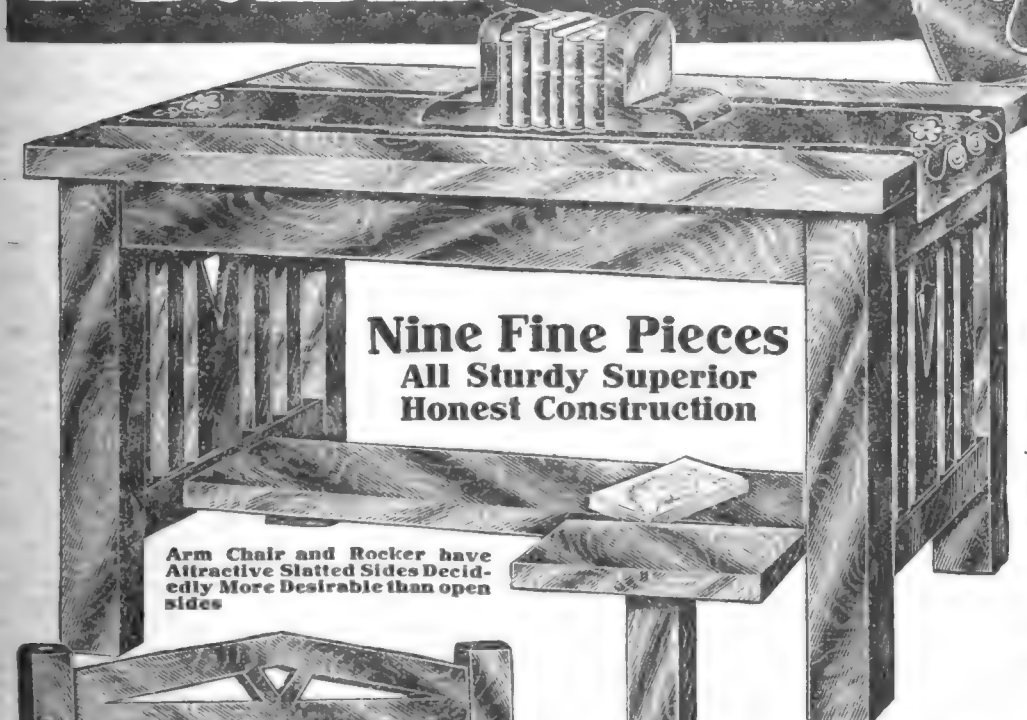
"I tell you I won't wait. What's the matter with you, Marcia?"

She cast one dismayed look into the pier glass. From shining hair to the tips of her silver slippers, she was perfect. Her smoke-blue brocade frock with its flashes of silver was so lovely on her slender body that a sob rose in her throat at the sight.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

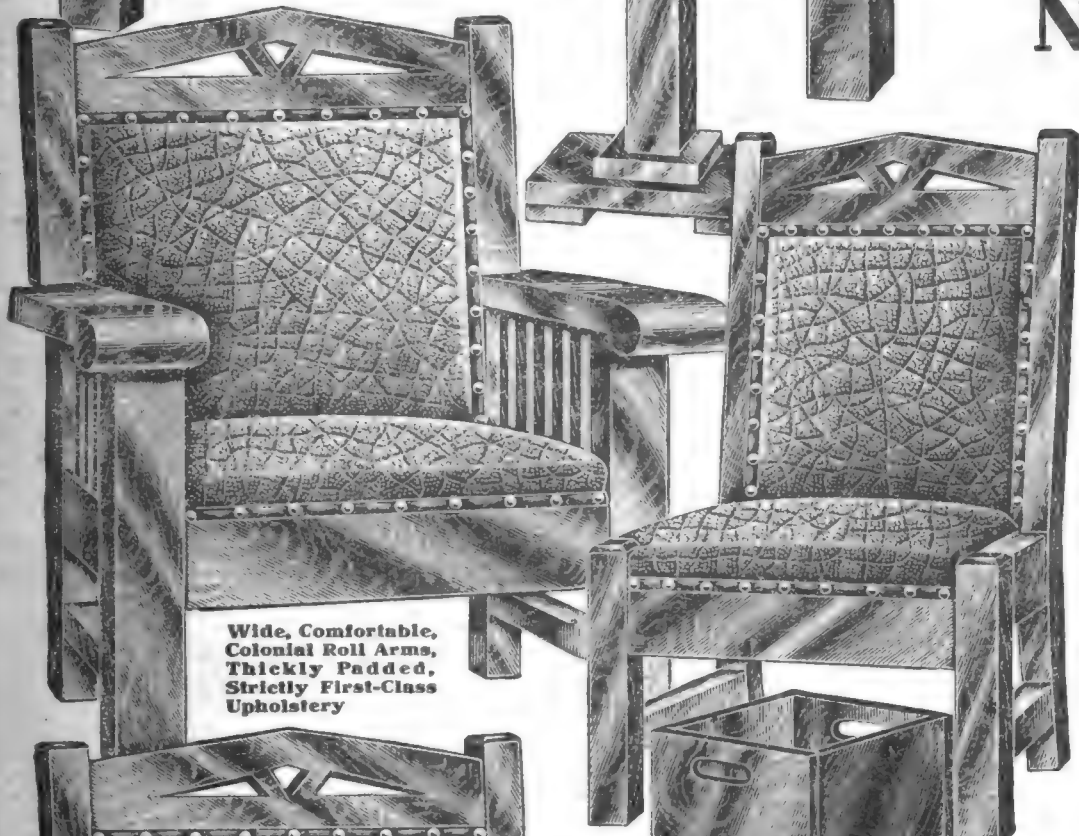
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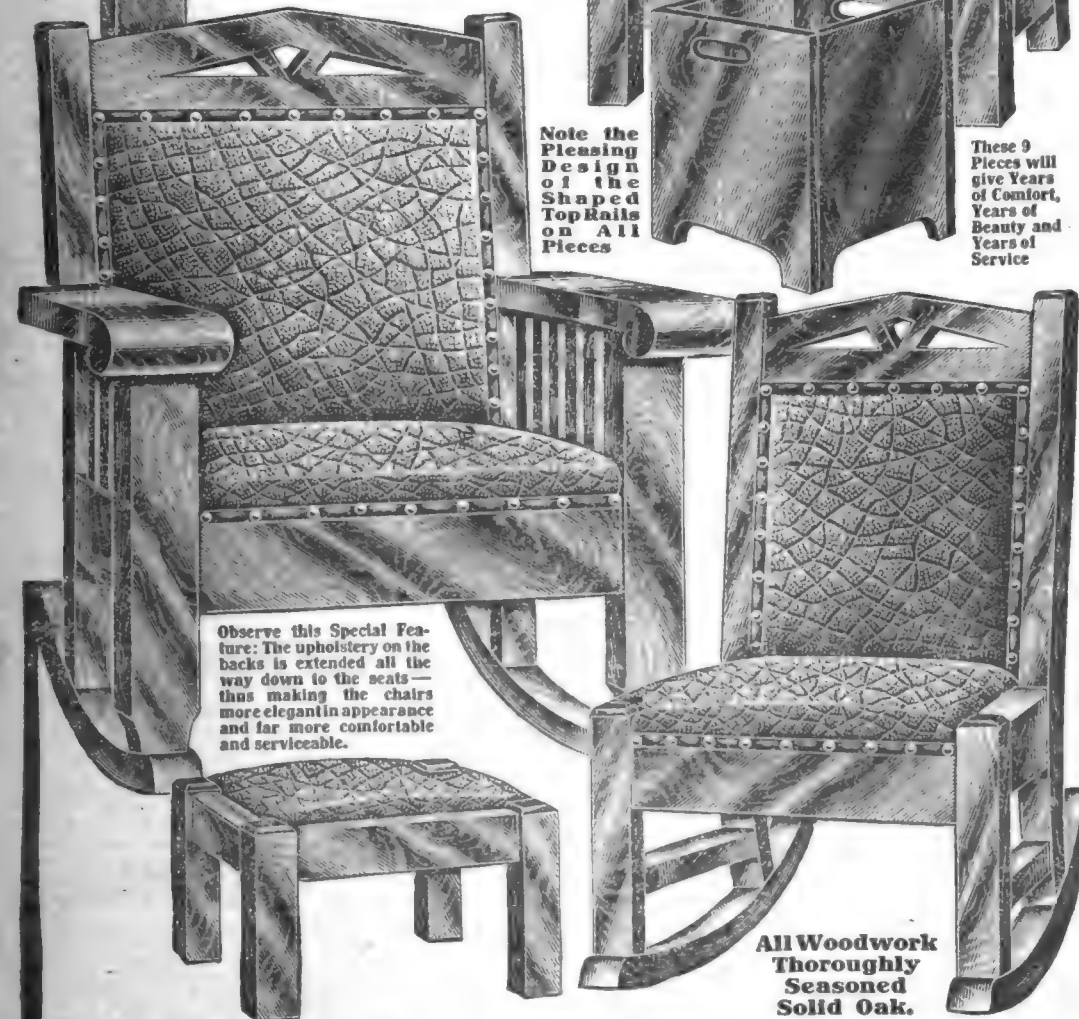
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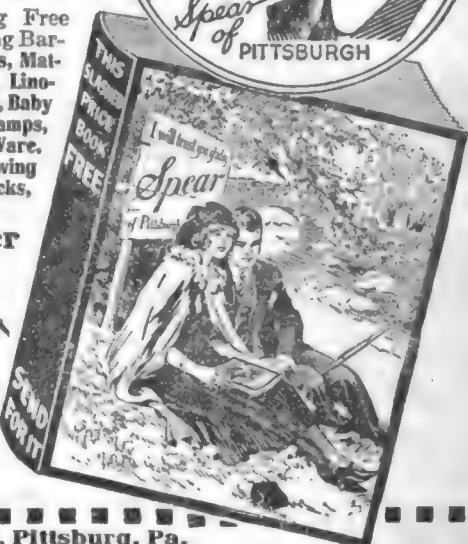
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Judson's Auction

See front cover illustration.

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DIANA Mannerly looked out over the autumn landscape. The leaves brown and sear, raced and whirled across the cement road, and the lowering day portended early winter. Yet, there was nothing doleful in the prospect, for God had been good and the harvest plentiful.

Diana lived in a fashionable summer colony and the "Pines," their summer home, was their home, really for she and her father spent the winters in city hotels.

Because she was city-bred, the country had a fascination for her. She tried to get to the Pines as early in Spring as possible, and it was her joy to watch the farmers at their work and see their harvests develop. And there was something inexpressibly sweet to her in the way most of the farmers and their wives labored together for their common weal.

Yet, to be a successful farmer was not mere play, and that Diana knew, for the fact that many had failed was attested to in the placards that appeared along the roads announcing auction sales.

Diana had often wanted to attend an auction, and now, when she saw a silver stop and a man nail one of these placards on a telegraph post down the road, she determined to attend that one, and so she sauntered out of the house and down to the road to see the date and place. It was, however, several weeks away, but nothing another sign, she consulted that and found that on the morrow a sale would be held at the Judson farm.

Not knowing just where the Judson farm was, she decided to seek it out that afternoon.

She went to the garage and soon was off in her sedan, and presently arrived at the place.

A young woman with unsmiling eyes came to the fence.

"Did you want to see someone?" she queried.

"Is this the Judson farm?" Diana queried in reply.

"This is the place," the young woman said.

Diana gazed around. "You have a pretty place. Why do you want to leave?"

"We don't, but we must. My God, tomorrow Tom and I will be beggars."

"Beggars?"

"Yes, we've been swindled out of everything," and then, as if it were a relief to her sore heart, she poured out the story.

"My husband wanted to buy a tractor, but we couldn't afford it and some sharks came and said that we could buy it on time. Tom signed the note all right and the tractor was sent, and we thought everything was all right until the company's representative came and demanded a payment. Tom looked at him like crazy and said that we had paid with a time note. But they said they had sold the tractor on payment to the fellows who sold it to us and that they had transferred the contract to us and we were to make the payments or else they would take the machine from us. We couldn't so they came and took the tractor away. We don't blame the tractor company; it wasn't their fault. Then those devils went and sold the note, and got a judgment on it, and then they came and levied on the place here and the few thousand dollars we had in the farm and the sale of our stock and crops will clean us out, and we're done."

"How dreadful! But didn't you fight it?"

"Yes, but what was the use? The judgment was rendered because they said the note had 'passed into innocent hands for value'—that means that someone bought it without knowing that there was a swindle back of it—and as they paid good money for it they were entitled to collect."

"And you are giving up everything?"

"Everything," the young woman replied, dully.

"Tomorrow, if we were old people, we'd be ready for the poorhouse. As it is, all we have left is our health and each other."

Each other! Ah, how little all else mattered when they had "each other," Diana thought.

"But what shall you do?" she persisted.

"We'll go and live with my folks, though they haven't got much. I'll be someone's hired girl and Tom will be a hired man until we can get a little money together again. Oh, we were so happy here. The crops came along so nice, and we expected such a good harvest. We worked together, Tom and I, buying things cheap or second-hand and making them do, planning to get along with them until we'd have the farm paid for—and this is our harvest," and she waved a despairing hand at their worldly goods ready for the sale.

Just outside the barn, in a neat row, stood all the farm machinery, all cleaned and repaired to make them as attractive as possible, but showing, nevertheless, that they had long been out of the factory. Against the barn were ranged rakes, hoes, pitchforks, spades, etc., while about the yard were improvised chicken-coops, in which the poultry was imprisoned.

Mrs. Judson invited her quasi-guest to the house.

"See what an auction means," she said.

She had lined up all her household goods to facilitate quick handling. All this, too, had been brightly rubbed and polished, and anything that had the slightest value was put up for sale, even poor little pictures and bric-a-brac (probably purchased at ten-cent stores) that, in their attempt to claim worth, were accordingly the more pitiable because of the bold front they tried to display.

A mist came to Diana's eyes.

"What is your entire debt?" she asked.

"About three thousand dollars, including everything. Our stuff won't bring much, but we're counting on the crops and the farm will pay off the biggest part."

"I'll come tomorrow," Diana said. "Possibly I may be able to bid for some things. Some of

the—the chickens, perhaps, and maybe a—few bushels of corn to feed to them," she said lamely, for what could she purchase at a sale like that?

The next morning was almost hot, one of those October days when it seems as if summer has returned to claim some forgotten trinket and it secured, she speeds away. The sun shone brilliantly, the fall flowers seemed to take a new lease on life, and the cattle strayed farther away from the cattle barns to graze on the brown turf.

Diana reached the Judson farm, just as the sale was about to commence. There were but few women there—women only attended when an auction held some worthwhile household goods, and poor Mrs. Judson's didn't amount to much.

She went to the house and was greeted by a sturdy young fellow with troubled eyes. There was an air of betrayed confidence about him, a look you might expect to see in a child who had been cheated out of something and doesn't know what to make of it, and it was the more touching because of his giant helplessness.

Diana asked for Mrs. Judson.

"She's upstairs, miss," he said. "Will you go up?"

Diana did so and found Mrs. Judson sitting in a chair gazing dully over the barnyard where the farmers were gathered in groups and knots, expressing not very flattering opinions of the stuff on display.

One chap in particular commented upon everything in a dried-out sort of way that seemed to immensely tickle his audience.

"Who's that old fellow?" Diana queried indignantly.

"The one who's knocking everything? Oh, don't mind him. That's old Samp (his name's Sampson), and all he does is hang round the railroad depot when he ain't got nothing else to do and find out things to tell or make 'em up when he ain't. He's a he-gossip, he is."

Diana listened to the man's dried-out manner of talking, but, quick to determine character, she found herself not blaming him as there was no venom in his chatter.

Suddenly there was an unusual stir in the yard, and Diana looked to see the cause of it.

The "cause" was the approach of a tall, big-bodied young fellow of perhaps twenty-six, except for his carriage and the set of his exceptionally well-shaped head, he might have passed for a farmer for he was dressed in olive-drab whipcord overalls. He had large, well-shaped hands that didn't look accustomed to handling anything in the manual line except it might be an automobile steering wheel. Across his breast a watch-chain was slung from which dangled a diamond-encrusted charm that threw off a thousand iridescences. He wore light oxfords and silk socks.

"Hello, boys," this individual cried, and then:

"Well, Samp, I'm here as I promised." His voice was full and jovial, and his laugh seemed to break like a Fourth of July bomb and cheer everything within the radius of its hearing.

"How'd'ye come?" queried Samp.

"Oh, I walked over from Jim Howard's," the arrival responded. "I could have driven down but I wanted to wander through the ravine; the scenery is perfectly wonderful."

"Well, I'll be gol-danged if I kin see anything purty in that mess of rock," old Samp responded, and then he went on confidentially:

"Listen, Mr. Lauriton. They've a fine horse here, what you kin buy for five dollars."

"My Gawd!" he ejaculated, showing his white, even teeth. "A horse for five dollars? Judas priest! As Jim Howard would exclaim!" he finished.

"You'd better buy that horse, Mr. Lauriton," Samp advised seriously, and then as the auctioneer arrived, the farmers gathered around and soon the sale was under way.

"Who is that man?" queried Diana of Mrs. Judson.

"Why, he's a young city man what visits with Jim Howard. He's very rich and went to college with Jim. Howard has a big place over towards Valley Grove."

The sale was now going on and Fellers was letting the small stuff go at a great rate. Ten- and fifteen-cent sales were common.

"Good heaven, Samp!" Mr. Lauriton exclaimed, and Diana heard him. "They sell junk that I throw out in the alley. When I get home I'm going to collect my riffraff and have an auction."

And now the sale was to go to the stock, and its quality in best summed up in Samp's description of it afterwards:

"Judson didn't have no great layout of beasts, they was th' orneriest bunch, but when they led out of Bob Tail Bess to sell her, th' whole thing was comin' to a joke, 'cause she had th' heaves an' was blind, but outside o' that she was all right."

Thus Samp described the cattle, and despite the fact that his humor was cruel, for it possessed a great deal of truth, he had summed up the situation pretty well.

Just then the aforesaid Bess was led out. She was not much larger than a pony and being buckskin she looked rather pretty when you didn't get the roll of her glassy blind eyes for that roll marked her for the devil's own. Of course, none of the farmers wanted her.

The listening Diana heard the aged Samp thus counsel Lauriton:

"Now, Mr. Lauriton, they's some boss. If I's you and had your money, I'd buy her. She's got good wind an' I believe you could make money on her. At a sale like this, where all th' farmers is purty well fed-up on hosses, they can't git much but you know a lot o' folks in your town an' could probably sell her for a whole lot more'n you pay for her. Maybe you kin make a racer out o' her."

They moved a little under the porch, and Diana saw that the young city man seemed impressed.

"Is she gentle?" he asked of Mr. Fellers, the auctioneer.

"Gentle!" he yelled, "gentle? She's a lamb!"

He probably meant she was a wolf in sheep's clothing, to judge by the wicked glare in her eye.

A Harvest Story By Joseph F. Novak

"Trot her out, boy!" Lauriton commanded, and old Bess went around the ring.

Diana watched, interested, yet indignant. The farmers had formed a great circle. In the center, Fellers, the auctioneer, was standing, bellowing his head off in his good-natured, persuasive manner, his collar-band unbuttoned, and a long stick in his hand pointing to each man in the ring, trying to start a bid.

"Come on, boys! Start a bid! Who'll make it five?" And then as there was a dead quiet, though the farmers nudged one another, Fellers continued:

"Come on, boys! She's a good horse. 'Course she's a little blind, but she's good for field work. Why, if you shot her tonight and skinned her, her dog-gone carcass 'ud be worth five dollars!"

"Five dollars!" Lauriton yelled mischievously, and there was a yell of approval.

Fellers (whether he sensed the mischief on Lauriton's part or not), pointed his long stick at him and yelled: "Five! Five! Do I hear ten? Five, going, boys—look out!—I'm going to sell her!—going, going and she is—sold! To that gentleman there!"

"Great Scott!" Lauriton yelled. "I don't want her. I only wanted to start the bidding."

"You've got to take her," Mr. Fellers said. "You've bought her and she's yours and you've got to take her away. Never mind, though, I'll sell you a buggy and some harness to go with her."

"Mi-gawd! Wouldn't I flabbergast Jim if I came back in the glory of a horse and buggy!"

At the mention of a buggy, a little farmer plied up.

"Say, Mr. Lauriton, I bought a buggy for a dollar, but ye kin have it for a dollar an' a half. Look at her," and he pointed to a buggy that was on its last legs.

"Bought!" exclaimed Lauriton. "Now, who's got some single harness to sell?"

"Here's some that I'll sell for eighty cents."

There was a roar then, and for the edification of the crowd, Lauriton began to clumsily harness up. The farmers good-naturedly helped him and they were having a picnic when—

Upstairs in the window, sat Mrs. Judson and Diana and all passed in their view. Mrs. Judson sobbed bitterly.

"Oh, Miss Mannerly, that's just too terrible. It ain't enough that we're losing everything but to have them make fun of our things. I know Old Bess ain't much of a horse, but she earned her keep in the fields, and that buggy ain't much to look at but it gave me and Tom the only pleasure we ever got. It's like—like—lookin' into a grave an' laughin'—Oh, my God, my God!"

Diana's eyes dilated, and she sped down the stairs and out onto the porch. She looked like a wrathful saint with the sun shining down upon her hair that blew about her head like a halo.

The laughter ceased as she spoke with biting scorn.

"All this may be a great joke to some of you," she began stingingly, "her eyes resting particularly upon Lauriton, 'but do you realize what a heartache it is causing poor Mrs. Judson? You are making sport of their life's tragedy, and belittling, hurting and wounding them in cheapening those poor little possessions which, through association had become very dear to them. For shame, all of you! If you are men, why don't you treat this like a business proposition and not like a circus!"

Elroy Lauriton's face dyed red. "I—I—didn't know," he began guiltily.

"No, you didn't know! Common courtesy might have told you differently, but you are a city man and think you're mighty funny, no doubt. Do you realize that your uproarious laughter is nearly breaking the heart of the poor girl whose hopes for a harvest have turned out to be this?—and who, with her husband, must, tomorrow, face the world, penniless!"

"Mr. Fellers!" she continued. "Stop the sale! Whatever the debt is, I will pay it and take over the whole place."

Mr. Fellers looked undecided.

"You are in earnest, Miss. The sum is nearly three thousand dollars."

"I've spent as much on a single dance," Diana blazed, not realizing what she was saying, "so I'll be responsible and I ask all who have purchased anything to cancel the purchase."

During the while, Lauriton had remained seated in the buggy, listlessly holding the reins in his hands and looking down. A tenseness fell upon the gathered men.

One of the chaps tried to break it with a "funny crack":

"Well, you goin' to turn back your purchase, Mr. Lauriton? Better put Bess through her paces afore you git beat out that noble animal," and he cut her as he spoke.

It was all that was needed to rouse the fiery Bess. She reared up, plunged forward and tore along like the devil, with Lauriton hanging on, for so suddenly had she started that he was utterly unprepared. Out of the yard Old Bess lit and tore down the road with the frenzy of the nightless. Over bump, boulder and rut she tore, wild, maddened by the sharp cut, and in a moment or two could not be seen for dust.

"Good heavens, he'll be killed, Miss Mannerly," shrieked Mrs. Judson.

Diana, in a moment, had seen Lauriton lose control of the wild mare. Then, like the impulsive girl she was, she flew to her machine, gave it the gas, and started down the razor-backed highway. Just as she had nearly overtaken the buggy, there was a crash, Diana saw Old Bess catapult into the ravine on one side, while the buggy upset and rolled down the other.

Diana stopped and looked down, and in among the brown, broken ferns she saw the smashed buggy, apparently atop Lauriton, for all she saw protruding from under the wreckage was a motionless right arm, upon the hand of which a brilliant diamond sparkled in the sunlight.

Without much ado, she grabbed hold of the bushes that grew on the side of the "razor-back" and slipped and stumbled to the bottom.

Fortunately the buggy was a light one, and with a tug she pushed it away enough to get Lauriton from under it.

She sat him up and gave him a shake. The effect was salutary. He let out a yell of pain, but immediately choked the next one, and a wicked smile came to his eyes.

"My arm's broken," he remarked calmly.

"Is that all?" she asked even as calmly. "Can you walk?"

"Perhaps, if you'll help me," he returned, and he placed his good arm about her and up the "razor-back" they went.

Diana looked at him severely, but there was only that wicked smile. But when she gazed at him covertly, she saw his features tortured with excruciating pain.

So she got him into the machine and took him to the doctor and when his arm was nicely comfortable, she took him home to Jim Howard's.

"You're coming to see me, I know," he whispered, as she was ready to drive off.

"I am—not," she replied.

"Yes, you are," he replied, arily. "I know it. I feel it in my heart."

"Really, why don't you set yourself up as a clairvoyant?" she retorted and she hurried away.

But she couldn't help smiling and she saw now that his was an irrepressible good-nature and that he couldn't help his teasing.

She was sure of it later, for when she and her father, together with Tom and Barbara Judson, went to the local bank to arrange for the new loan—for Tom was a honest chap and would not accept Diana's generous offer except as a loan—the banker told her that he could take the note from her and give her the cash as he had a party who was anxious to secure it.

Of course, Diana guessed who the "party" was.

They left and returned to the Judson farm. Diana helped Barbara straighten up the house and put everything into place, and they worked like busy bees until it was quite dark.

Then they sat out upon the porch and quietly talked, while the great harvest moon rose higher and higher in the sky and threw its effulgent light upon the fields of stacked corn. Tom's crops had been splendid ones—in fact, it was upon the crops that he placed his greatest hope for a good return at the auction.

"Well, we won't lose our harvest after all, will we, dearest?" he whispered, as he put his arm about Barbara and gathered her close.

Diana sat nearby, and she was thinking—thinking of a teasing cut-up.

Gradually there came to her ears the plod, plod, of a horse in the road and when the house was reached the horse stopped and Lauriton jumped from the buggy.

"Hello, folks," he began, "I'm here again. Jim guaranteed that old Tink there wouldn't run if you hit him with a Big Bertha."

"Good reason, why," Diana murmured, "if a Big Bertha hit him."

"Oh, properly squelched," he laughed. "I want to speak to you all, a moment, if I may. I called at your home, Miss Mannerly, and they told me you were here."

"Speak aloud, Mr. Lauriton," said Tom, happiness radiating from his voice.

"I want to apologize for that funny business yesterday. Somehow I will see the amusing side of things, but of course I should have found out the cause of the sale before I got 'fresh'. I didn't ask Jim and naturally supposed you just wanted to leave the neighborhood. Can't I buy that note from you, Miss Mannerly, and so show how genuinely sorry I am?"

"But I can't forego the happiness of doing something for Barbara and Tom, Mr. Lauriton."

"Well, then, can't we go—fifty-fifty?"

"I'll let you know—a bit later," Diana compromised.

During the following days Diana came to the Judson farm, and as often as she did Lauriton was sure to be there, for he lingered on through the lovely October month, since, one arm still being almost useless, he felt he might just as well stay on.

"Any decision yet?" he queried, at the close of a glorious bright blue October day.

"Yes, we'll share the pleasure," Diana said.

"That will be even better than having the whole note. I love to share things. I wish I could share my all with you. Could I, do you think—Diana?"

She had promised to take him to Jim's in her machine and they now went toward it.

She said not a word for a moment. A little sunset breeze crooned about them. Then she tried to look into his face, without blushing, without emotion. She could not.

"You may if you wish, Elroy," she said, dreamily.

"Diana! Anybody looking? No, only Old Bess and she's blind! All right, here goes! I'm glad I didn't break both arms in that spill, otherwise I couldn't do this," and encircling her with his good arm, he drew her to his bosom.

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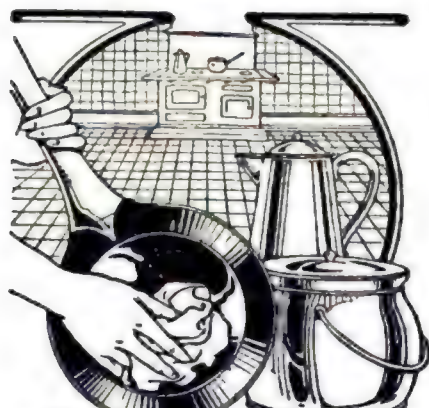
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Bad Nail Habits

I HOPE none of my girls have the very bad habit of biting their finger nails, yet I should not be surprised if here and there was some otherwise quite pretty girl who has let herself form this objectionable habit.

Don't do it, girls. It ruins otherwise lovely hands, it gives you an ugly grubby appearance, and besides, my dears, let me whisper that doctors consider it to denote a poorly disciplined mentality, which means that you have not learned to use your mind well as yet but are in the immature stage of young children who do not know how to direct their bodies properly.

Of course none of us want to seem mentally deficient to anybody, and assuredly none of us want ugly nails, so if any of us have begun to nibble away at finger nails in moments of nervousness, let's make up our minds to stop it at once.

The first thing needed is to give daily care to the nails, so that there will be no ragged bits of cuticle sticking up to invite the absentminded bite, and no rough edges to the nails which one attempts to smooth with the teeth.

Use your nail file every morning to smooth and shape the nail until it is like a polished surface, and use your orange-wood stick to keep the cuticle pushed down at the base of the nail, and your manicure scissors—nice thin curved ones, not too long—to carefully snip away any little hangnails. If the skin around the nail has become very roughened from your bad habits, you can use a bit of hand pumice very gently indeed to rub it smooth. At night rub vaseline into the flesh of the finger-tips, massaging it into the cuticle about the base of the nails. And when you arise in the morning, gently scrub the nails

with a good nail brush, then rinse and dry, and rub in a tiny bit of nail cream or other soothing



BITING NAILS IS AN UGLY HABIT.

ointment. Just a tiny bit that the skin will at once absorb.

If you will follow these directions, and keep your nails shaped, spotlessly clean, and rubbed gently with the palm of the hand until they are lightly polished, I am sure you will always remember not to bite and disfigure them.

If you need any help, in addition to this, ask your druggist to put you up a little quinine solution—which is quinine dissolved in alcohol; or a solution of bitter aloes, also dissolved in alcohol. Apply this to the nails with a brush, and I assure you at the first taste you will be willing to stop.

Answers to Questions

NEBRASKA GIRL.—I do not think it wise for you to exercise the joints which have been affected by inflammatory rheumatism. What has your physician told you to do? In my own experience, very hot applications to such joints has helped, if carried out daily without missing any day. The water was very hot, and steaming cloths wrung out and applied, being replaced with fresh ones continuously, for ten minutes or more. One of the big specialists here has his rheumatic patients spray their joints first with hot water and then with cold, when hot, then cold, etc. How are your tonsils and your teeth? Your physician has no doubt told you to see that these are in perfect condition. Look after your diet; eat simple healthful things, see that your bowels move freely daily, drink lots of water, and rest your inflamed joints. Get rid of that rheumatism as quickly as you possibly can; there is nothing that gives more trouble over a longer period. You ask for exercises for large bust and hips. If I were you I should avoid all exercise until my joints were in perfect condition, otherwise you may strain some ligaments and cause yourself endless trouble. Your weight for a height of five feet six and one-half inches should be about 143 pounds, depending upon the size of your bones; with small bones it could be less. Your waist should be ten inches smaller than hips and bust which should be alike in measurement. About 39 inches would be correct for a 20-inch waist, or 42 inches for a 32-inch waist.

R. R.—All your troubles, hair, complexion, sleeplessness, etc., come from the long continued condition of constipation. What has your physician told you to do? Follow his directions faithfully. You are 25 pounds overweight which shows conclusively that you eat too much and of the wrong foods. You say you only eat twice a day; then I am afraid at least one of those meals is too heavy. No doubt—or, rather, of course—wrong eating is at the bottom of your condition of constipation. Cut out at once all fat building foods, which means starchy foods and fat and sweet foods; this will eliminate candy, cake, pie, gravy, potato, rice, fat meats, etc. Suppose you try the following diet for a time: At night soak six prunes in a glass of warm water. On rising in the morning drink a glass of water. Fifteen minutes later, drink the prune juice and eat the prunes, chewing very carefully until it is liquid before swallowing. Before you rise, practice for ten minutes the exercise I will give you below. It will do you no harm to go without breakfast. Drink a glass of water every three-quarters of an hour until about an hour before midday dinner. For this, eat simple food, chewing it until liquid, drinking nothing with your meals or until an hour after. In fact it would be well to wait two hours. You must cut out coffee, tea, white bread. Suppose you eat some toasted biscuit without butter, a soft poached egg, or some bran bread with your egg. In addition a baked custard, or a baked apple if it agrees with you (cooked until it bursts its skin), or a piece of melon, or some grapes. You see, you must eat very simple food for a time. You could eat some spinach cooked quickly in very little water; or asparagus, or carrots well cooked. Don't eat turnips, cabbage, cauliflower, onions. For supper eat very little. If I were you I should only have some barley gruel and some toasted biscuit at night for some weeks. If raw apples agree with you, you could eat one following dinner, chewing thoroughly. You must eat absolutely nothing between meals, but beginning an hour—or two hours—after a midday dinner, drink a glass of water, sipping it slowly, every three-quarters of an hour until an hour before your evening meal, which you should eat rather early. You will find you sleep better with very little food at night and eaten quite a while before retiring. If you can regulate your meal hours, I should say you should eat your noonday meal about 12 o'clock, and your evening meal about six. For your midday meal you can eat, as a change, a little roast or stewed chicken, chewing it thoroughly, along with spinach or carrots; then your simple dessert. Before beginning this diet, I should take an enema, though all doctors will warn you against the enema habit; it soon teaches the bowels to rely upon this artificial aid and they will not move of themselves; this is also true of cathartics themselves. Yet a teaspoonful of aromatic cascara at night before starting on this diet, and after you have taken an enema, will probably start you off right. Then cut out all cathartics. Exercise in the morning for fifteen minutes, and again before going to bed for another fifteen minutes. Take a walk during the day of at least half an hour, not until two hours after eating. You must throw off these toxic poisons by exercise, and you must see that no more are stored up, by being sparing in your eating and very careful in selecting your foods. Bathe the entire body daily, frictioning the surface to cause the skin to throw off its impurities through the pores. You ask for external applications to cure the conditions. My dear, there isn't anything external which would do you the least bit of good. Your whole trouble lies in what you have eaten, how much you have eaten, and in faulty habits of the body. You have probably not exercised enough, and you have let yourself grow to depend upon cathartics and enemas. Of course when you first began to be constipated then is when you should have regulated your diet and your habits at once, but you can't help that now, so all you can do is be a little more severe in your diet regulations. Surely it is worth while to deny yourself and be very careful for a month or six weeks to see if you cannot overcome this condition which is ruining your health and your appearance. Your doctor will tell you not to wait for a bowel action but to fix a certain hour each morning and each evening and daily make the attempt, not straining but giving up twenty minutes or half an hour if necessary. If you can manage extra exercise periods during the day without any binding clothes, that will help you more than anything else except the change in your diet. Be sure the eggs eaten are soft so that they will digest easily; for a soft-boiled egg it should not

boil longer than three and one-half minutes. A little broiled fish or baked fish is permissible instead of egg or chicken, or a small piece of broiled lamb or steak or mutton if not well done. Do not eat any fried food, any hot breads or indeed any white bread at all, nor any sweets. I expect this sounds strenuous but your condition is one which needs strenuous treatment. I have known of people who have overcome such a condition by first freeing the bowels, then eating prunes each morning as I have directed, and living on a quart or two quarts of milk daily, with no solid food whatever. That means nothing to eat except the milk, which in such case is taken a glass at a time, beginning an hour or two hours after your prunes, with each mouthful of milk "chewed" before swallowing, none of it drunk down quickly. If you wanted to try this, you should exercise for fifteen minutes in the morning, take your prunes and your water, then an hour later drink a glass of milk, say at 8.30. At 9.30 drink a half glass of water; at 10.30 another glass of milk; at 1 o'clock another glass, at 2 o'clock another glass, at 3 o'clock another glass. In between these glasses of milk drink a glass of water, so that you will have three glasses of water between 10.30 and 5 o'clock. Drink another glass of water at 6.30, and another at 7.30, but no more milk. Exercise for fifteen minutes before you go to bed. This is also a strenuous way to overcome the conditions you are facing, but you may wish to try it. Naturally you won't feel very energetic while you are taking this diet, and you will lose in weight, but of the latter you should be glad, for you need to lose twenty-five pounds at the very least. Remember if you take up this milk diet, you must eat no solid food with it, but stick to milk alone, with the exception of the prunes. Now for the exercise which will do you the most good:

To Overcome Constipation

Lying on your back, on the bed, in nightgown or loose underwear, raise the right leg at right angles with the body, without bending the knee, then let it down as slowly as possible. This exercise strains the muscles of the abdomen and it is those muscles which need to be exercised in your case. If you let the leg down quickly, there is no strain on the abdomen; you should let it down so slowly that you feel the strain and the drawing of the abdominal muscles. Practice ten or fifteen times then the same number with the left leg; then with both together. The body should lie flat on the back, arms along the sides; don't lift the head.

BLU EYES.—It is a simple matter to have pretty nails. Soak the fingers of one hand in warm soapy water for a few minutes, then with the flat end of an orange-wood stick, which you can buy at your druggist for five cents, gently push down the cuticle at the base of the nail. Skin which has grown up on the nail can be skillfully clipped off with a pair of manicure scissors, but not with ordinary scissors, after it has been gently loosened from the nail by a cuticle knife (also on sale at your druggist's), or with the orange-wood stick. Do not pry at it vigorously or dent the nail for five or six days, but the skin having been softened by its soaking in the warm soapy water, just work at it gently until it is loosened from the nail, then clip it very carefully with the scissors, being most careful not to cut the skin below the nail but only the hard rim which is on the nail. Before putting your hands in the warm water, file the nails into a shape which follows the rounded ends of the fingers, using a flexible steel nail file. Then after attending to the overlapped cuticle as above directed, clean the nails thoroughly with your orange-wood stick, never with any steel instrument, as that makes the nail thick and hard in time. Each morning, after scrubbing the nails thoroughly, clean them as thoroughly and with the flat end of the orange-wood stick, push the cuticle very gently back at the base of the nail so that it will have no chance to grow up on it again. I think if I were you I should postpone treatment of my freckles until late fall. About the warts, they can be removed as a rule, by tying a thread tight around their base. After a little they turn black and drop off. Try one at a time, and whatever you do, do not pick at a wart, as it is likely to turn into something much more objectionable.

V.—Your skin is sluggish, perhaps because of your illness. Massage it nightly, by dipping your fingers in a tiny bit of cold cream and with the forefinger of each hand rubbing the nose toward its bony ridge, also its full length with little circular motions. Massage the cheeks with light circular motions, and also with upward strokes. This massage should follow a thorough washing. Have you been using soap on the face, or only in the water? The latter is the proper way, and after the washing, be sure that you rinse the face many times, the final time being in cool water. Then follow with your massage. End the massage by a light slapping of the face, rapidly with the flat of each hand. Also take abdominal exercises, such as the one given to "R. R.," for you should stimulate all the eliminative functions. How about your diet, and your weight? Eat sensibly, and give your skin every chance. I think you will find the above treatment will put you right again.

B.—About the "streak of light hair" on the side of your head, you would be glad of it. Will it cheer you at all to know that I have a streak of white hair on one side of my head—a real lock—and that I



BRUSHING NAILS WITH QUININE SOLUTION.

wouldn't part with for anything? And when I have my hair dressed for any very smart gathering, the hairdresser takes a great deal of trouble to make that lock show. It is quite fashionable to have a lock of hair different from the rest of one's hair, so if I were you I would consider myself fortunate. You don't know how many people have envied me mine. I even know of one woman who bought a false lock of white hair, and wore it fastened in among her own locks, to create this fashionable effect. So your nose gets red in the morning when you wash your face? Your circulation is probably a little uneven, and it would be a good idea for you to take up some daily exercise, night and morning. Also treat your nose with consideration when you take that face bath—bathe it gently, but give the rest of the face a gentle rubbing—mayhap that will restore the balance. A red nose may come from several things, chief among them being a stomach which is not doing its best work or, rather, which is being given too much work to do. Be sure that your food is chewed until it is liquid before swallowing; that you eat sensible foods, not too many sweets; that you drink a great deal of water between meals but not at meals; and that you do not eat between meals.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

can have an orderly house all the time. I think there are other things to be considered sometimes and I certainly don't believe in having our homes just "so-so" at the expense of our health. There are some who think it is a crime for a woman to sit down and rest

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as long as there is a speck of dust anywhere or anything to do. But I think it is wrong for a woman not to rest an hour or so every day if she possibly can. Just hard work, such as keeping your house in perfect order, your children clean, plenty of good things cooked to eat, washing, ironing and sewing done in order, chickens taken care of, the many little deeds of charity we do, entertaining company that just happens in on you, are some of the things women have to do. One of the biggest tasks is taking care of the fruit and garden in the fall. If you are real healthy you may stand the life all right but if you don't have good health to begin with, what then? You won't last many years. Sisters, I know, by sad experience and now after fifteen years of married life and thinking I just must keep on working, I find that at the age of thirty-four, part of my work will have to go undone. I have lung trouble and at times I can do only the cooking for five and send my children to school. There will be a week or two at a time that I don't dare do the family washing and as I am living in the country I can't get anyone to do it for me and I have to depend on the men folk to do what has to be done. I can tell you we don't eat off a linen tablecloth as we used to. We eat off of white oilcloth. I am the only woman in the family; children are boys. They help me do lots of my work though. When my health became so bad that I couldn't do my work I cried my eyes almost out. I would cry until my head was hot and hurt all the time but I saw that I would never do. My family couldn't be happy when I was so blue so I just made up my mind that if I couldn't do my work and be a help to my husband in that way, I could help in another. I could smile with my husband and children, and be cheerful, and how they appreciate it. They didn't care about the neat house and linen tablecloths; they'd much rather see me sitting down doing nothing but with a ready smile for each and every one. Of course when my neighbors come and find my house looking like a bachelor's hall, and I sitting out in the hammock, I suppose they go away and say, "that woman's good for nothing." But that is one of the trials I must bear. I try to smile and then smile some more. What's the use of grumbling? We should try to learn to not judge anyone by their work, and not to judge harshly at any time for we do not know the circumstances. I am living in a new neighborhood. Several have visited me and some of them came when my house was very dirty. I couldn't help it. All I could do was to invite them in and treat them as nicely as I could. Perhaps they will judge my character by my home and never come again. Don't you think if we would all live as God would have us live, with love for one another, overlooking each other's faults, and doing His will every day, that we would be much more contented? I am trying to live that way.

With love to everybody, your sister, MRS. H. MOYER.

LAS CRUCES, N. MEX.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORTERS:
I don't like to tease but may I come in just once? I asked once before but wasn't admitted but I know Mrs. W. did the best there was to be done so I'm not going to let that worry me but here is one thing that does—never seeing a letter from this part of New Mexico. I wonder if I'm the only one so lucky as to have COMFORT? Well, others don't know what they are missing.

We have the dearest little valley here, not exactly "little" either but one naturally wants to speak of it as they would of anything dear to them. Its name is Masilla Valley, only it is pronounced Ma-se-a. Las Cruces means "The Crosses." Isn't it good that we can make something of nothing, and such pretty things too? Thanks to those who told about making different things of gunny sacks, because I've got "more gunny sacks" and didn't know what to do with them. Here is something I am making of a couple of them—cover for our speedster seat. Cut the sacks to fit the seat and embroider in yarn or silk or silk thread a basket of flowers or some design you like in cross-stitch. If you don't like to remove the sacks that are used to hold the leather binding in place, use carpet tacks, or tacks with large heads. Be sure and allow plenty of material so that enough can be turned under at the edge to make it firm. This makes a durable cover. I got the idea from a linen oilcloth cover I saw well illustrated. I couldn't say what the material was but it looked good. All I could do was to make a cover of the fifty-pound flour sacks, another cut in half and sewed together, making a scarf for my buffet and one the same way for the fireplace mantle. Instead of joining the sacks with lace I used gingham. I'm used light tan as the wall paper in my dining-room is a tan background. In each corner I used gingham of pink, tan and yellow and made a cluster of apples and green for leaves and with black thread for the lines in the leaves and to applique the fruit onto the cloth. It is a very pretty set.

Good by. BONNIE BLUE EISE.

BREVILLE, MINN.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I can't resist the temptation of writing to say "Amen" to Mrs. Mason's remarks. She certainly voiced my opinion to a detail, about dish washing and floor scrubbing. To see anyone wring a dish rag from soapy, greasy water and wipe the pan and kettle and get out rinsing either, in order to hurry through and get down on her knees and scrub the floors white, does not appeal to me either.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half a pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaks, faded or gray hair and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.—Adv't.



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A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

self, his offer had seemed a refuge; there was another reason beyond poverty that had kept her away from London.

"Jacky was right; there must have been some reason," she thought, "for he doesn't like me. And I—"

With a shock she realized that she hated the man who gave her all she had, hated and feared him.

The sullen, hot loathing of him that had come to her tonight seemed to lie at her heart tangibly. It frightened her.

"Jacky," she cried, panting with desperate horror of a something evil that was slowly drawing nearer, threatening, obscure, "I must have Jacky, or something dreadful will happen to me!"

Wild with a caustic, openly refused her anything, or reminded her of her position—Gillian locked her door and began with shaking fingers to write to Jacky. At first the sentences were strung together incoherently; then as she settled to her task her brain steadied. She got up and hunted in the little old desk that had been her father's; among the papers untidily stowed there were two she wanted; she had often wondered how they had got there, what he had been doing with testimonials as to a maid's character, and signed, too, by a countess and a well-known beauty. But they would be useful now, whatever they had been.

They had been kept in their envelopes and were fresh and clean. Gillian put them carefully in with her letter to Jacky, that was full of such minute, strange instructions. When it was safely sealed she rang for her maid, who of all the household was the only one who really liked the desolate young mistress. She was not on good terms with the other servants, either, having been engaged by Gillian herself, not Mr. Marchmont, and she was to be trusted.

"Pierce, do you think you could post this for me? I have no stamps," she said quietly.

"Certainly, miss," the girl said cheerfully, seeing it was the mistress's sister in London, to whom she had once before acted as postman.

"It's a pity she hasn't a nice, cheerful young man now. I've never found sisters so reliable!" she thought as she loyally posted the secret letter that was to strike the very joy of life from Jacqueline Hamilton's lips.

CHAPTER III.

"A DEVIL INCARNATE."

Tall, dark, masterful, Lesard leaned against the mantelpiece, his lean face somber, his gray, hawk's eyes full of fire. He was stirred to the uttermost depths, for all he was so quiet.

Opposite him was Jacqueline Hamilton, sitting on the edge of a table, her face hidden in her hands. The firelight turned her wavy hair to burning gold, and Lesard noted it as he looked at her bowed head.

"Do you love me as much as that?" he said. His voice was as uplike him as his face, all its reckless gaiety gone.

Jacky nodded.

"I'm ashamed. Oh, I'm ashamed!" she whispered pitifully.

"Don't be ashamed!" How slowly he was speaking. "Come here, sweetheart."

For there was half the length of the room between them.

"No!" Her head was lower than ever; he could hardly hear her.

"Come here!" It was an order now, more than an entreaty, and her hands dropped from her face as she straightened herself where she half-sat, half-leaned, against the table.

So slowly that she seemed to feel the floor cautiously for each step, she came to him; nearer, nearer; her eyes almost closed, her lips apart and piteous, when there was still a wide space between them, Lesard moved sharply forward, with which he did everything. He had to stoop to slip one arm around her waist, the other round her shoulders.

"Look up, sweetheart," he cried softly, his voice thrilling her to the core of her heart.

"Don't be ashamed. That was nothing to say between you and me. Don't you know there is nothing that can't be said between us now? Look at me!"

He would not try to lift her face to his; she must look at him of her own accord, or not at all.

The vague, intangible sweetness from her hair went to his head; the iron arms that held her so softly shook a little.

The girl looked up; her dark-blue eyes met the keen gray ones that were so near, doubtfully at first, then with a sudden flash of the spirit that had been so fearless—till tonight.

"You are not my master!" she flung her head back against his arm, and met his gaze rebelliously.

The man's eyes grew dark with love.

"I am—frankly," he said slowly. "You love me; you've said so! It will be sweeter than being your own mistress, Jacky; you are very tired of being your own mistress. And you're not that any more—are you, if you love me?"

"Yes," she stammered over the answer, "yes, I am!"

Lesard laughed softly.

"Kiss me, sweetheart," he whispered, his face touching hers. "I tell you, you can't lead this life any longer. Do you think I don't know how tired you are—how you pinch, and save, and scrape to keep body and soul together? Come to me and rest; I'll take care of you."

His lips, very smooth through the fair mustache that was so striking on his dark, lean face, touched hers; surely, no man's kisses were ever like Lesard's, so sweet and quick and tender!

The girl wavered; then she clung to him with a love that was like agony. Lesard's arms tightened around her as he felt hers go about his neck; the world was a dream to him; there was nothing in it but this fearless slip of a girl, who till tonight had been so fearless—till tonight.

Lesard—the adventurer, the money-lender, the man who was feared or despised as people knew him well or little—forgot his trade, forgot the secret burden that troubled his life, and kissed her as a man does a woman who rises from her prayers.

"Heart of my heart!" he said softly; and of her own accord Jacky lifted her lips to his once more.

"Have you been lonely?" she whispered. "I have, all my life. I've been alone in my mind till I knew you. I always felt like a child who can't find anyone to play with. Do you understand?"

"Understand? My God! yes." But how did this baby know these things, unless it were that she was soul of his soul already? For the first time he forgot his strength as he caught her to him.

Jacky gave a little stifled cry.

"Take care; don't drop me! I'm off my feet!"

"Drop you?" the man answered with utter tenderness. "Not I! Do you think you are so heavy?" As he spoke he lifted her with a hand on each side of her waist, lifted her without an effort, as a girl lifts a doll; for an instant he held her so, her face on a level with his; then he put her gently on her feet again.

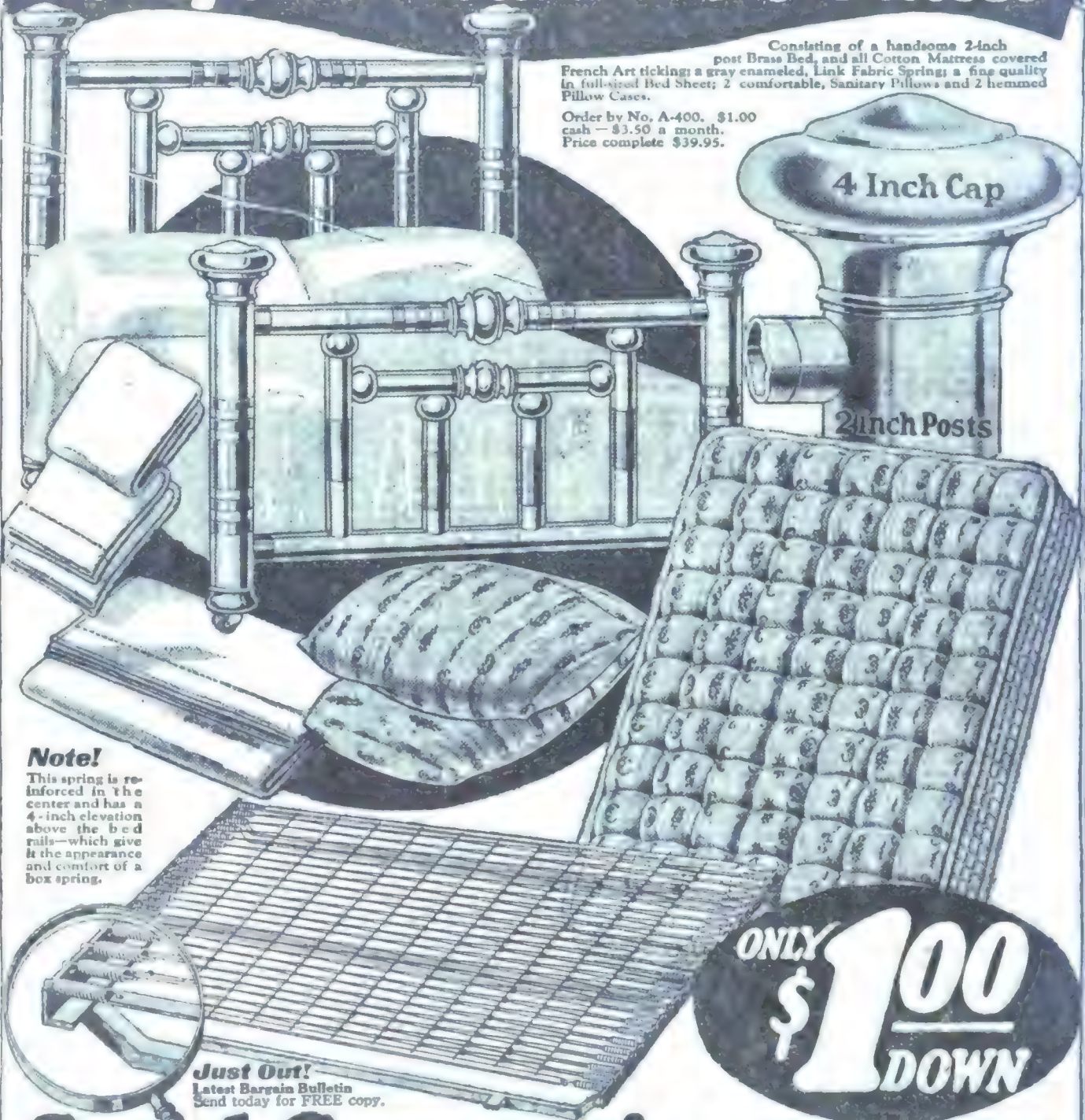
"Sit down," he said with sudden compunction; "you're tired out! I've been a brute to you to-day, worrying you all the afternoon to make you say yes, instead of no. Why were you so hard to me? Did I—did I deserve it?"

"No," she cried. "No, don't say such things. But you are all wrong. I can't marry you. It isn't as if I were alone in the world. I sent for you today to say good-by."

Lesard did not answer; he knelt on the worn hearth-rug and began to make up the fire. The uncomfortable little room was cold.

"You can't say good-by to me," he said coolly.

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If you only want latest bargain bulletin just issued, put X in box. ☐

"I won't have it. And how do you mean you're not alone in the world?"

Jacky looked at her watch nervously; in a few minutes the girl she lived with would come in; she dared not talk before her, and tomorrow she would be miles away.

"My sister," she said; "she needs me."

"But she is adopted by a rich man, you said. Do you mean she wants you to go and live with her? Because you can't—you're coming to live with me." He saw her mouth tighten.

"I can't marry you—not now!" she cried. "I'm frightened about Gill; she is so unhappy and she wants me. Listen!" She read him some—not all—of that dreadful, outspoken little letter.

Lesard, whom nothing ever jarred, gave an imperceptible start as he heard.

"Marchmont!" he said. "You never told me she was adopted by Paul Marchmont. I don't wonder she isn't—happy. Look here, Jacky; I won't have you going to Marchmont's house! I wouldn't let any woman go there, much less you!"

"You can't stop me. I've got to go," she returned quietly. "I'm not going to have Gillian wretched all day with that man and frightened all night for fear of robbers. She went to him just to let me have all the money we had, and I'm not going to be happy here while she is slowly dying. You don't know her; if a thing frightens her, it seems to take her very life out of her. And I didn't read you all the letter, and I can't—I've got to go! I'm not afraid of burglars." She tried to laugh. If Lesard only knew just how she was going to Hamilton Place, how angry he would be!

"Burglars!" contemptuously. "I don't think many burglars will trouble Mr. Paul Marchmont. They wouldn't find it exactly profitable. If your sister knew a little more about her delightful guardian, she would dismiss that bugbear."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing," he said, with queer shortness. "But if you go to Marchmont's, I shall make flying visits to that neighborhood and see you—"

"You can't! I won't have it!" with sudden fright, for what should she do if he did come? It would ruin her plans.

"Well," he said, lighting a cigarette and taking no notice of her sudden start, "perhaps you are right! I won't have you skipping out after dark to meet any man, even me. And I don't fancy entering that brute's house. But you must promise to telegraph me the very instant you think you want me. Do you hear?" authoritatively.

"But why should I want you?"

"It's no house for any woman to live in—that

is why! But I can't tell you; only if you're wise, you'll get your sister to leave him. Don't go, Jacky! Let her come here."

"How could she? She never has any money."

"Listen, Jacky!" Lesard was very earnest, his hard face very thoughtful. "I don't want you to go. It isn't safe. No, don't laugh! I don't mean any nonsense about burglars—I mean I don't want you to be in Marchmont's house; it's the man himself I'm afraid of. He is a devil incarnate—I can't tell you any more."

"Why not? If you know things about him, you ought to tell me."

Lesard turned away to hide the sudden tightening in the muscles of his face.

"I can't, Jacky!" and it seemed as if the words were torn out of him. "But I know, and you must never let out, even to your sister, that you think they can be, don't wait for anything. Get out at once, both of you, and telegraph to me when you are safe in London. Don't go near the local office; it's never safe. And don't put any letters to me in Marchmont's post-box—remember!"

"But I don't understand—" she began.

Lesard was at her side like a flash, and on one knee by her chair as he took her in his arms.

"No, and I dare not let you go! Jacky, if you love me, trust me, believe in me!" (Believe in Lesard! How his world would have laughed at the fool who should do it.) "Keep out of Marchmont's way; don't let him dislike you; and promise me to come back in a month—before, if you can. I shan't be happy for one hour while you are in Marchmont's house. And remember this always, that you're mine, all mine; that I'll take care of you; that you trust me, no matter what happens; that, if a tight place comes, I'm always at your back." (She little knew as she listened in wonder what it meant to have Lesard at your back—strong, unscrupulous, powerful.) "You're loyal enough; you may need to be loyal to me. Don't forget I warned you!"

She threw her arms around his neck, as if she felt something of the terror that was coming; as if a second sight warned her that it was not a short day's journey she was putting between herself and the love of her heart, but a wide world of doubt and despair.

"I'll have to go tomorrow!" she whispered sharply.

Lesard held her to him in an iron clasp. What could this child do against Paul Marchmont?

"Jacky," he began, "be careful not to—"

She pushed him frantically from her. The girl who shared the rooms was coming upstairs.

Jacky Hamilton went, after all, without the only warning that could have saved her heart from breaking.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS HAMILTON'S NEW MAID.

Mrs. Gibbs, black-haired, highly colored with the very best rouge, a fine-looking woman, too smartly dressed for her place, in spite of her orthodox black silk, stood in Mr. Marchmont's own sitting-room. She looked oddly perturbed, considering there was nothing in question but the engagement of a new maid for Miss Hamilton.

"Come down from London, has she?" Mr. Marchmont, reclining at his ease, was not the Marchmont Gillian knew. "What's she like, Polly?"

"Oh, a pale little slip, with red hair," carelessly. "Says Pierce—who had left the very day after Gillian's conversation with Marchmont, shaking the dust off her feet—told her of the place. But it's not that. It's these!" She held out two written recommendations. "How-ever did she come by them?"

Marchmont took them, lifting his eyebrows in surprise.

"The Countess of Ernescliffe! Mrs.——" he ejaculated. Then he smiled.

"Don't look so rattled, Polly," he drawled as she sank on a sofa beside him, remarkably at ease for a housekeeper. "It's all right. I mentioned to Billy when I was talking about his last piece of d—d cleverness, that we wanted a good, smart lady's-maid for our charge; he's sent her. But don't say that you know the testimonials mean any more than their face! It isn't a good plan."

"Don't you suppose I know that?" she returned. "Of course, it's all right, since you told Billy! But before, I couldn't see how the girl got sent here."

"It's all right; yes! Didn't she say anything?"

"No, nor doesn't know anything, I believe!" rising. "I'm to take her, then?"

"Of course. You may as well keep an eye on her, though. If she seems too knowing, do the grand and send her packing."

Mrs. Gibbs nodded and rustled out, silk evidently from top to toe. The girl looked the sort who would keep to herself, and that suited the housekeeper; she did not want anyone in the house who would try to attract the attention of its master.

"The references are satisfactory," she said with

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)



Through the columns of this department our Doctor's advice regarding maternity and child welfare will be given free in answer to questions by our subscribers.

Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

Glandular Enlargements of Babies

IN taking this subject for our talk this month, we do so in answer to the many inquiries in regard to swollen glands of babies. We appreciate the fact that this is a large subject to discuss in this department, and also that we can only take up a few of the many kinds of glandular swellings, but hope to offer advice and suggestions that will be helpful and enable mothers to treat or procure treatment for their babies, if afflicted, soon enough to relieve a great deal of pain and suffering. A gland in the sense that we are used to the word is a name given to the various small organs of the body whose functions are to secrete or withdraw from the blood material to be used for other purposes, or excrete material that is injurious or of no use to the body.

An example of the secreting glands are the salivary glands, six in number, situated on each side of the mouth, and they secrete digestive that play an important part in the digestion of our food, especially the starchy foods. If the salivary glands become irritated or inflamed, and this is often the case in teething, the saliva seems to be continually running out of the mouth.

In some diseases like mumps, which is a specific disease of one of the salivary glands, you often get inflammation of all the salivary glands, with a strong tendency to migrate to other glands of the body.

In blood-poisoning of fingers or hands you may get swelling and inflammation of the lymphatic glands or elbow and in under the arm, or if the blood-poisoning is in the feet or legs, you get swelling and inflammation of the lymphatic glands of the groin.

The explanation of this by those who have made special investigations is that the lymphatic glands, in trying to relieve the blood of the poison, become infected and therefore you get pain, swelling and inflammation in a part not very near the invasion of the infection. The point we wish to make here is this: you may get swelling, pain and inflammation in a gland when the gland itself is involved only in so far as it is trying to absorb a poison that is causing trouble in some other part of the body.

In pale, anemic babies you often see that practically all the lymphatic glands seem swollen or inflamed. This may be caused by some specific disease the baby has inherited from one or both parents, or may be caused by lack of proper food and oxygen.

A little care about the food to make it more nourishing, having the baby sleep out in the open air, a few drops of iron a day with cod-liver oil may build up the baby so it will become normal in every way.

The glands of the body, their functions and conditions in health and disease, is almost an endless subject and every investigation discloses some new interesting feature. In this talk we shall go into it far enough to impress upon the parents the fact that every swollen gland means something and must be looked after for the well-being of the baby.

One of the common glandular affections we shall take up is scrofula. This, as we understand it, is a peculiar general or constitutional condition where the lymphatic glands are in an irritable state, which renders them liable to become swollen and inflamed, and to have also lost the power of repair, the last condition manifesting itself by breaking down of glands and pus forming. The inflammation is of such a low grade that the swelling does not come to a point like a boil or carbuncle but has to be opened and cleaned out thoroughly. There are specific diseases that will cause scrofula, the most common causes are improper food, impaired nutrition, exposure to damp and cold for a long time, or attacks of measles, typhoid fever, or chronic malaria.

If a mother suspects that her baby is scrofulous, she should take it to a competent physician at once for examination.

The treatment is to open up the swollen inflamed glands as soon as you are positive pus is present, but the most important treatment is preventive and it simply means special care in diet, dress and the child's surroundings.

If the baby is nursing, the mother herself must be healthy and have plenty of good milk for baby, and if there is any doubt about this put the baby on modified milk. Special care as to dressing baby so that it will be warm enough, and to get it out in the open air all that is possible, sleep with open windows.

Very few appreciate the good that fresh air will do a baby, and it is unfortunate that the thing that is free to all, rich and poor alike, is used so little. If you are positive that it is getting plenty of nourishing food, that it is getting plenty of fresh air, that its dress is adapted to the season of the year and is warm enough to prevent its taking cold, then you may consider medicine.

The two things that offer the most help are iron and cod-liver oil, the amounts that you

should give depend so much on the age and size of baby that it does not seem advisable to suggest dose.

If at any time you notice that your baby has a swollen gland or glands, get busy and find out the cause, and treat and remove it.

Do not be patient and wait, thinking the baby has something it will outgrow, as this is a foolish, vicious thing to do.

These glands have a function and something is preventing this function being carried out and we must come to their aid and relief.

Subject, next month, *Do Babies Inherit Diseases?*

Questions and Answers

BED-WETTING.—What can I do for my ten-year-old girl, who wets the bed every night? Have tried lots of remedies but they do not do any good.

Mrs. M. E. L. Morton, Miss.

Bed-wetting is a most obstinate condition to relieve as we must first find cause and remove it in each individual case. Many of the most obstinate cases will yield to treatment when the urine is made clear and mild by some simple alkali like cream of tartar, or teaspoonful in glass of water two or three times a day, or equal parts of vichy water and milk. If urine is concentrated, with odor of ammonia, give three-grain doses of Urotropin in one-half glass of water three times a day. Do not give Urotropin if urine is acid as this will acidify it. Have urine examined to see if it is acid. In some cases you get bed-wetting from reflex irritation of the bladder walls from pinworms in rectum. Enlarged, diseased tonsils and adenoids will often cause this condition, and an operation gives quick relief.

MORNING SICKNESS.—Will you please tell me if there can be anything done for morning sickness during pregnancy, as I vomit a great deal and feel weak, also have dull headaches?

Mrs. E. L. Elamsville, Pa.

A.—Morning sickness is a sympathetic disturbance due to congestion of pelvic organs beyond the physiological limit, and for which it is to some extent a corrective. The treatment is to keep the bowels regular, avoid all excitement, sexual and otherwise, eat food easily digested, like stale wheat bread, toast, or liquids, milk, broths. An abdominal binder giving slight upward and inward pressure often gives relief.

CONSTIPATED BABY.—My three-year-old baby girl is constipated all the time; she eats most everything, but drinks a lot of fresh milk. She has bad breath, but aside from constipation is perfectly well.

Mrs. V. P. Centralia, Wash.

A.—Give baby teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia in her milk often enough to keep bowels regular. Give her graham crackers, molasses cookies, orange juice, plenty of water; all of these things are good for the relief of constipation.

RHEUMATISM.—I have had a lame wrist and thumb for four months but thought it would go away when baby came a month ago, as it did when my two-year-old boy was born. My physician calls it neuritis. Will you give cause and cure?

Mrs. J. H. Phillipsburg, Mont.

A.—We think you have a form of rheumatism, but cannot see how it has any connection with your pregnancy, but is caused by acid condition of blood. Would suggest that you take ten-grain doses of sodium salicylate, after meals, three times a day, drink plenty of water, avoid acids. Locally, should rub on iodex, and apply some on cloth under bandage.

BABY SWEATS.—What can I do for my ten-month-old baby who sweats all the time night and day, has a rattling in chest and cough? He weighs twenty-five pounds, but has not gained in weight for two months. I am still nursing him. Mrs. G. D. Rantoul, Ill.

A.—Continued sweating is not only weakening, but indicates that your baby has some serious condition that is causing it. Should wean him and put him on nourishing diet with cod-liver oil. Give him two or three drops of Syrup of Hydrionic Acid (Gardner's) in water after meals, three times a day. If you do not get improvement soon, take him to some physician and have a thorough examination made, especially of chest.

CONSTIPATED NURSING BABY.—My nursing baby, two months old, is badly constipated, and I have to give him physic all the time. He has gained three pounds since birth.

A.—Regulate baby's bowels by keeping your own regular. Try and do this with your diet, but if you cannot do it, take teaspoonful doses of Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada often enough to keep bowels freely open and you will find baby's bowels relieved.

SPASMODIC CROUP, HICCUGHS.—My eighteen-month-old boy was feverish for two days and coughed some and on the night of the third day, about an hour after we put him to bed, we found him in convulsions, almost choking. We tried to get him to vomit and he turned black. We called in a physician but he died soon. What remedy should I have used when he was choking? What is the cause of croup and will my four-month-old baby have it? What is a reliable remedy for hiccoughs?

Mrs. L. M. Everett, Wash.

A.—I think your baby must have had membranous croup, laryngitis, or spasmodic croup. This croup always terminates favorably. This baby should have had a large dose of Antitoxin, inhalations of lime being soaked, small doses of Tincture of Ipecac and Tartar Emetic, stimulants, brandy in small doses, few drops repeated often. If these things give no relief, an operation, intubation until membrane is dissolved. This croup is caused by specific germ the same as in diphtheria. The most important thing to remember about the treatment of this case is the fact that this baby had been sick and feverish for two days without treatment. Hiccoughs in baby will usually respond to a little sugar and water, but the best treatment is to see that baby does not nurse too often, and that it is digesting its food properly, and it will not have hiccoughs.

YELLOW SPOTS.—Can you tell me how to avoid yellow spots coming on my face when pregnant?

Mrs. E. F. R. Luray, S. C.

A.—I should pay special attention to my digestion, especially to the bowels, taking a grain of calomel in divided doses two or three times a week.

MATERNITY CORSETS.—When my baby was born its hands and face were black for a month. Could this have been caused by maternity corsets?

Mrs. A. I. R., Cedar Bend, Minn.

A.—No, absolutely not.

SCARLET FEVER.—My fourteen-month-old baby had scarlet fever when he was four months old and it settled in his ear and still discharges with bad odor. What can I do for him, and when should I wean him?

Mrs. P. H. W., Erdwin, Texas.

A.—Wash out baby's ear with a saturated solution of boric acid with rubber ear syringe, then drop two drops of twenty per cent. solution of Argrol. You should wean a baby when eleven months old, as a rule.

CONSTIPATED BABY, ACID URINE, MALNUTRITION.—My four-month-old baby is badly constipated, his hands do not get very often and he cries out at that time. My three-year-old girl has no appetite, sleeps with her eyes open, and has sores all over her body.

Mrs. J. P., Livingston, Texas.

A.—If your baby is nursing, its bowels should be regulated by your own; that is, keep your bowels regular and baby's will be also. For the painful urination, you may have been eating lots of acids, and the baby's urine becomes acid; this would cause painful urination. Would suggest that you have baby examined by competent physician as circumcision may be needed. Your three-year-old girl is suffering with malnutrition and I would suggest three-drop doses of Tincture of Chloride of Iron, three times a day after meals, in water or syrup, nourishing diet, including milk, eggs, broths, and keep her out in the open air all you possibly can. Locally, should bathe sores with Dakins' solution.

ASTHMA.—My sixteen-month-old baby weighs 21 pounds and was very well until a few months ago when she took cold and has had a wheezing ever since, and if she takes a little cold it is almost impossible for her to breathe. Her cough is loose and she does not seem to suffer, only short breath.

Mrs. J. L. M., St. Louis, Mo.

A.—Without much doubt, your baby has asthma, and a change of climate would be advisable. A few drops of Adrenalin Chloride, given hypodermically, will relieve spasms, and baby should be taking small doses of Syrup of Hydrionic Acid, in water, three times a day. A high, dry climate is most important and your physician can help you decide on location.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

But if I agree with Mrs. Mason I can't say the same for Texas Blue Bonnet. Of course circumstances alter cases but I think if there wasn't so much sympathy extended to the "poor unfortunates" there probably wouldn't be quite so many to need the sympathy. If a girl thinks she'll have the whole world at her back no matter what she does, she's not apt to care so much what happens to her. If every girl that has a child without a name to give it, was made to serve a sentence in the "Pen," there wouldn't be quite so many illegitimate waifs. They are the ones that need the pity if there's any such to spare. The girl has the law on her side, so there's no excuse for her not making the man come to time and then we will know what man to blame if we do feel like blaming him.

Sincerely, Mrs. A. M. URNESS.

CLARKSBURG, R. R. 1, Box 26 1/2, W. Va.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:
I have been a reader of COMFORT for several years and think it a splendid magazine.

I am sending a picture of my little girl, taken when she was one year old. She is nearly four now. Her name is Edna Mary. She has a little sister, and she says she loves her better than anything else in the world. Both have blue eyes and Mary has curly hair.



EDNA MARY FLOYD.

How many of the sisters disapprove of girls marrying young? I do not. I was married when I was fifteen years old and I don't think I could have done better if I had waited until I was thirty. I shall not try to capture Bachelor Bill for I captured my Bachelor Bill over five years ago and I would not trade him for all the bachelors I ever saw.

I am five feet, eight inches tall, have dark hair and brown eyes and weigh one hundred and ten pounds. We have always lived on a farm and I like farm life.

Sincerely, Mrs. W. B. FLOYD.

Mrs. Floyd.—Not all early marriages turn out as happily as yours has—with a good husband and a darling baby to call you up. For all she looks so sweet tempered, she can't fool us. We know that one day she got cross and bit a piece out of the transmitter. Maybe Central gave her the wrong number.—Ed.

CAPRON, VIRGINIA.

DEAR LETTER FRIENDS:
I have been a reader of COMFORT for about fifteen years and enjoy the Sisters' Corner. The letters are interesting as well as instructive.

I have been married nine years to one of the best of men. We have two little boys. Our six months old baby died a year ago. It was so hard to give her up but I am trying to be resigned to God's will. We are trying to train our boys to love the right. They almost worship "Daddy" and try to imitate him in many ways. Mothers, do you ever stop to think how important it is to have our children retain their confidence in us? As a rule they shape their lives by our example. I wonder how many COMFORT families have family prayer services? No poem has more of moral beauty in it than Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night." The scattered family is reunited, there is the converse and the household joy about the fireplace, the common meal.

"The cherub's supper" done, wif' serious face
They round the table, form a circle wide;
The stars turn o'er, wif' patriarchal grace
The big old Bible, once his father's pride,
He reads a portion with judicious care,
And "Let us worship God," he says with solemn air."

A scene like this will sweeten the family life, will create an atmosphere of piety, will bring God as a reality into the family life. Modern business life and modern enjoyments have so crowded into the oldtime family prayers that comparatively little is left. The home ought to be the center for creating moral and spiritual power. One ounce of home is worth a pound of school. Sometimes an heroic minded mother when her father is absent has carried on prayer services. Mothers of this kind cannot but leave an impress on the household life.

There, I didn't mean to preach a sermon. I would like to correspond with some of the sisters, especially those of California.

Mrs. W. A. RICKS.

ELLISVILLE, MISS.
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I saw a picture once entitled, "He who hesitates is lost," so if I keep this I'll never be numbered among the sisters and I so much wish to be one of you.

I live between two towns that are seven miles apart. One has a population of about thirteen thousand, the other three thousand. There are two car lines near us, one in front and the other in the back of the house. Some of the sisters tell how they make pin money. I will tell you how I have made some. I have beautiful early spring bulbs and flowers and the town people come out and buy them from me. I try to sell flowers at a reasonable price. Last year I put out fifty pear limb cuttings and got sixteen of them to live. I was offered one dollar apiece for them but I could not take it as I am anxious to get an orchard started. One year we sold over forty dollars' worth of pears from two trees besides canning a great many quarts of them. I have been married twelve years and have a dear, good husband and a boy ten years old and two girls, seven and two years of age.

I am a well wisher of COMFORT and its many readers. Sometimes my husband calls me

KATRINKA.

WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND READERS:
I've just read in COMFORT the letter from "An Old Maid Sister" and she expressed my idea of doing good to all people. She, many others and I have found that happiness and joy come to those who help others. If you want to feel blue, just sit down and think of yourself but if you want to be glad and of good spirit, get up and do something for someone. If you don't believe this, just try and see if I'm not telling you the truth.

I would like to see the old familiar question of raising children discussed more fully. Not the little children but the big ones, the "teens." I am afraid that parents do not keep control over their children as long as they should. How many of you are true, good pals with your children? Most parents think when their children reach the "teens" they are old enough to take care of themselves but that is the time they are in need of the most care and protection. Sometimes you ask a father or mother where John or Betty is and what they are doing. "Oh, I don't know," is

usually the answer. This does not come from a bad parent but from many. "Know where your children are and what they are doing" is a good slogan for parents to adopt. The parents are indirectly to blame for the wrong doing of the children of today, although many of them do not see it that way. Many times parents do something that is wrong but say, "Don't you do that, Johnnie." Parents should be a living example for their children. Children follow someone. How many fathers and mothers go to church and Sunday School with their children instead of sending them by themselves? Our community is about like the average I suppose. I am secretary of our Sunday School records and know whereof I speak, for the young people hold the "Banner of Attendance" most of the time.

I was twenty-one years old last December, and am the oldest of nine children, six of whom are living, ranging from four years up. We are all at home with Father and Mother on a farm of 56 acres. We have a nice six-room house and a good Christian home. There are many unfortunates in this world but we can do a world of good to them by kind words and good deeds given in time of need.

Wishing you one and all much happiness and joy.
BLUE BELL.

Blue Bell.—The letter from Texas Girl, elsewhere in this department, may explain why so many parents lose the confidence of their children. Think it over, mothers. Are you guilty?—Ed.

HUNTINGTON, ST. LOUIS AVE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Where are all the West Virginia Sisters? I seldom see a letter from our state. Let me tell you a little about our city. It is one of the most beautiful cities in the state with the best equipped schools, both graded and high. There is also Marshall College with wide acres and acres of beautiful shaded lawns. It is also one of the most prosperous cities, with large manufacturing industries, theaters, library, parks, playgrounds, bathing beaches and one of the finest country clubs in this part of the country.

I am twenty-nine years old, five feet, five inches tall, brown hair, blue eyes and a fair skin. Am not going to tell my weight. Fatty, someone says. I can't help it. Have been married fourteen years and have three of the most beautiful children in the world, or, at least, I think so. Eva Vivian, thirteen; Ruth, eleven and Etta, five.

In cases of typhoid fever bathe the patient in cool water instead of warm, every two hours when fever is on, keep ice bag on head and keep feet warm. Feed nothing but liquids, such as rice water, orange juice. Beef tea made as follows is good: Take a piece of steak, place in self-sealed jar, without water and screw on tightly. Place in water over top of jar and boil four hours. It is very nourishing. Never take patient out of bed. In each stool place half of an antiseptic tablet and let set half an hour before emptying. This will kill all germs and prevent a spread of the disease. I helped care for two cases last summer. Consult a doctor about everything and follow his directions.

Sisters, I will tell you what to do when you think you must have some new furniture. Get paper and pencil and write down the number of pieces you must have. Then go over your old furniture and pick out the pieces you were going to give or throw away and, piece by piece, paint, varnish, cover or tear up and build over again. It will surprise you what it will save you. I will tell you what I did a few months ago. I thought I would just have to have some new furniture. I had an old cupboard with glass doors, that wasn't in use. My husband cut it down and made it over into a china closet and it looks fine. We also had six or eight dining-room chairs—we got new bottoms for them, burned the old varnish off, put on new and now we have practically new chairs. I had an old center table that I thought was impossible to do anything with. We cleaned off the old paint and put on a fresh coat and now it makes a most attractive table. An old dining-room table was cut down to a kitchen table, given several coats of paint, the top covered with oilcloth and now it looks fine. It is wonderful what you can do with a little ingenuity and varnish and some work.

I'd like to hear from the sisters.

MRS. RUBY ANTHEL.

WISHART, MO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I have read COMFORT ever since I was a small child and have received much benefit from it.

I am eighteen years old and have been married three and one-half years. Am five feet, two inches tall and have grey eyes, brown hair and a fair complexion.

What do the sisters do to entertain children on rainy days? I borrow children from my neighbors as I have none of my own and I make pictures for them, coloring them with crayons. We cut these up and make puzzles for them to put together. At home my sisters and I had a bead box and we amused ourselves stringing beads.

I believe in being a companion to your husband. I help him in the fields and in return he helps me in the house. I often let my dishes go unwashed so as to be with him, as I get very lonely by myself. I am a stranger here.

With love to all of you, MRS. ERNEST REYES.

BELLEVIEW, R. R. 4, ILL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
I have been a reader of COMFORT for five years. I am twenty-seven years old, and have been married twelve years. Weigh 275 pounds. I have one of the best of Johns, only that isn't his name.



HELEN K. NOVOSELEC.

I am sending you a picture of my baby, Helen K. Novoselec, now two years and a half old, but only eight months when this was taken. I would like to see her picture in COMFORT. We have lost two children.

MRS. F. NOVOSELEC.

Mrs. Novoselec.—Baby Helen may be like the little girl of nursery rhyme fame in that she has a little curl right down the middle of her forehead, but I'm sure she could never be "horrid" no matter how she tried. She's too dear for that.—Ed.

YOUNGSTOWN, N. Y.

HELLO EVERYONE:
I have been an interested reader of the Sisters' Corner for so long that I presumed to think you might possibly like to hear from me. I will tell you about myself. I am five feet, nine inches tall, have dark brown hair and eyes, dark complexion, weigh 142 pounds and was twenty years old the 29th of last April. I have a darling baby boy three months old and a dear husband.

I live near the Niagara River about one mile from historic Fort Niagara, and about twelve miles from Niagara Falls.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

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Famous Strong Men of the Past and Present

By John R. Blake

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HUMAN beings have always been greatly interested in marvelous feats of strength and physical endurance. Any man who could lift great weights, box or wrestle skillfully, run extraordinary distances, or short distances very swiftly, or who could strike a blow of phenomenal power with his fist, has always been sure of celebrity. The popular interest which is invariably displayed in boxing contests, wrestling matches, athletics and gymnastic feats of every sort, is the best illustration of the fact that all ages and countries, and among all races of human kind, men who were able to do remarkable things in the way of physical strength and agility, have never lacked for admirers.

It has been claimed, and with some show of reason, that many of the records of our modern athletes would have astonished the heroes of old Olympia and the entire ancient athletic world; yet it is very much open to doubt whether the strongest of our strong men have equalled those of past times in demonstrations of sheer muscular strength.

The Bible story of Samson wrestling with a young lion and killing him instantly with his hands, and afterward tearing down the immense pillars of the Philistine temple of Dagon, comes first to mind. Then there was Milo, of Crotona, who, it is recorded, once ran a mile with a fully grown ox on his shoulders, and then killed the animal with a single blow of his mighty fist. He could break, by contracting the muscles of his forehead, a cord tied tightly around his head. According to writers of that period he lost his life while trying to tear asunder the trunk of a large tree; his hands being pinched in the wood, he was unable to withdraw them, and was devoured by wild animals of the forest.

Polydamas, of Thessalia, repeated Samson's feat and killed an enormous lion that had ravaged the valleys near Mount Olympus, using in performing this feat only his bare hands. King Darius, the First, of Persia, called him to his court and opposed to him three of the strongest men of his army. Polydamas killed all three, one after another, with a single blow of his fist upon the jaw of each.

Ancient Rome had many strong men. The Emperor Caius Julius Verus Maximus was able to squeeze the hardest stone to pieces with his fingers. He was seven feet tall and the bracelet of one of the women of his court could almost be worn as a ring by him on one of his huge fingers. She, however, was an unusually small woman with a very tiny wrist.

Salus, of Rome, could walk up a ladder carrying two hundred pounds fastened to his feet—one hundred to each foot. Athanasius, another Roman, could run around the arena carrying five hundred pounds fastened to his feet—two hundred and fifty pounds to each foot. Icius could hold the most furious bull and tear out its horns almost as easily as the average person would pull up radishes.

Scanderberg, King of Albania, who lived in the Fifteenth Century, was a man of great stature, and the power of his arm was such that, during war times, he thought nothing of cutting down men in half with one mighty swing of his huge broadsword. Francis of Vivonne, Lord of Chastellagnere, who lived at the court of Francis the First of France, could stop a bull, running at full speed, by seizing it by the horns. The Emperor Charlemagne, who stood nearly eight feet high, could hold at arm's length a knight in full armor.

Louis de Boufflers, who lived in the Sixteenth Century, could break a bar of iron with his hands. While standing upright, with his support whatever, four strong soldiers could not move him; he remained as firm as a rock. Sometimes he amused himself by taking on his shoulder his own horse fully harnessed, and with that heavy load he promanaded the public square, to the great delight of the inhabitants. At about the same period there lived a Spaniard named Piedro who could break the strongest handcuffs that could be put around his wrists. He folded his arms on his chest and ten men, pulling in different directions with ropes, could not unfold them.

The chronicles of the Sixteenth Century also tell of another remarkably strong man named Major Barsabas. One day he took up an anvil weighing 600 pounds and hid it under his capacious cloak. Often, to amuse his comrades, he went through a crowd looking at an enormous dancing bear, he offered to wrestle with the animal. The Major threw the bear down several times, and judging it unworthy of further struggle, slew the beast with his fist and then carried it away on his shoulders, amidst the cheers of the crowd. On another day, seeing several officers of his regiment surrounded by an angry crowd, he ran to them, knocking people down right and left as a child does a pack of cards. The crowd became angry and turned on him, whereupon he seized one of his assailants and used him vigorously as a club on the rest, who, greatly astonished at his display of strength, quickly withdrew.

Augustus the Second, Elector of Saxony, was a man of great strength. He could carry a man in his open hand. One night he quietly threw out of a window a person who paraded his palace wrapped in a white sheet and pretending to be a ghost. Augustus' son, the famous Maurice, Maréchal de Saxe, who commanded the French at Fontenoy, was also a marvel of physical strength. He could break with his hands the strongest horseshoe. One day while in London he had a quarrel with a dustman whom he seized by the head, and throwing him up into the air, let him drop right into the middle of his own dust-cart. The only opponent who ever succeeded in resisting him was M. Gauthier, an actor. Maurice tried with him to see who could turn down the other's wrist, and after a long struggle he won, but with great difficulty. The power of M. Gauthier's arm was far beyond the average, and with his fingers he could roll up silver plate almost as easily as anyone else would roll up paper.

Thomas Topham, born in London in 1710, occupies a large niche in the gallery of famous strong men. His feats of strength are as well verified and authenticated as those of Sandow, Rolandow and St. Cyr. He once lifted three casks filled with water and weighing a total of 1,436 pounds. He could bend a stout bar of iron by holding the two ends with his hands, placing the middle of the bar behind his neck, and bringing the two ends forward. He could also straighten the bar again, which is a much more difficult feat. He could easily lift two hogheads of water; raise his horse over a turnpike gate; carry the heavy beam of a large house as a soldier would carry a rifle on his shoulder, and raise two hundred weights with his little fingers over his head. He broke a rope fastened to the ground that would sustain twenty hundred weight, and lifted an oak table six feet long with his teeth, with half a hundred weight hung at the extremity thereof. With one hand he raised a man who weighed twenty-seven stone off the ground and held him at arm's length. It is related of him that having been placed on special police duty at the entrance gate of a race course, he refused to allow a four-wheeled coach to go through, and when the driver whipped up his horses and attempted to pass, Topham took hold of the hind wheels of the coach and upset it and its occupants into the roadway.

At about the same time that Topham existed there lived another celebrated strong man by the name of Richard Joy. He was commonly known as "the Kentish Samson" and "the strong man of Kent," and, among other things, he could cope successfully with any large and powerful horse, lift a ton weight, and snap a rope that had borne thirty-five hundred weight without breaking, the last mentioned being far more extraordinary than Topham's similar feat. Joy was taken to court in the reign of William and Mary to exhibit his strength before the nobility and royalty.

Tom Johnson, who was the champion boxer of England in 1785, could lift a sack full of wheat with one hand and swing it around his head. The sailors of Constantinople have record of a Greek sailor who could bend an anchor with his hands only. The brothers Rousselle, nicknamed "Hercules du Nord," exhibited wonderful muscular power. The eldest could jump a considerable height with a weight of twenty-five pounds fastened to each foot, and a similar weight in each hand. Standing on a chair and bending himself backward he could lift from the ground with his teeth a weight of five hundred pounds. He could also lift on his shoulders a table with 1,800 pounds on it.

A Scotchman, said to be the last of the Stuarts, was possessed of such extraordinary strength that he was given the nickname of "Jemmy Strength," and his real name has been forgotten. Among other feats he could carry a cannon with its carriage, and had been known to lift a cartload of hay, weighing a ton and a half, upon his back. Many a time he picked up a donkey and, carrying it on his shoulders, walked through a toll-gate without paying toll. There was once a Scotchman named Gill on board the celebrated cruiser Alabama, who could lift a man at arm's length with one hand.

The strong men of comparatively recent times and of today have done, and are doing, some wonderful things, the lifting feats of Eugene Sandow and the modern "Hercules" being especially remarkable. Sandow began his career by going around Amsterdam wrecking weight-lifting machines by a strong pull at the handle. Afterward he made a long tour with a theatrical show, exhibiting his powers as a wrestler and lifter of heavy weights. In his work on the stage he was accustomed to raise a dumb-bell of 150 pounds in his right hand and a hundred weight in his left; these were raised and lowered seven times. He then turned somersaults while holding a dumb-bell weighing 150 pounds. This was followed by raising a weight of ten stone above his head with one arm.

A "Roman Column" is a pole of burnished steel twelve feet in height, which was made fast to the stage by cords and guys. Halfway up are two stout cross-bars, six inches in length, and from the summit hang two steel chains ending in steel hooks. These fit into rings, which were affixed by straps to Sandow's legs, a little below the knees. With his feet upon the cross-bars and unsupported, except by the chains, he would bend the upper part of his body backward until his hands touched the stage. In this position he would raise a large iron dumb-bell weighing 150 pounds at arm's length above his head. Next he would lie upon the stage and lift a dumb-bell weighing 312 pounds, with two men seated upon it, making a total weight of 612 pounds.

Dr. Winship, of Boston, once lifted 2,500 pounds while in harness; and another American strong man, William B. Curtis, beat that record by a harness lift of 1 ton, 8 cwt., 3 quarters, 19 pounds.

Rolandow and Louis St. Cyr, the French-Canadian, made some astonishing records in weight-lifting and strength contests of every kind, but their records are not just now available to the writer.

About two decades ago, Harvard University had a student and athlete of whose wonderful performances many astonishing stories went the rounds. It was claimed that he was the strongest college or university student in the United States at that time, as tested by Dr. D. A. Sargent's famous methods.

His name was Arthur Lovering, and those who understand what the Sargent tests are, will readily appreciate Lovering's merits as a strong man. The following is the record of his performances on the strength-testing machine at Harvard: Strength of lungs, 37; push up, 40; strength of back, 410; pull up, 17; strength of legs, 605; strength of right forearm, 85; strength of left forearm, 80; chest and upper arm, 383; total strength, 1,660.

The University of Virginia also had a powerful student, named "Sandow" Moore, at about the same time Lovering was at Harvard; and there are many other contemporary strong men who might be mentioned if space would permit. But, on the whole, it is a reasonable conjecture that, while the general average of physical strength among men may have advanced somewhat, as some statisticians claim, with the improved conditions of modern life, yet the individual performances of the strong men of bygone ages have never been surpassed, and it is extremely doubtful if many of them, assuming that history reports them correctly, could be equaled by the very best of our living muscular men.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

Many sightseers visit Niagara Falls every year to see the great cataract, with its immense volume of water falling 160 feet over the straight and horseshoe shaped brink and spilling on the rocks below forming myriads of rainbows of varied hues and colors sparkling in the spray, and then swiftly traveling and forming part of the great Whirlpool Rapids with its treacherous undercurrents sucking down most everything that touches its angry surface; then making its way more leisurely down the village of Lewiston and still further winding and twisting its course, passing my home about six miles from Lewiston and emptying into Lake Ontario just a little way from my home. We can look from our windows and back porch and see where the river ends and the lake begins.

We have a lovely bungalow with a charming situation, especially in summer. It has seven rooms with pantry, bath and four roomy clothes-dresses. It is finished in yellow pine upstairs (the bedrooms) and in oak downstairs. It has highly polished oak floors. Could any of the sisters tell me what is best to use on floors? Whether oil mop or dustless mop? Some say that oil is injurious to the high polish.

There are many helpful things in the Sisters' Corner, and Mrs. Wilkinson, I know must be a dear and lovely woman. I would very much like to know her.

I may call again to tell you about "Old Fort Niagara" and Lake Ontario with its numerous summer homes, amusement parks and delightful sunsets. Will some of the Sisters' Corner readers please write to me? I haven't many correspondents and I would love to hear, especially from sisters living in California and the western states. I will endeavor to answer any who care to write to me.

Sincerest regards, dear people, from

Mrs. LESLIE RIFSON.

CHALLIS, IDAHO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: For several months I have been a reader of COMFORT. My good neighbor took the paper and we exchanged. But I find so much I'd like to cut out and file that I am sending you my own subscription for two years. I have never noticed any letters from Idaho and she surely is a wonderful state and ought to have something to say so though writing is not my shining art, I'll express my opinion anyway.

I also read that article scoring Modern Dress and Modern Girls and I wish to say that it is the same everywhere. The girl of daring clothes and manners is the popular one and I have further noticed that they

By
Eustine Erne

I think it would be a little difficult to explain exactly what first got me so interested in this matter of home occupation for men and women and led me to write this message.

Perhaps it was a deep-rooted recollection of childhood days when a crisis in the family fortunes made it desirable, yes, necessary, for Mother to earn some extra money. I never think of it without a feeling of regret that she could not have known about the Gearhart Knitter and Allwear Hosiery.

When I undertook to investigate and write about home knitting I did so with the understanding that I was to be allowed to present the facts as I found them, in my own way.

It makes me very happy to be able to say that in Gearhart Home Knitting there exists a pleasing, spare time, extra-money opportunity for most any woman who is determined to succeed.

I have seen with my own eyes letters from legions of women (men, too, for that matter) expressing thanks and gratification that they were able to earn money at home in the Gearhart way.

Some needed the extra money to pay pressing bills, to care for a sick husband, clothe the children or themselves, and others wanted a vacation, to refurnish the parlor, etc., almost as many reasons as there were women. But my point is that they got what they wanted, seeing in the opportunity Gearhart offers the solution of their difficulties or the fulfillment of their desires. The spare time which most women can profitably utilize in knitting Allwear Hosiery is the money-making formula which Gearhart will tell you about on request.



When we asked Miss Erne to write the above request for home workers we told her that we wanted to reflect the reputation of an old established house which for 36 years has manufactured what we know to be a truly wonderful machine, highly perfected, simple, and of absolutely guaranteed quality. In the simplicity of the above and absence of exaggeration Miss Erne has succeeded admirably.

(Signed) E. J. Gearhart.

choose their husbands from all the men while the quiet girl takes what she can get or remains single. Daring clothes, paint, etc., surely win a good home and husband for a girl and further insures her a second husband whenever she desires one. There are exceptions of course.

In reply to Contented Wife, I have found home teaching is better than sending a child to school when they are too young. Teach sounds of letters first to insure good pronunciation. The long hours of school are too confining for a child, yet to be behind others of their age is not right either. I recommend home teaching from my own experience, being home taught to the third grade and am teaching my own little girl to third grade and at seven years of age she seems as far ahead as children taught in school.

Perhaps you might like to know a little of me personally. I am a blonde, five feet, six inches tall and weigh 178 pounds. We live on a cattle ranch, two miles from town, and have a lovely home. I have been a Mrs. nine years and am the happy mother of two little girls, seven and two and one-half years of age. I am interested in flowers, books and outdoor life as well as home and babies.

I should like to hear from the sisters.

Mrs. ALEX KLUG.

TEXAS.

HELLO EVERYBODY: May I come in for a chat? This is the third time I have tried. I have come to give you mothers some advice. I am eighteen years young and will be a mother in a few months. "A lot of advice she can give mothers," I hear someone say. Just you wait! I know I loved my mother as well as any girl could and yet there was something missing. I always told my mother things that I thought she ought to know until I found out that she was telling one of her sisters, who lived about one hundred yards from us, everything that I told her. So I quit telling her anything and when I had something to confide to someone, I told a girl named. When I was about to be married I asked her many things and she told me to find out the way she did, to let my husband tell me. If only mothers, and I will add fathers, would do their duty by their sons and daughters there would be fewer ruined boys and girls in the world.

TEXAS GIRL.

OHIO.

DEAR SISTERS: I am coming to you for a bit of advice. I am about two thousand miles from my dear old mother, who lives in the sunny land of Texas, while I am up here in the cold northeast where we have winter six months of the year. Mother is nearly seventy years old and alone. She thinks it my place to go and live with her the remainder of her life. We have been apart off and on for the last twenty-five years, ever since my marriage. I cannot make my husband see it that way, although I took care of both his parents until they were laid to rest; still, he doesn't think I owe my mother that much.

Have any of you ever been placed in this position and how did you manage? I have many a sleepless night, thinking of mother alone. I want to do what is right by both husband and mother. Tell me, to whom do I owe the most? If the mothers read this, tell me what you would want your daughter to do in a like case. Husband won't hear to going down there. We have no family, just us two and both in good health. Mother has enough and more to live on. I am forty-five years old.

SISTER DAISY.

OSHSINKA, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I am a newcomer and I hope to have a little place among the COMFORT sisters. I have been reading COMFORT for over a year and I think it a wonderful paper. The first thing I search for when I get it, is the Sisters' Corner. And as I always found lots of friendship and help in it, I thought I would try to get in for a little chat, too.

I must tell you a few things about myself as they all do. I am a French bride. I married one of the best soldiers. I like America as my new country and am proud of it. We have been married over two years and we are a happy family for we have a dear baby boy, nine months old, named John Charles. If I see this little printed in the dear old COMFORT, next time I write I'll send his picture. He is a dear, and we love him.

We live on a farm and have a home of our own. In France I was living in a big city, but I love the country life. Work in the garden is one thing I like.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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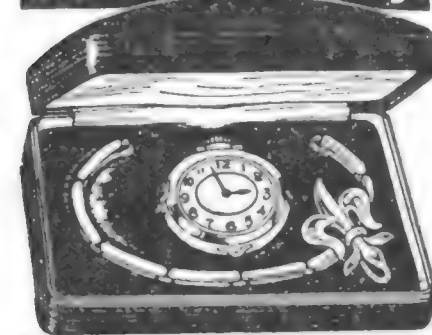
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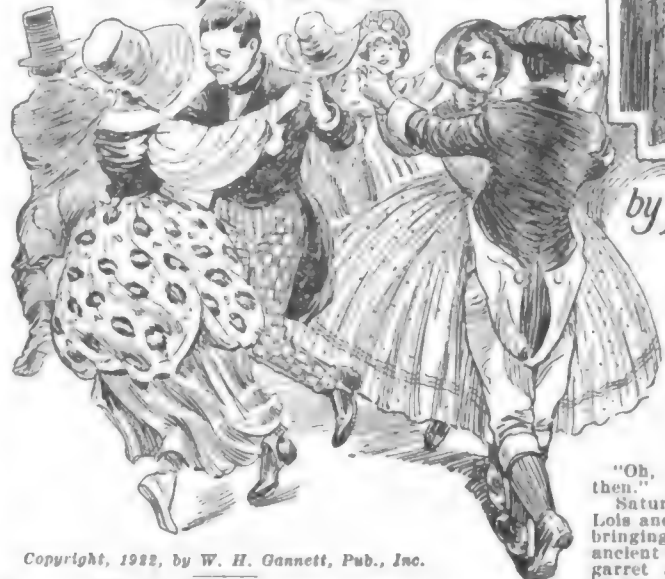
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Grandfather's Ghost



by Mrs. S. Merwin

and only said, when they had again arrived at her door, "Aren't you coming in?"

"No, Granny's too icy. But I'll be around Saturday evening to take you to Marian Eastman's Halloween party."

"I'm going early, right after lunch, to help Marian get ready," Lois informed him.

"Oh, all right, I'll see you there then."

Saturday evening was soon on hand. Lois and Marian had worked so hard, bringing old furniture, braided mats, ancient hangings and what not from garret and cellar—for this was to be one of "Ye Old Times"—that by the time they were dressed in the old-fashioned clothes they had found in their respective garrets, Lois was a little tired.

MRS. Crawford sat before the open fireplace in her living-room, knitting. Her knitting needles gleamed and flashed in the firelight, and clicked an accompaniment to the winter alet outside that snapped against the window panes.

Her low, wide old-fashioned house stood a little way outside of the town—trees around it, and a woodlot behind it. The town side and the country that stretched away on all sides had, in times gone by, belonged to her husband. Many times she had been offered large sums of money for the woodlot.

"Never while I live shall that lot be sold," was always the old lady's answer. "I need the wood for my fireplace."

For she belonged to that past where glow the firelight and the candlelight, and where live the fancies and superstitions that go with them.

Straight and tall she sat, and very sweet and romantic she looked in her black silk and white lace, with the firelight playing fantastically all over her. On a low stool beside her, with hands idly clasped and hanging listlessly before her, sat Lois, her granddaughter, looking pensively into the fire. Now and again a flame leaped up and brought out of the darkness that veiled her small figure a sweet, demure face, framed in soft brown hair. Presently Mrs. Crawford spoke, evidently continuing a conversation that had gone on before.

"If you marry Philip Gordon," she said firmly and with much determination, "it will be without my consent, and I shall have to disinherit you—and spend my last days in loneliness."

Lois made no answer, but continued to gaze into the fire. The big log burning there, the flames leaping out suddenly and then subsiding, racing back and forth, were telling her sweet things of the future if only Granny could be brought to revoke her stern ultimatum. For Lois and Philip had been quietly engaged for some time; and shrewd Granny had been excitedly suspecting it. Now she forbade it; and Granny's word had always been law to Lois.

"I've never told you before how your grandfather and Philip quarreled over a piece of property. Both claimed it and Jacob Gordon got it. They never spoke to each other again, and your grandfather would never rest easy in his grave if I were to allow the money he left behind to go to any of that family."

"You ought not to be superstitious, Granny," Lois said gently.

"Superstitious or not," Mrs. Crawford retorted sharply. "I never dared to cross his wishes while he lived, and I would no more dare to do it now he is in his grave. His ghost would haunt me if I did—say what you will."

"But, Granny, it's foolish to attach any importance to an old, worn-out quarrel like that one. Philip wasn't to blame for it. And he hasn't the property now—nor the money it brought. He has to work for his living, the same as if his grandfather had never had any property."

"I won't risk your grandfather's vindication, all the same."

"You haven't any objection to Philip personally, have you, Granny?"

"No, but I've said all I have to say on the subject."

Then Philip came in. And the room seemed filled with the cold freshness that filled the outside world.

"Come out for a walk, Lois," he was saying, "the weather's cleared, and the footing isn't bad."

Lois, from her low stool by the fire, looked at him standing there in the middle of the large room, where he had just turned on a light. She was realizing what a fine, big fellow he was, and though not so very handsome in features, yet kindness and good will and joy of living shone from his face. Tears filled her eyes and a sob her throat because she must deny herself to him no less than because she must give him up. She rose and went up the broad stairs without saying a word. Philip, with puzzled, smiling eyes watched her as she was to be seen. Then he began talking to Mrs. Crawford. But Granny had fortified herself with coldness, and deigned not to look his way. So he was obliged to play jangling tunes on the old piano and whistle accompaniments to save himself from embarrassment.

When he and Lois were outside, he took her by the arm and guided her carefully over the icy pavements. "There's a little house I want you to see," he said as he turned a corner. "It's only just begun, but it'll be a regular little cottage for you and me. We've got to be married by the time it's finished so we'll be sure to get it."

"We can't be married," Lois said mournfully.

"Who says so?" Philip turned to her quickly.

"She did."

"Then we'll have to elope."

"Oh, no," Lois was so startled at that thought that Philip laughed.

"I'm going to have a raise—so the chief says, especially if I get married—so there's another reason."

"I couldn't leave Granny," Lois said wearily, and rested her cheek softly against his sleeve.

Philip looked down at her tenderly, and then—only the stars were there to see—he put his arm around her and held her close.

"Granny says your grandfather and mine quarreled and never made up, and she's afraid of Grandfather's ghost if she lets us get married," Lois volunteered explanation.

"Afraid of his ghost, is she? Well, a ghost must be a creepy, uneasy sort of individual." Then after waiting a few paces he continued: "We'll have to try and lay this one," he laughed. He went on talking gaily of things that happened at the office where he worked, and then of their future together. Lois had neither the heart nor the courage to contradict him, nor the hope to agree with him, so she let him talk

"Dreaming! No!" the old lady cried. "I was as wide awake as I am this minute. It was your grandfather's ghost. Sit down, both of you, I must tell you."

At nine o'clock that evening she, having been alone since noon, decided to go and see a neighbor who was not well. She returned nearly an hour later, and coming into the room a chill passed over her. She lighted a candle, and there, beside the fire, sat Grandfather Crawford. He was dressed in his best black suit, the one they had buried him in, and his seal-skin cap which she had not seen for years. His head was sunk deep into his collar and he made no sound, but she knew him instantly. Her knees gave way and she sank into her chair. Then he spoke in a hollow, muffled tone. "Martha," he said, "I've been in torment ever since I departed this world. And you're to blame."

Mrs. Crawford was unable to speak and the hollow voice went on: "I died hating Jacob Gordon and you've been keeping that hatred alive. In every way you could contrive, you've been keeping it alive."

Still she could not speak, and again the voice went on: "What's money or property to me now? What was it ever to me? You were to blame—you. All I want is peace, peace, PEACE." And the voice rose in a mournful wail like that of a lost soul.

"You've been keeping it from me. And now again, when it's in your power to give it to me, you're keeping it from me. My last chance—my last chance."

The wail died away and the arms tossed as if in agony. Mrs. Crawford made a supreme effort and spoke in a weak voice:

"What can I do to give you peace, John?"

"Stop hindering those children from getting married. It's the last thing. Woe is me if they don't get married."

He rose to his feet and seemed to be moving toward Mrs. Crawford, making no sound. This was more than she could bear and she closed her eyes. When she opened them again, the candle was out and the ghost was gone.

"If I hadn't known who he was at first, I should have known him when he blamed me for everything. It was always his way," Granny said after she had finished her story.

For a few moments there was silence then Granny went on: "Goodness knows you were always welcome to be married with only my own desires to consult. The sooner now the better."

"We were waiting for some carpenters to get a house built," said Philip soberly.

"Don't wait for anything," Granny said. "I couldn't bear to have your grandfather come again as he came tonight."

In less than a week Lois and Philip were married. Granny never stopped urging them to haste until she gave them her blessing. But they did not take the dove-cot; Granny begged them not to leave her. Lois was willing and Philip made no objections.

One evening after Philip had moved his belongings to the house, Lois, with a happy sense of widowhood was taking things out of the trunk and distributing them in closet and drawers.

While Philip, proud of his position as a family man, sat by watching her.

"What are these?" Lois asked, holding up and spreading out a queer looking suit of black clothes. And reaching down brought up a seal-skin cap.

"Those?" said Philip. "Oh, those are my grandfather's clothes. I sent for them to wear to that party."

"Why didn't you wear them?" Lois asked, looking at him wonderingly.

"I didn't want to appear before Granny in them."

Then a light broke on Lois' understanding. "Oh, Philip," she cried, coming to him, "how could you frighten Granny so?"

"Well, you see, sweetheart, it was an extreme case, and I had to use extreme measures."

As for Granny, the appearance of her husband's ghost was a matter of triumph. She had always believed in ghosts, the young people's skepticism notwithstanding, and now she had positive proof of her belief.

The Gods Arrive

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

She wanted Jim to see her like that. She wanted to see the fire of desire leap into his eyes at beholding her.

"Wait!" she half-sobbed as Harkness rattled the door-knob.

She was thinking very fast. Anita had warned her not to buy her husband back, but was that not precisely what she was doing, using her body instead of her money as the price? Suddenly her brave plan dissolved before her eyes. It was cheap. It was pandering to the half gods when all her life she had kept fast hold of the gods.

"Wait, Jim!" she repeated.

She pulled frantically at the few books which held her gown, stepped out of it and flung it aside. From the closet she dragged sober stockings and slippers and the little mail-order affair of two seasons before. In an incredible short time she opened the door to admit her husband.

"You dear!" She was in his arms and he was straining her to his breast. "Don't talk to me of heaven; heaven is where you are, Marcia."

She was confused and strangely shy. "You'll have to hurry, Jim," she panted. "Guests are coming."

"Damn guests!"

"Jim! Jim, am I smart enough for your new friends?"

He looked her over, satisfaction in his eyes. "You suit me, sweet, down to the ground, and if it's anyone's else business, just let him speak to me about it. I'm not going to dress, though they lovely pieces of ours will probably eat me alive. There's a motor in the drive now. They've come and I suppose we'll have to go down, but let's not be too cordial and perhaps they will leave early."

They went smiling down the broad stairs, he enquiring for the first time about the special.

"It was Anita's idea; nothing else would satisfy her and I indulged her," explained Marcia.

Anita, impatient for the climax, was waiting for them at the foot of the stairs. She looked at and saw the two soberly-clad figures descending hand in hand and her eyes grew wild as she raised a despairing hand to her head.

"My word!" she moaned to an unheeding waiter. "Can you beat it?"

There was a sound at the door and she turned and walked toward an approaching guest.

"How do you do, Mrs. Archer?" she said, extending a penitent hand.

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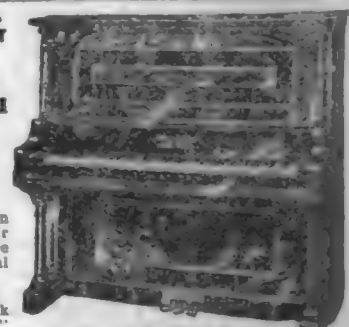
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THE wife and mother of today carries a tremendous burden in trying to make both ends meet—to stretch out her husband's salary so as to pay the rent, the butcher, baker, insurance, heating and lighting bills, keep the children and herself looking respectable, and to enjoy an occasional little outing.

It is a very trying problem—and the wonder is where a woman ever gains the experience and patience to handle the finances of the home as efficiently and economically as she does.

Many women are searching for something to do at home through which they can earn money during spare minutes or a few idle hours. Something that they can pick up and lay down at will, yet be sure of getting a money return for the time they devote to the work. Such work must not be unduly laborious, or of a mental type, but must be work that can be easily handled and in line with her training and natural aptitude for making things to wear.

A great number of women have found this type of home work in knitting socks on the Auto Knitter. In fact, this year the Auto Knitter Company will pay for over a million pairs of socks made in American homes during spare time by women who own Auto Knitter Machines. And they will pay to these knitters in wages a total of more than \$100,000 in payment for their work.

These socks, made by Auto Knitter home workers, are known and sold under the name of Old Tyme Wool Socks. They are retailed in the stores of over 9,000 dealers in the United States. They are advertised in national magazines and newspapers, and so popular have these socks become that the sales are increasing rapidly as well as the number of dealers handling them. The earnings of these home workers vary with the amount of time devoted to the work and the speed of the individual operator, but whether the amount earned be large or small, it is most welcome and helps to make the lives of these workers easier and happier.

Mrs. Ralph Curtis, Connecticut, recently wrote to us, saying:

"I really had no thought just then of selling to private customers, but my father travels on the trains a great deal so he asked me for a sample pair. In that first week he sold 22 pairs at \$1.00 a pair, which made a nice little profit. I sent in my first 12 pairs to the A. K. Co. and all were accepted. But after the 22 pairs that my father sold the people around here and the railroad men kept me so busy that I didn't get time to send any more to the A. K. Co. for three months. In November, 1921, orders started coming in for ladies', men's and children's socks and stockings, and by January 31, 1922, we had made \$130.00, besides making socks for the family. I also made my baby his woolen shirts for winter, a sweater and a cap; also such sweet little stock-

ings. I made a lovely slip-on sweater for a railroad man and got well paid for it."

Auto Knitter spare time home workers are always sure of selling every pair of standard socks, because we give a five year contract to every owner of an Auto Knitter which definitely binds us to receive hosiery and pay a stated price for every dozen pairs made to our standard on the Auto Knitter and sent to us. As a matter of fact, out of the thousands of pairs of socks that are sent to us, less than 5% of the number received are rejected. Beside the price paid for the work, we also replace pound for pound the yarn used in the standard socks which you send to us under our work contract. This contract which we give, is absolutely binding on this company to receive for acceptance either large or small lots of standard socks from our workers, and to pay a fixed wage, which you know in advance, for them. Yet the workers themselves are not bound by this contract to us in any way whatsoever.

\$536.56 Profit in 4½ Months

C. G. Begalke, Wisconsin, recently wrote us;

"Both I and my wife are happy to say that during the four and one-half months that we used the knitting machine, we did make 1080 pairs of men's socks, 250 pairs we sold to the company and 830 we sold to private customers at \$1.00 to \$1.50 a pair; my wife just went from house to house a couple of times and displayed some sample socks and after that people began to come to our house and order socks and sometimes we had to hustle and fill orders.

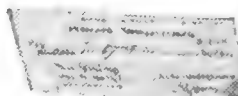
"And up to now the knitter is paid for and wool also and still have a net balance of \$536.56 clear profit."

You will notice that while Mr. and Mrs. Begalke sent a small amount of their work to the company, they disposed of by far the larger amount to private trade and in this way their profits were exceptionally large.

All of the Amazing Truth Cannot Be Told

It is a fact that the amount of earnings reported to us by some of our workers with the Auto Knitters are surprisingly large. If we were to show you many of the letters written to us by Auto Knitter workers, you would hardly believe what you read with your own eyes. Large amounts are earned by many knitters, whom we prefer to class as *exceptional*, but a much larger number of workers earn more modest sums which they find worth while and helpful.

But, back of these gratifying spare-time earnings lies the simple fact that the people worked. If you want to keep your house in order you must work. If you want to make your own clothes you must work. If you want to earn money at *anything* you must work. Nothing ever does work of itself. And the Auto Knitter is no exception. The more time that you work at it, the more adept you become and naturally, the more socks you will produce. You could have an Auto Knitter in your home for a year, but if you didn't operate it, you wouldn't make one cent out of it. That's common sense, isn't it? The Auto Knitter is for *workers* and in the hands of such, it will answer every demand made upon it for reliability, speed and earning capacity.



- And whether such people can turn out a dozen standard pairs of socks a week or ten or more dozen, we will gladly pay for every pair of standard socks that they send us.

How You Can Make Money at Home

Clearly and briefly, here is our proposition: The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company enters into a five year agreement to buy all of the standard socks you knit on the Auto Knitter and send in to them, paying a fixed, guaranteed price. Checks will be sent promptly for each lot, large or small. Replacement yarn is also sent you pound for pound for that used in the socks you send to us. Previous experience in hand-knitting is not necessary, as full directions for operating the machine are contained in the instruction book sent with every Auto Knitter. The Auto Knitter comes with a sock already started in it and its operation is not difficult, but, like your sewing machine, there is a right way and a wrong way to operate it, and your first sock may not be a perfect one, just as the first work you did on your sewing machine was not perfect. The fact that there are women and men all over the country who are making money at Auto Knitting, and who learned to use their machines without any assistance other than their instruction book, shows that the operation of the Auto Knitter can be accomplished by average women and men.

Write Today for FREE Information

If you are seeking some way to turn spare moments into money, then we would like to send you all of the facts about the Auto Knitter. We want you to know all about this new, pleasant occupation that can be conducted right in your own home as a means of earning dollars in spare hours. You do not place yourself under the slightest obligation by signing and mailing the coupon—or write a letter if you prefer. The full details which we send to you are absolutely free.

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Stella Roosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

ing in upon her mind. "It was something connected with this lovely stranger which had caused his own sadness during the last year."

A gentleman approached her just then, and, turning to Star, she said, with a smile:

"I must ask to be excused, as I have an engagement to dance now. I am sorry to leave you in the midst of our pleasant chat, but I will see you again before the evening is out."

Star, with an answering smile, said she "hoped they would meet again," but, oh! how she longed to inquire about her brother. If she had but spoken just one word to tell her that he was well and happy.

Happy! The thought nearly made her cry out with pain.

He must be changed, indeed, if he could be that with Josephine Richards; and, loving him as she did, it was agony to contemplate it.

What if he himself were there among the gay throng, with the bride he had so lately wedded? What if she were to meet them together?

For a moment, as this contingency presented itself to her, her brain reeled, and she felt as if her senses were forsaking her again; and the next, she called all her pride to her aid.

She felt as if she could not bear to remain there—she longed to go away by herself until she could get a little more calm; and, seeing that Mr. Roosevelt and Ralph were deeply engaged in conversation, she slipped away unobserved to a small anteroom, which connected the drawing-room with the conservatory, and which she saw was at that moment empty.

Here she sat down in a chair near a large urn filled with flowers, which stood on one side of the door leading into the conservatory, and fell to musing sadly upon her broken hopes.

She had not been there long when she was aroused by hearing a gay laugh ring out close at hand. She started as if some viper had stung her.

She knew that sound but too well, and, looking up, she saw Josephine Richards, or Lady Carrol, as she believed her to be, standing almost beside her.

She was dressed all in white; she wore it almost constantly now, for she knew she looked lovelier in it than in anything else; everybody had told her that she had never been so beautiful as when she had stood beside Lord Carrol during that mock ceremony. There were great pearls in her hair and on her arms, and clusters of white lilacs on her bosom.

Star held her breath as she looked at her, thinking that she was wondrously fair, and that it was not strange that she should allure any one by her beauty; but she believed she was dressed thus because she was a bride.

How happy and bright she looked, too, with the vivid color in her cheeks, her eyes sparkling from the excitement of the moment, and with a light laugh just leaving her red lips!

Why should she not be happy, Star thought, bitterly, as the wife of one of the noblest men in England, and occupying one of the proudest positions in the land?

A heavy sigh involuntarily escaped her, and, hearing it, Josephine turned quickly to see whence it came.

"Stella Gladstone!" she exclaimed, and instantly all the color went out of her face, all the light from her eyes, the laughter from her lips, and she stood regarding the beautiful girl with lowering brow and angry eyes.

CHAPTER XL.

REHEARSING THE PAST.

Star arose as she addressed her thus, and with the act all her pride arose as well.

"Yes," she said, speaking with cold politeness. "I suppose you are surprised; you did not expect to meet me here, Miss—Lady Carrol."

Josephine's face lighted at those last words, and a wicked gleam leaped into her black eyes.

"No, I did not," she returned, trying to call a happy smile to her false lips. "And—and—you have heard, then?" and, dropping her darkly-fringed lids as if in confusion, she played with some flowers which she held in her hands, and looked the modest bride to perfection at being addressed by the title she had so lately assumed.

"Yes, I have heard of—or at least I saw your marriage in a paper which was sent me recently," Star answered, trying hard to steady her voice, and resolving that the girl who hated her so should not suspect the torture she was enduring.

But Josephine did suspect it, and was determined not to let her go without wringing her heart with something of the agony which she had suffered.

Lord Carrol had dared to tell her, in the midst of her humiliation, that he loved Star, and she was bound to be revenged in some way for it.

She had sent her the *Cheshire Gazette*, even as Star had mistrusted, but she had not expected to get any such satisfaction as this out of it.

She had been down to the American Legation and found out where Mr. Roosevelt was stopping, and then had marked that paragraph and mailed that paper to Star, just to arouse her jealousy and show her that she had been a guest in Lord Carrol's home for a week.

It had never entered her head that she would only read the notice of that mock marriage, and believe it real, not observing that it was connected with the remainder of the article describing Lady Sherbrooke's ball.

But she now saw that such was the case. Star believed that she was really Lady Carrol; and she knew something of what she must be suffering on account of it, and with a sense of cruel retaliation she resolved to give the wheels of the rack that she was on another vigorous turn.

She felt that the lovers would without doubt meet before long—perhaps that very evening, for she had seen his lordship there only a short time previous to this meeting, and she was assured he would waste no time in coming to an understanding with Star; but now, while she had her in her clutches, she would make the most of her opportunity.

"I presume it is something of a disappointment to you to find me here, and—situated just as I am, when you so confidently expected to win the lordship," sneered Josephine. "You perceive that it is not always safe to be too trusting, and a young peer, even though he were traveling under an assumed name, and made love to a pretty, poverty-stricken girl, to while away an idle hour, could not be expected to marry her."

Star was very pale, but she was more than a match for the unfeeling girl in her proud beauty. She stood like a tall and stately lily before her, and to all outward appearance she was no more moved by her scathing words than the snows on the peaks of lofty mountains are stirred by the fierce winds in the valley far below them.

Lord Carrol did not travel under an assumed name. I have discovered that Sir Archibald Sherbrooke and Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, are one and the same," Star replied, with cold dignity.

Josephine started, then remembering, said: "Oh, of course; I forgot that both names were given in the notice of the marriage. But," she went on, taking an intense delight in the torture she was sure she was inflicting, although her fair victim gave no sign, "you have no idea how lovely *Cheshire House* is—that is where the dowager Lady Sherbrooke lives; and Carrolton is even more delightful, I am told. We intend to go there before very long; but London is very gay just now, though it is out of season, and we are having such nice times that we prefer to remain here for the present."

She glanced at Star angrily. If she would but betray the least suffering, to show that she was wounded by this apparent triumph over her, she would have been content.

But she stood there, her graceful form proudly erect, her shining head thrown slightly back, her eyes fixed upon her face with an indifferent glance that galled her almost beyond endurance,

while her manner was that of indulgent politeness, as if she were but listening, in a well-bred sort of way, to the babblings of a spoiled child.

"I suppose you have heard," she resumed, "that we came abroad to take possession of the estates of Sir Charles Thornton, whose death leaves mamma the nearest of kin, and therefore we shall all henceforth occupy a very high position in this country."

"Indeed?" Star responded, as if it were a matter of no moment to her. "I have heard of Sir Charles Thornton, but I did not know that you were 'nearest of kin' to him."

"Well, you know it now," Josephine retorted, sharply, beginning to lose her temper at Star's immobility; and fortunately we can do exceedingly well without Uncle Jacob's money, which we shall not return to America, for we can enjoy so much more here among the nobility, where, as I told you before, our position is so high, and mine particularly, you know, as—Lady Carrol, is one to be rather envied."

This last, she thought, must be a dagger in the fair girl's breast, but she was wholly unprepared to have it turned against her own.

"May I take the liberty to ask Miss Richards what she means by the statements which she has made—to explain herself, if indeed that is possible," said a deep, stern voice just behind her.

Both girls started and turned instantly at the sound, and both uttered a cry—one of surprise, the other of dismay.

Lord Carrol himself stood in the doorway of the conservatory from which Josephine had entered, and through which he had passed on his way from another portion of the building back to the drawing-room.

He had seen Ralph Meredith and Mr. Roosevelt but a moment or two after Star slipped away. They told him that she was there, and he had instantly left them to seek her.

He had seen her standing there in the anteroom through the glass as he approached, and he recognized her instantly, although the sight had nearly unmanned him.

As he drew near, however, he heard Josephine's voice, sharp and scolding, and addressing the stranger words to her.

He stood still and listened, perfectly agnostic at what she was saying, until he comprehended the whole situation, and when she made that last amazing assertion, he could endure no more, and entered to confront her.

Star, with one look into his white set face, and a glance of astonishment from his to Josephine, whose countenance, for once in her life, expressed blankest dismay, sank back pale and shivering into the chair from which she had risen when Miss Richards addressed her.

That young lady felt for the moment as if she would like the ground to open and swallow her forever from sight.

But the situation was a desperate one—so desperate that she did not care for anything; so, quickly rallying, she tossed her dark head and retorted with a light laugh:

"Miss Gladstone was just telling me, my lord, that she had heard of my marriage, and I was only carrying out the joke a little farther."

"I understand you," he said, briefly, but in accents of intense scorn.

Then, with a quick, eager step he came between her and Star, who, with her white hands folded helplessly in her lap, her face like purest marble, felt as if earth was again slipping forever out of her reach, for her senses were reeling.

With a stern, authoritative gesture he motioned Josephine away, and, reaching down, he took Star's hands in his.

"My darling," he said, in low, thrilling tones, "has she been torturing you to death? There is not one word of truth in what she has told you. Come with me, and let me explain everything to you."

A mocking laugh, which, however, was full of misery, rang through the room.

Lord Carrol looked back and saw Josephine, her face almost convulsed with pain and passion, passing out.

"Come," he murmured, gently turning again to Star.

He drew her unresisting hand within his arm, and led her through the conservatory out upon a covered porch at the rear of the house.

He placed the fair girl in a chair in a secluded corner, and then knelt down before her.

He took her hands again and drew them to his breast, where she could feel the great heart-throbs which made his strong frame quiver like a tree struck by the woodman's ax.

"My darling," he said again, "I have seen Mr. Roosevelt, and he told me that you were here. I have been looking for you everywhere during the last fifteen minutes. Dearest, you will let me defend myself now, will you not? You will not turn away from me—you will not spoil both our lives by again driving me from you, believing me to be a 'traitor and coward'?"

Star shivered. Those words smote her with terrible pain; but her heart had been bounding with new hope since he had so sternly confronted Josephine Richards and proclaimed her assertion a lie.

She could not comprehend it, for she had read the notice of their marriage with her own eyes. Yet she instinctively trusted him, and it was so sweet, after all the miserable past, to have him there, looking so fondly down into her eyes, and calling her his darling in those dear, familiar tones.

"Archie—Archie!" she murmured, with a sob, "I know all about it—you were never a traitor or a coward. I know you never deceived me, and I alone am guilty of a great wrong to you."

With a low cry of joy he gathered her close in his arms, and laid her shining head upon his breast, calling her by every endearing name with which his heart was filled.

"You know all about it, my love? Who has told you?" he asked, surprised.

"Just one little sentence in a newspaper, which told me also that, when at the very moment I found you had been true, my life was to be a blank as long as I should live," Star said, with unsteady voice and quivering lips. "I read," she added, "the notice of your marriage with Miss Richards in the *Cheshire Gazette*. These two names, Archibald Sherbrooke and Lord Carrol, were printed there, and told me the whole story. I knew then how I had been deceived. But I cannot understand."

She broke off suddenly, and drew herself away from him, shivering and sick at heart again.

Surely that notice would never have been printed if he were not married, and she had no right to be thus in the arms of another woman's husband.

She knew that he neither loved nor respected Josephine from the way he had addressed her; he called her Miss Richards, too, but it was a puzzle she could not comprehend.

Lord Carrol read her thoughts, and saw by her white face how she was suffering, and he said, with infinite tenderness:

"My love, it was all a farce, a mock marriage planned by a wild and thoughtless girl, while I was chosen as one of the unfortunate victims and Miss Richards the other. Did you not read the description which followed that notice?"

"No; I read nothing but those horrible words, which told me of my own injustice, and that you and I would be parted forever. They burned themselves into my brain as if they had been branded there with a hot iron, and I cared to read no more."

"If you had," he returned, "you would have been undeceived; but I was very angry when I saw how the affair had been published, and if I could ascertain who wrote it up, I should be tempted to chastise the writer severely."

Star was weeping now; great, glad tears of joy chased each other over her cheeks, and she did not resist him when he drew her into his arms again, wiping with his own hands the glittering drops as they fell, while in low, tender tones he told her all about the strange events which had conspired to separate them for so long.

"Will you forgive me, Archie? I was very hard

upon you, but I was nearly mad with my misery that night when I refused to listen to you," Star said, when the story was ended.

"Forgive you, my own? This moment compensates for everything," was the rapturous answer.

"I have been very foolish, Archie," Star whispered, "but, oh! I am very, very happy now. I was so utterly wretched this morning. I have been so wretched all day that it required all my courage to come here tonight; but I forced myself to do so because I did not wish Uncle Jacob to mistrust anything."

"And I hear that my modest little Star has become a great heiress; she is no longer the quiet, retiring little maid whom I was so proud and happy to have won that day when we went to Coney Island," Lord Carrol said, half regretfully.

She lifted her head from his breast and looked at him inquiringly, and he thought rather more searchingly than the occasion required.

"I mean," he explained, "that Mr. Meredith has told me that Mr. Roosevelt has adopted you as his heiress."

She drew a long breath, but merely returned, in an absent way:

"Yes."

"Mr. Meredith told me more, too, my darling," her lover resumed; "he was the one who lifted the burden of sadness, caused by your sentence of banishment, from my heart. I imagined, also, although his confidence did not extend quite so far as this, that he had been my unsuccessful rival, and that was why you confessed what you did to him regarding your affection for me."

"Did Mr. Meredith tell you that?" Star began, blushing crimson as she remembered what her confession had been.

"Yes, my beloved, and no hungry heart ever feasted upon sweeter words. They changed the whole future for me, and I was intending to start again for America in just three weeks, to search for the star of my life; the past has been very lonely and hopeless."

"Yes, indeed," Star returned, with a long sigh; "and yet, she added, looking up with a smile, 'I am glad that I am not to come to you quite so empty-handed as you found me.'"

"You surely do not regret the promise that you made me then?" Lord Carrol questioned, reproachfully.

"No; for it proves that you won me for myself alone; but now that I know you are a peer of England, it is a comfort to feel that no one can point the finger of scorn at me and say that you have chosen beneath you."

He stopped her with a tender caress.

"No one should ever have said that to me with impunity, under any circumstances," he rejoined, gravely.

They talked a long time, and everything was explained—all the events of the past rehearsed, all Josephine's duplicity and hatred made known. Another blissful half hour slipped unheeded by, and then he said:

"Come, dear; people will begin to wonder what has become of us, and besides, I want to introduce you to my mother and sister."

They were just entering the drawing-room when they met Lady Sherbrooke coming toward them, looking right and left for her son.

Her handsome face lighted as she saw him, and she quickened her steps, while she wondered at that new light in his eyes, at the bright and youthful expression on his face.

"Mother," Archibald Sherbrooke said, and there was a proud ring in his tone, "I want to introduce to you Miss Gladstone, a friend whom I met while I was in America."

Lady Sherbrooke shot a keen glance into that lovely, blushing face, and there came a look of surprise into her own, while for once she lost something of the graceful self-possession that was habitual to her as she greeted Star.

Her heart went forth to the young girl at once, and she experienced a shock akin to that which Vivian had felt when she met her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Toys to Amuse the Baby and Lessen Care

Children's Crocheted Playthings

AS children most always treasure an old doll much more than even a beautiful new one, and a mere rag doll, worn and touselled often holds the place of honor even in a family of really lovely dummies, one need not hesitate at all about offering a home-made one as a gift, even though small and of a simple sort, for it certainly will be loved by some little tot.

Of the home-made dolls which are described here, Plain Jane is of the simplest sort possible. She can be crocheted very quickly and will weather considerable wear and tear as she is so plain and substantial without any frills.

German-town wool is the best weight, still Scotch can be used or even an 8-fold German-town, but in this case in following these directions the doll would be fairly large.

These toys can be made up very nicely of odds and ends of wool, but it should be about the same weight, to be even in appearance. For Jane one could use one color throughout, or white could be used for hands and face, black for marking the features and the buttons, or a combination of two or even three colors could be worked into the body very nicely.

In doing this use a light color for the waist, say down to the fifth button, and the sleeves, a second for the balance, or only part way down the legs and a third shade for stockings, with black for shoes if necessary. For Plain Jane one will need about one skein of wool and a crochet hook which will make the work fairly close.

Beginning at crown of head make ch 6 sts, join in ring, ch 1.
1st round.—2 sc in each st.
2nd round.—1 sc in each sc.
3rd round.—1 sc in each of 2 sts, 2 sc in every 3rd st, repeat.
4th round.—Same as last only increase in the 4th st.
In each of next 4 rounds make 1 sc in each sc.

9th round.—Decrease by sk every 4th st.
10th round.—Decrease by sk every 3rd st.
11th round.—Skip only 2 sc in this round.
12th round.—2 sc in each st.
13th round.—1 sc in each st.
14th round.—Increase 1 sc in in every 4th st.
15th round.—Increase 1 sc in every 5th st.
16th round.—1 sc in each st.

Make 14 or more rounds according to the length of body wanted. Stuff the head and body until firm, then join the edges with single crochet, taking up the back loops of opposite stitches.

Legs.—Ch 16, join in ring.
1st and 2nd rounds.—1 sc in each st. Now decrease 2 sts, then 1 sc in each st for 2 rounds, decrease 2 sts in next, 1 sc in each st for 2 rounds, continue to work in this way until over 14 rounds. This finishes the leg.
For instep.—1 sc in each next 3 sts, turn, ch 1, 3 sc in 3 sts just made, turn, 3 sc on last sts, 1 sc in each st down side of instep, top, around leg, down other side of instep, tab across the front. (This is for foot.) Make 2 more rows of singles on 4th row, fasten across the bottom with sl st. Stuff and sew to body.

Arms.—Ch 16 and join with a sl st, 1 sc in each st for 2 rounds, then decrease 2 sts, next round 1 sc in each st. Repeat last 2 rounds three times.

11th round.—1 sc in each st.
12th round.—Increase 2 sc next 1 sc in each st repeat these 2 rounds once, then 1 sc in each st.
Fingers.—Lay two last rows of arm together and join by sl st through first 2 sts, ch 5, turn, 1 sc in each st, turn, fold together and join by sl st, ch 5, turn, 1 sc in each st of ch, 1 sc in each next sts on arm, ch 7, 1 sc in each st, 1 sc in next 2 sts of arm, ch 6, 1 sc in each st. The thumb is made thus: Sl st down to 2nd row of hand, ch 4, 1 sc in each st. Break wool and fasten, stuff all but fingers and sew to body as shown. Outline features with black using shoe buttons for eyes, or small beads.

A wild man such as is shown next is made in this same way of black or brown yarn and white for features. The hair and skirt is made by drawing a couple of strands of wool through a st, tying and clipping to present the appearance shown.

A clown is another variation which may be made very easily of white or light wool. Make head and body as directed. Then beginning with a ch 16, turn, 15 sc, turn, 13 sc, turn, 11 sc, repeat, working in this way down to a point. Make 5 of these pieces. Edge white with red and other colors with a contrasting shade,

sew a small bell to tip of each piece. Then join 2 to lower part of body, 2 on the sides instead of arms, and 1 on the head, point up for the clown's cap.

A Tabby Cat.

This pretty puss is worked in Afghan st, which is as follows: Ch 10, turn, draw 1 loop through each st, keeping all on the hook.

2nd row.—Draw wool through one loop, over and draw through 2 loops, repeat these 2 rows. Unless one is familiar with this stitch it will be better to practice a little before beginning to shape the cat. A skein of German-town will be needed and a fairly long crochet hook. Afghan st is used throughout except for the bottom. Decreasing and increasing is done as follows: To decrease, draw wool through 3 loops instead of 2, and in taking up the loops for next row draw the wool through the 2 vertical loops. Increasing is done while taking up the loops, decreasing in working them off. Always decrease from left-hand side and increase from right-hand side. In counting sts always include both the first and last loops on the hook.

Make legs first by ch 12, turn, make 7 rows, repeat making 2 sections alike. Next begin at the bottom of the body with ch 30, work 6 rows.

7th row.—3 sts on body, then along the top of one leg section, increasing in 3rd and 10th sts, skip 2 sts on body, work on next 18 sts, then across 2nd leg, increasing twice, and finish with last 3 sts of body. In working back decrease at each corner where the legs are joined on.

8th row.—Decrease at back corner of the 1st leg and both corners of the 2nd leg.

9th row.—Take up loops as usual, work back leaving 18 on hook.

10th row.—Take up 9, work back to 16.

11th to 14th rows.—Take up 2 more sts in each row.

15th row.—Work all the way across, decreasing after every 4th st.

16th row.—Take up 18, and work back.

17th row.—Take up 14 and work back.

18 to 20th rows.—Short rows, 2 less each time.

21st row.—Full row, decreasing after every 4th st except third time, then after only 2.

22nd row.—Decrease after 2 sts, then twice after 1st each time, finish row.

23rd row.—Decrease after 2 sts, leave 3 on hook.

24th row.—Take up 15, and work all off.

25th row.—1 plain, decrease, 1 plain, decrease, leave 3 on hook.

26th row.—Take up 16, leave 5.

27th row.—Take up 13, work all off.

28th row.—Increase in 10th and 11th sts.

29th row.—Take up 18, leave rest.

30th row.—Take up 16, leave rest.

Next row take up 14, next only 12, then 18 and work all off.

34th row.—Take up all across, draw wool through 6 at once, 2 plain, decrease, 2 plain, decrease twice, 4 plain, decrease twice.

35th row.—4 plain, decrease, 4 plain, decrease.

36th row.—Decrease 3 times.

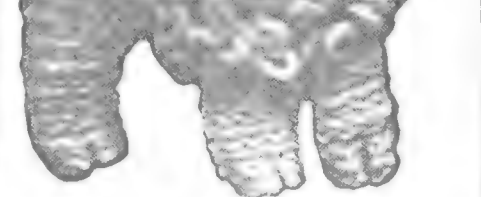
37th row.—Plain.

38th row.—Take up loops and draw the wool through all at once.

Ears.—6 sts, 3 rows, drawing all to a point.

Tail.—Ch 30, 2 rows, decreasing first st in each. Next row work off.

To finish.—Sew up front, stuff legs and body full, then finish the bottom in this manner: Join wool at edge, ch 3, wool over hook, insert hook from back side in vertical loop, draw wool through st, wool over and through 2 loops on hook, leaving 2, wool over and through next st, wool through 2 loops, wool through all 3 loops on hook. Repeat from * around. Break wool and draw up closely to make flat. In case this is too small, the sts of the 1st row were too short. Sew straight end of tail to center of back and catch the tail in place along its full length. Sew in ears. Punch nose in shape, use buttons for eyes and black sts for nose, mouth and claws.



CROCHETED DOG.

17th row.—Take up 14 and work back.

18 to 20th rows.—Short rows, 2 less each time.

21st row.—Full row, decreasing after every 4th st except third time, then after only 2.

22nd row.—Decrease after 2 sts, then twice after 1st each time, finish row.

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Crocheted Dog

For this one will need a full skein of German-town and a No. 5 bone crochet hook with long handle. The body is made first and of Afghan st. Begin with a ch 19, turn, take up 17 loops, work 5 rows on these.

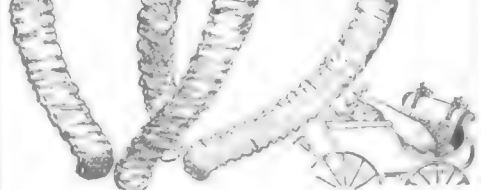
6th row.—Begin loop work about head and shoulders. To do this insert the hook in first st, pass wool over forefinger of left hand, before drawing through as a sl st. Make 1 loop and sl st in each st in row, work back with single crochet, inserting hook under 3 threads to prevent drawing the loops out of place. In this row decrease 1 st at each end of row, after 2nd row of loops leave 4 sts at each end. In working back in singles after 2nd loop row, increase by making 2 sts in the 5th, 8th, 9th and 12th sts. After the 3rd loop row increase in 7th, 10th, 11th and 14 sts. After the 3rd and 4th rows increase in this way 4 times in each row. After 5 loop rows are complete, when working back with singles leave 5 sts at the end, turn and work loops until only 5 sts remain, turn and continue working 3 rows on these sts. This will leave 5 sts at each end of

first 2 rows, and 4 sts at end of next row. In the first of these short rows increase 3 times. After all short rows are complete continue the rows all the way around the head portion, making one more loop row. Fasten off wool.

Begin in 7th st, working from the wrong side, take up 21 Afghan sts, and work 2 rows plain; in next 3 rows decrease (by drawing through 3 loops) twice in each row, 4 or 5 sts in from each end, 1 row plain, then a final row, drawing the wool through all the loops on the hook at once for the nose.

For the Legs.—The left hind leg starts at the left end of the straight strip first worked. Take up 7 sts, 2 sts in the corner at 3 sts into the ch edge at right angle with the other, and 4 sts into a ch of 4 added to the end of under body section. Make 2nd row a short one by leaving 5 sts at the end.

In 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th rows decrease once in each row in the 12th st, counting from beginning. Work 8 rows in all, drawing the wool through all loops at once in the last row. Reverse these directions for the other leg. For the front legs, holding wrong side of work towards you, make 6 loop st along the straight end of the left shoulder section, work back in singles, increasing 1 in the last st. Work a 2nd loop row with 7 sts, work back in singles, then work across in Afghan st, making 4 sts upon an added ch. Work 6 rows in Afghan st



CLIPS FOR THE CARRIAGE ROBE.

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Gifts for Baby

A useful gift for a new baby, and a dainty one as well, is a pair of clips to keep the carriage robe in place. For these a pair of clips for men's trousers used in bicycling, are covered on both sides by furling on satin ribbon. Fasten at the ends securely and finish the center of the top with a full bow.

A Swinging Toy

This is one way of using a doll's head which has lost its wig. Stuff the back of the head out so that it will be well rounded, then cover with a little hood made of eider-down or any sort of soft material. Add a bell and a tiny bow beneath the chin and to the top of the hood a small ring, and a half yard of narrow white elastic fastened to another ring. As this little contrivance swings from the hood of baby's carriage it will prove both entertaining and interesting.

Similar heads can be used for an Eskimo doll and in making a pair of reins for a toddler. For the latter use heavy white piping cord, placing the little bonnet dressed head at the point where the cords cross the chest in front.



IT WILL AMUSE THE BABY.

Washable Doll

For this cute little home-made doll one will need a small rubber ball, two-inch wooden button molds, a couple of small pearl buttons and some small pieces of eider-down or flanne, a bit of lace for the cap and some ribbon.

First cover the button molds after sewing on small buttons for eyes and indicating nose and mouth with a stitch or two on a small piece of white eider-down flanne or a bit of a white stocking. Place the flat sides of the molds together and cover smoothly. Next make two-inch rolls for the legs with one end flattened out for feet. Cut for material used for covering a

small pair of trousers, slip over the legs and up over the rubber ball which should top them as it forms dolly's portly body. Attach the head securely and finish with a little Dutch lace bonnet. Cover body with a little plain dress, seamed up the back trimmed with a small white apron and ribbon as shown. Attach rolls of same material as dress for arms, and make and sew in place small booties of a bit of white flanne or anything washable.

For the body cut a paper pattern measuring five inches across the bottom, seven inches up each side, slant these lines in a little, then cut out on right angles for two inches for arm pieces; leave these an inch and a half wide and cut in towards center, leaving opening here just wide enough to insert the dressed head. By the pattern cut two pieces of eider-down, seam up and turn inside out, stuff with cotton but not too closely as the doll should be soft rather than solid. Sew the head in place and cover, joining with a ribbon tied in front. Use narrow ribbon to tie the points at the bottom, which measure about one inch in from the corners. Also the arm pieces about through the center, fold here, and catch to the body as shown. The little bells down the front can be used or not, and complete this snug little Eskimo.

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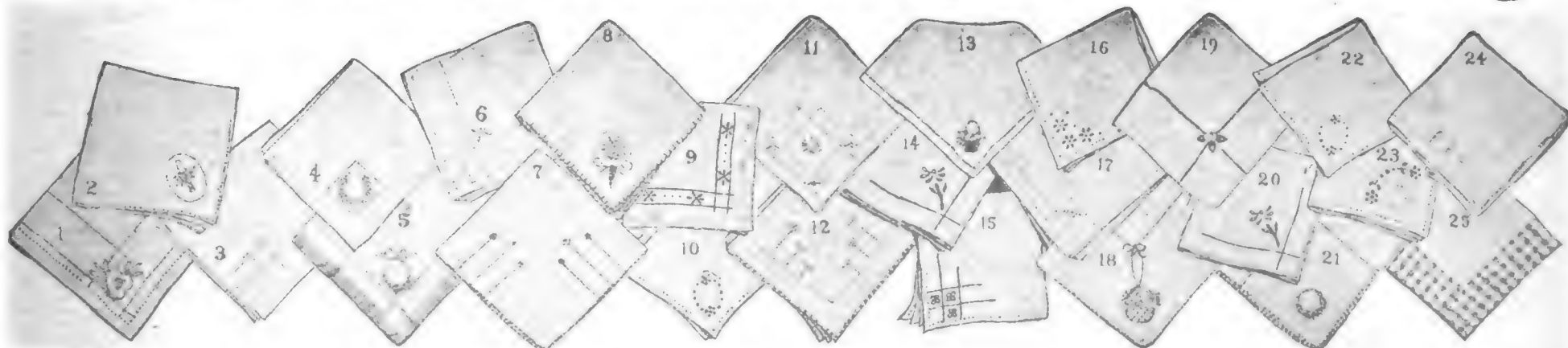
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Drawn-in Work for Christmas Things



DAINTY HAND-MADE HANDKERCHIEFS OF COLORED LINEN, LAWN AND DIMITY.

Drawn-in Decorations

THE simplicity and fascination of the drawn in and drawn out work, which started with the popularity of the gayly-colored novelty handkerchief, has grown until now it is seen on collar-and-cuff sets, scarfs, bags, pillows, tray and tea cloths.

This attractive sort of decoration offers one a splendid opportunity for utilizing all odds and ends of embroidery floss, which have such a surprising way of accumulating in one's work bag.

Any even or square woven material from which the threads may be easily drawn, whether of cotton, linen or wool, is suitable for this particular sort of work.

The idea is the drawing of threads arranged in borders, which give the impression of being woven in. The method, which needs little explanation, is illustrated in Fig. 1.

Draw out two threads, leaving one between, draw this thread out a little way and knot to the center of a thread of sewing silk, which is over twice the length of the space to be filled. Pull the silk in, then through the loop end slip a strand of the colored thread, hold in place until drawn in a little. The advantage of using silk is that it slips through easily and is not liable to break.

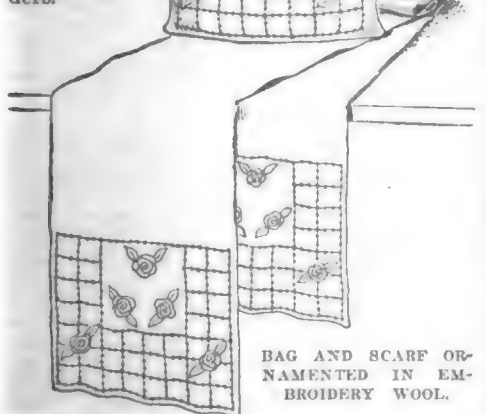
For wider lines of color, three or more threads may be drawn out.

For dresser scarfs or pillows, rope or heavy floss may be used. For any article, first square the material and cut by a thread. If articles require a hem, decide on width and draw threads.

A Fall Scarf and Bag

The soft woolen scarfs which are now considered almost indispensable, are, fortunately, so becoming to almost everyone, they need no recommendation.

Homespun, velour and wool jersey are all most suitable, as they are all materials which are warm without being heavy, and drape most gracefully about one's neck and shoulders.



BAG AND SCARF ORNAMENTED IN EMBROIDERY WOOL.

The embroidery on the set which we illustrate is shown so clearly and is so very simple in character it can easily be carried out in any coloring preferred, although the grey jersey of the original, worked with jade green silk and wool mixture and livened with old blue roses showing just a touch of yellow to mark the centers, is a most effective combination.

For the trellis-like work use the snail's-trail stitch, and for the roses either the overlapping outline of the rambler or bullion roses as preferred. Roll the edges of the scarf and hem, above the facing of jersey which should finish both ends, to the depth of the embroidery.

The scarf measures 18 inches by 60, and the bag 9 by 12 when finished. Instead of snail trail the cross-barring may be of cable or chain stitch and if angora wool is used in preference for the roses, work them solidly.

In using this, as it is so soft and delicate, a short needleful only should be taken as it will not stand hard pulling, and the passing of it to and fro through the material mars its beauty.

Fringe or tassels may be used on the scarf ends if preferred.

Collar-and-Cuff Set

It is the little things that count, and little touches of color may be easily added to a scarf, bag or collar as to one's handkerchiefs.

For the collar-and-cuff set shown in the this column one will need only a quarter yard of white voile, two yards of bias white binding and but a tiny bit of colored linen for the corners.

The drawn-in thread may either match the corners or be of a contrasting shade. An effective treatment is to have at least one of the threads black, using this also for the extra decorations which may be groups of French knots or lazy-daisy stitches.

To secure true outlines a thread should first be drawn before cutting the collar and cuffs the size desired. Then allow for an inch or so more what wider hem before drawing another thread.

After colors are drawn in, as shown in Fig. 1, turn all hems and hem down with fine cotton.

The colored linen corners are neatly felled in place, for this using thread as near the color of the linen as possible. If the linen has been washed to shrink, the voile should also be before combining the two.

In the set shown the corners were pink; border, two black threads with pink between, and lazy-daisy designs, pink with black centers.

The fascination of this style of fancy work is liable to lead one into working out quaint color decorations on various household articles.

Even curtains have not escaped attention, and for certain rooms they are very pretty. Coarse scrim lends itself naturally to this sort of work, gay borders of either wool or mercerized cotton perle being added very quickly.

However, as these hang between one and the light, the borders are much more effective if backed completely by the hem, instead of the border being worked inside of the hem as is usual.

Cross-stitch baskets or flower groups may also be added effectively to the lower curtain corners.

Handkerchief Suggestions

A dainty handkerchief folded in with a little note is always suitable for any gift time, and it will be even more valued and appreciated if it is a dainty hand-made one.

From a yard of handkerchief linen, linen lawn or the finest of cross-barred dimity one will get nine handkerchiefs. The novelty handkerchief of colors, though not new, still ranks high in popularity but, needless to say, only the choicest of material should be used and the workmanship must be exquisitely fine.

The note of color in handkerchiefs is not alone in the decorations but in the linens used, which may be of pink, blue, lavender, yellow, tan or whatever you choose. Natural pongee is especially suitable for gentlemen's handkerchiefs, but if more than the drawn-in borders are fancied, a monogram or initial only is in good taste.

All embroidery on handkerchiefs should be of delicate colors, carefully arranged. Use only fine embroidery cottons, and care must be taken to keep the wrong side of the work free from knots and crossed threads.

French knots, satin and lazy-daisy stitches, dots, rambler or bullion roses and cross-stitch are employed in working out the gay little flower-filled baskets or nosegay bouquets.

The illustrated suggestions for the various designs used on the handkerchiefs above are about a half size larger than the actual decorations should be. The colors suggested may be varied and arranged according

to one's own fancy, the results being sure to please if harmonious colors are combined.

No. 1.—Hemstitched white linen, black drawn-in lines. Pink satin-stitch rose, outlined with black, green lazy-daisy leaves.

No. 2.—Green linen, raw edges, roll between thumb and finger of left hand, over-cast or whip with diagonal stitches of black.

Cross-stitch with a second row in the opposite direction, giving a border of tiny cross-stitches. Cross-stitch a black flower-filled basket on two-inch white oval, turn edges and fell down with the finest stitches.

No. 3.—White linen with two-inch hem, two drawn-in lines of blue, blue linen corners, one flower of six lazy-daisy stitches and two

half flowers topping inch drawn-in lines (see Fig. 7), all in blue.

No. 4.—Rose linen, quarter-inch hem topped with black, white and black drawn-in lines, wreath shown in Fig. 4 worked on two-inch white linen square. Flowers in this are satin-stitch in pink, blue, yellow and lavender, with green lazy-daisy leaves. Turn edges and fell down.

No. 5.—Lilac linen, violet border, wreath size of Fig. 4 of French knots of blue, pink, yellow and green with blue outlined bows. Drawn-in lines violet, light blue, violet. Cut lilac linen nine

inches square, cut violet into four strips three by ten and one-half inches, seam to one side, turn all edges and baste, making double hem.

Seam piece to second side, joining end to side of first strip. Repeat, fourth strip fitting over end of first. In this way the corners are perfectly square and even. Fell down very neatly.

No. 6.—Yellow linen, quarter-inch hem. Border of blue, brown, orange and tan, four drawn-in lines each way, a quarter inch apart.

No. 7.—Light terra-cotta linen edge rolled and cross-stitched as in No. 2, with brown. Three rambler roses, see Fig. 7, placed a half inch apart and the groups one and a half inches from the corner.

Use green for these drawn-in lines and three lazy-daisy or solidly worked leaves, two roses, light yellow with center ones on each side French blue.

No. 8.—Light blue linen, rolled cross-stitched edge of yellow. Novel nosegay bouquet made with a frill of quarter-inch lace, with center closely filled with varied-hued French knots. Outline ribbon pink, stems green.

No. 9.—Pongee, inch and a half hem, wood-brown drawn-in lines three-quarters of an inch apart, four lazy-daisy flowers of lighter brown with yellow French knots between.

No. 10.—Grey linen, tiny hem topped with one drawn-in line of pink. Oblong wreath of two flowers in bullion-stitch, see directions at bottom of 2d column, with French knots between. Work in as many different light shades of color as possible.

No. 11.—Lemon yellow. An inch hem followed with two drawn-in lines, the first green, in five-eighths inch, an orange two and one-fourth inches from corner, a blue line, and then in five-eighths inch on both sides a terra-cotta line.

In the large square work decoration shown, Fig. 11, using colors run in.

In three smaller squares one flower only with green either side.

No. 12.—Ecru linen, rolled edge crossed with dark blue. Line of the same one and one-half in from edge, topped with three lazy-daisy flowers in three shades of blue, arranged as shown in Fig. 7.

No. 13.—Grey-blue linen with basket decoration in corner. The basket is a bit of felled-

on dark blue lawn, with handle of same shade in outline.

The basket is filled with tiny French-knot blossoms of all colors, blended in with green. The one-fourth inch hem is finished above with three shades of blue drawn-in threads.

No. 14.—Another white, or cross-barred dimity. Rolled, cross-stitched edge and daisy of canary yellow. Three drawn-in lines one and one-half inches in, of black, yellow and black.

No. 15.—French-blue linen with narrow hemstitch hem. Drawn-in corner lines of old rose, with delicate pink lazy-daisy flowers with yellow French-knot centers in the three small squares.

No. 16.—Rose linen, narrow hem, black, white and black drawn-in lines. Three white daisies with deep orange centers, and between the flowers French knots of various colors.

No. 17.—White linen with black drawn-in lines, and a corner decoration in the square of white outlined with black, similar to Fig. 11.

No. 18.—Another lilac linen with a drawn-in line of yellow two and one-half inches from the rolled edge which is cross-stitched with light blue. The hanging basket is of deep yellow outlined, topped with an Alice-blue bow.

The basket is filled to overflowing with buds, blossoms and leaves of rainbow hues which are altogether charming.

No. 19.—A plain design which though simple is most effective carried out in any coloring. Allow and top a two and one-half inch hem with black, add one rambler rose, any color backed by green leaves.

See Fig. 9, at the crossing of the lines as shown. No. 20, 21, 22 are very similar to designs already described.

No. 23.—Is a good suggestion for corner if one wishes to add an initial. The half wreath is of lazy-daisy stitch with French knots between.

No. 24.—Grass-green linen, one-fourth inch hem topped with one line bottle green, three

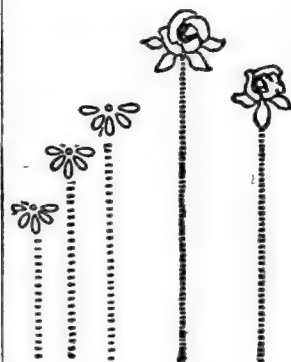


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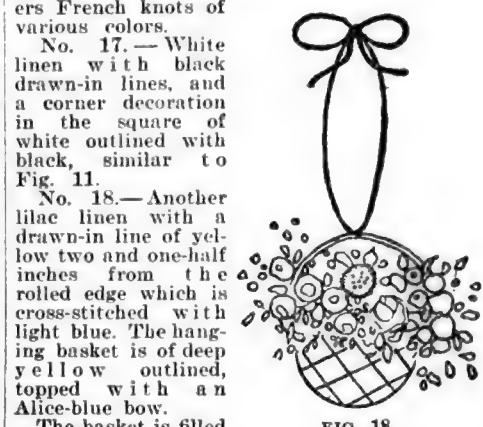


FIG. 18.

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No. 24.—Grass-green linen, one-fourth inch hem topped with one line bottle green, three

white daisies with yellow centers, all the same height on two sides.

No. 25.—White dimity bordered with small checked zephyr gingham.

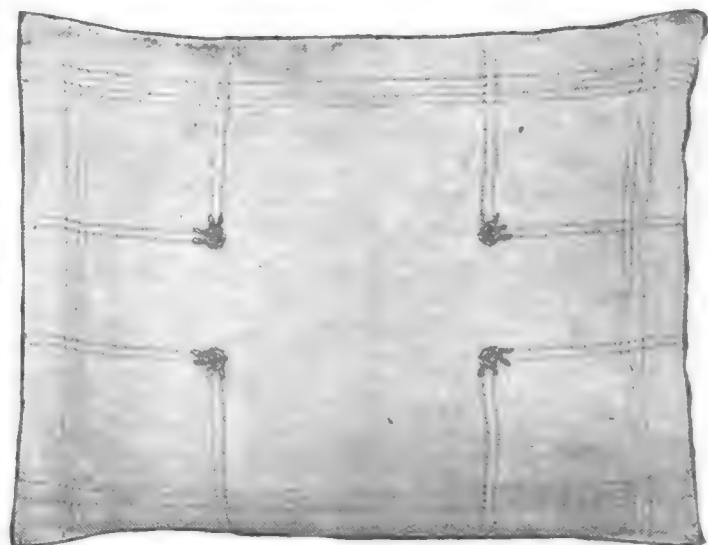
Crash Sofa Pillow

This durable cover is of natural shade of a coarse quality of crash.

Two and one-half inches in from the edges runs a border of three shades of old rose of mercerized rope embroidery cotton, one row of the darkest shade, then the lightest, followed by the second and third shades.

The two rows running in to form the squares are of the second and third shades. Finish the four points with bullion roses an inch in diameter, and built up so that they are solid and stand out, using the darkest shade for the centers working to lightest.

In making bullion roses use a coarse needle, filling centers with French knots. Begin the stitches, which are elongated French knots. Bring the needle up through the material and take a stitch one-fourth inch back, bringing the point out at the starting place. Twist the thread around the needle from 12 to 20 times according to length of stitches. Draw the needle through the twists, and take a stitch from the second point to the center of the roll, then back, making stitches overlap each other.



CRASH SOFA PILLOW DECORATED WITH DRAWN-IN WORK.



FIG. 3. SNAIL TRAIL.



FIG. 6.

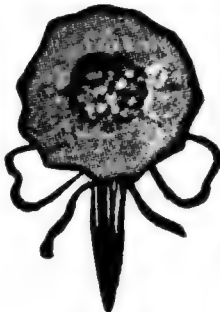


FIG. 5.



FIG. 9.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

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Standard Tire Prices Slashed!
First time in history of the tire business you can get 12,000 miles for only \$9.55. Actually 1-1/2 of a cent a mile! We fabricate these standard casings by a secret process that produces a remarkably rugged tread. **12,000 Miles!** Cream of all makes, reconditioned and guaranteed.

Sensational Cut Price Sale!

Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Size	1 Tire	2 Tires
28x3	4.75	9.50	32x4 1/2	12.75	25.50
30x3	5.25	10.50	32x4 1/2	13.25	26.50
32x3	5.75	11.50	32x4 1/2	13.75	27.50
34x3	6.25	12.50	32x4 1/2	14.25	28.50
36x3	6.75	13.50	32x4 1/2	14.75	29.50
38x3	7.25	14.50	32x4 1/2	15.25	30.50
40x3	7.75	15.50	32x4 1/2	15.75	31.50
42x3	8.25	16.50	32x4 1/2	16.25	32.50
44x3	8.75	17.50	32x4 1/2	16.75	33.50
46x3	9.25	18.50	32x4 1/2	17.25	34.50
48x3	9.75	19.50	32x4 1/2	17.75	35.50
50x3	10.25	20.50	32x4 1/2	18.25	36.50
52x3	10.75	21.50	32x4 1/2	18.75	37.50
54x3	11.25	22.50	32x4 1/2	19.25	38.50
56x3	11.75	23.50	32x4 1/2	19.75	39.50
58x3	12.25	24.50	32x4 1/2	20.25	40.50
60x3	12.75	25.50	32x4 1/2	20.75	41.50

Free Examination! Remember, standard tube orders shipped same day received. Send \$2 deposit with each pair of tires ordered. Balance C. O. D. subject to examination and approval. Money refunded if you're not satisfied. State if straight side or clincher. (All same price.) Cash with order. Subject to 5 percent extra saving. Order now, while world's lowest. **Money Back Guarantee!** Lincoln remains in effect.

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Send No Money!
Buy right! Cut your tire cost in two and get a rubber with each tire FREE. We ship at once on approval standard Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Mason and other adjusted tires in excellent condition and Year money back! If you don't like them. They can be returned for full refund. No questions asked. No deposit in advance. These are not second hand tires, known as the double tread and reconditioned tires.

SEE THESE LOW PRICES

Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Size	1 Tire	2 Tires
28x3	\$4.95	\$9.90	32x4 1/2	\$11.95	\$23.90
30x3	5.45	10.90	32x4 1/2	12.45	24.90
32x3	5.95	11.90	32x4 1/2	12.95	25.90
34x3	6.45	12.90	32x4 1/2	13.45	26.90
36x3	6.95	13.90	32x4 1/2	13.95	27.90
38x3	7.45	14.90	32x4 1/2	14.45	28.90
40x3	7.95	15.90	32x4 1/2	14.95	29.90
42x3	8.45	16.90	32x4 1/2	15.45	30.90
44x3	8.95	17.90	32x4 1/2	15.95	31.90
46x3	9.45	18.90	32x4 1/2	16.45	32.90
48x3	9.95	19.90	32x4 1/2	16.95	33.90
50x3	10.45	20.90	32x4 1/2	17.45	34.90
52x3	10.95	21.90	32x4 1/2	17.95	35.90
54x3	11.45	22.90	32x4 1/2	18.45	36.90
56x3	11.95	23.90	32x4 1/2	18.95	37.90
58x3	12.45	24.90	32x4 1/2	19.45	38.90
60x3	12.95	25.90	32x4 1/2	19.95	39.90

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FORDS run 34 Miles on Gallon of Gasoline
Wonderful new carburetor. Guaranteed to reduce gasoline bills from one-half to one-third and increase power of motor from 30 to 50%. Part easy in color. Write for details.

Sent on 30 DAYS' TRIAL
Fits any car. Attach yourself. Ford make as high as 34 miles to gallon. Other cars show proportionate saving. Send for details. Write for details of our special 30-day trial offer. Agents Wanted.

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Hundreds of big jobs now open paying from \$150 to \$500 a month. I have calls every day for Rabe trained men in electrical, mechanical, Auto and Tractor Work. Qualify in 8 weeks. Short time offer includes railroad fare, board and complete set of tools FREE. Offer withdrawn without notice. Write for big book and offer NOW, before it is too late.

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Beautiful Guaranteed Watch \$3.30
Here's your only opportunity to get this elegant high grade thin model watch with choice of gold, silver, platinum or fancy engraved dial for only \$3.30 C. O. D. Open face, stem wind and set. Adjusted. Fully tested. Guaranteed perfect timekeeper. A watch you'll be proud to own.

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TELL YOUR SPARE US TIME
You can earn \$13 to \$30 a week writing show cards in your spare time. No canvassing. A pleasant profitable profession easily and quickly learned by our new simple graphic block system. Artistic ability not necessary. We teach you how, and supply you with work. Distance no object. Full particulars and booklet free.

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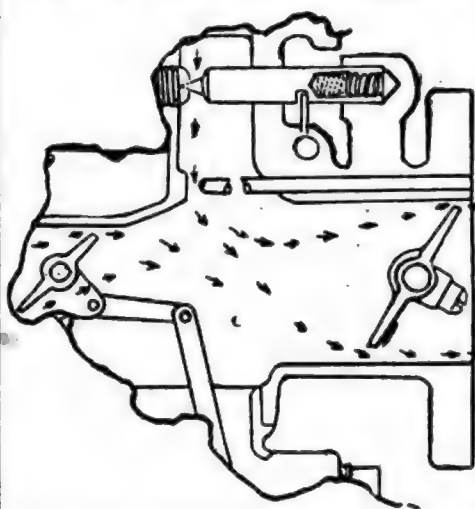
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Learn at home by mail to mount birds, mammals, reptiles, etc. Taxidermy is a profitable business. Delightful art easily learned by mail. Send for free book and sample of our beautiful taxidermy. Write today for this wonderful free book and sample of our beautiful taxidermy. Write today for this wonderful free book and sample of our beautiful taxidermy.

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Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasoline engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Overcharged Battery
"HEY, your lights are burning," is a salute that I heard about a hundred times during my recent trip in the East. It would appear that the public has not yet come to realize that a storage battery can be overcharged. Had the expression come from people on the sidewalk, I would be apt to believe that the majority were not car owners and naturally were inexperienced as regards the electrical system on a car. However, drivers would switch their lights on and off as I approached and as I came within hailing distance would shout the above expression. The fact is that long charging causes the battery to become very hot and boils away the water, necessitating frequent refilling of the cells with distilled water. When touring it is not always convenient to obtain distilled water. Overcharging also creates the danger of buckling the battery plates and destroying the separators. For these reasons it is necessary that the charging rate into the battery be cut down considerably or eliminated entirely. One way of cutting down the charging rate is to burn the car lights. In this manner it will be appreciated that considerable current is consumed by the lights and that the battery receives but a minimum charge. Another practice used by many motorists is to run the electric starter for about a minute with the ignition switch turned off. The starter consumes considerable current and quickly exhausts the overcharged battery. However, in my opinion, this is not a practice worthy of strong recommendation.



SHOWING THE BUTTERFLY VALVES IN CARBURETOR.

Still another practice which I have used with the desired result is the short circuiting of the generator. Some generators have short circuiting clips while on others the pulling of an accessible fuse will do the trick. I found that a half day's run with the generator inoperative and the other half day's run with the generator charging kept my battery about normal. However, the danger lies in allowing the generator to remain inoperative too long so that the battery becomes discharged. Anyone who has kept close touch with the electrical system should have no trouble by shorting the generator as above related. Others of my acquaintance have left the car lights burning all night so as to reduce the battery. Regardless of the method used it should be kept in mind that touring has a tendency to overcharge the battery and steps must be taken to either partially drain the battery or prevent the full charge from going into it.

Helpful Pointers
Broken Fan Belt
Should the fan belt break beyond repair and another cannot be conveniently obtained, it is frequently possible to operate the car at a safe motor temperature if the engine hood be raised or removed and the car speed not reduced below 20 miles per hour. The movement of the car will drive the air around the radiator tubes and keep the water below the boiling point. Raising or removing the hood prevents any heat pockets and also permits cooling air to encircle the motor.

Spot Light
If properly used the spot light is a great help when driving at night, but when improperly used it becomes a nuisance to approaching drivers. When the spotlight is attached to the windshield bracket it should be focused so that the light rays strike the ground several feet in front of the right front wheel. The purpose of the light should be to permit the driver to know just how near he is to the right side of the road. It is the side on which he belongs and by keeping over there he should have no fear of oncoming traffic.

Back Firing
Everything being normal, back firing or popping back through the carburetor is caused by a lean mixture. A thin mixture is very slow in burning, so much so that there is a flame or fire in the cylinder when the intake valve opens to admit a fresh combustible mixture. The flame in the cylinder ignites this new gas and causes the pop back through the carburetor. If the carburetor has been set for economical operation on the road, popping back through the carburetor is apt to be experienced when the motor is first started. However, proper use of the choker when the motor is first started will correct this condition and after the motor has warmed up the choker should be moved back to the running position and if the mixture is not too lean no further popping back will be experienced.

Releasing Starter
The Bendix drive starting arrangement while very efficient, at times may cause trouble by the small pinions refusing to release from the fly-wheel tooth. One method that is many times successful in freeing the two gears is to engage the high gear and then rock the car back and forth.

Motor Speed
In the throat of the carburetor is a butterfly valve or, in other words, a door which is so connected as to be opened and closed by a lever on the steering wheel or steering post and usually also by a pedal located in the toe board. This pedal is termed the accelerator. Adjustment is usually provided so that the butterfly valve can not fully close, but permits just enough of the gasoline-air mixture to escape past to keep the motor running at an idling speed. As the throttle

lever or accelerator is advanced it causes the butterfly valve to open and of course permits a larger volume of the gas to pass. It will readily be appreciated that a larger charge of gas causes a heavier explosion than a small charge. For the reason just given, it will be realized how the speed of the motor increases as the heavier charges of gas are admitted into the cylinders.

Gear Changing
When you must use considerable strength to change gears or if there is a clashing of gears when a shift is made, take a look at the clutch. Due to insufficient lubrication, clearance or some other cause, it will usually be found that the clutch does not fully release and that there is a drag which has the above effect on the transmission at the time of making a gear change.

Cord Tires
The air chamber of a cord tire is much larger than that in a fabric tire. When placing an order for a tire cover be sure to state whether it is to be used for a cord or fabric tire. Cord tires do not require as high an air pressure as do fabric tires. Owners who have been using fabric tires are apt to inflate the cord tires to the old high pressure. Obtain the recommended pressure at the time of purchasing the tire.

No Power
"Lots of pep on the level but she lays down cold on the hills," is a common way of expressing the thought that the car lacks power on the hills. If a combustible charge is taken into the cylinder, tightly compressed and fired on time, then the car should not quit on the hills unless, of course, the grade is too steep. One of the chief reasons for a car quitting on hills is failure of the valves to seat promptly. On the level when a high speed is hit up, the compression periods are short. However, on the grades when the motor is compelled to "pull on the traces," so to speak, the compression period is much longer and the leakage past the valves is very noticeable. Another cause for lack of power is worn piston rings. If it is found that the rings do not hold compression it is well to first determine that the cylinder bores are true. If not, the cylinders should be reground and oversize pistons and rings fitted. However, if the bores are true, proper installation of new rings should be sufficient to restore power. When it is found that all cylinders develop good compression and yet the car does not do well on grades, it will be well to try a trifle richer mixture.

Fuel Consumption
Drivers of cars that were built several years ago have probably found that the mileage received per gallon of fuel is low. This is due to there being a better grade of gas at the time these models were built and provision was not made for heating the air and manifolds. Operating conditions at present vary greatly from those of years ago and owners of the earlier models will do well to install an efficient present-day carburetor, also inquire at an accessory house for an attachment for heating the manifold.

Answers to Correspondents
ENGINE RUNS HOT.—What causes my 1918 model Ford to get hot when running? It keeps the water boiling continually. Have had it cleaned thoroughly, also timer adjusted, but it did not seem to help.

A.—Make certain the rubber hose connections are not kinked so that the flow of water through them is not impeded. If you are certain that the water is circulating, look at the fan belt. It may be loose. Check the ignition for being late and be sure that you are obtaining a full advance on the spark. If the carburetor mixture is lean, try richening it a trifle. The oil line that conducts the oil to the front of the motor may be clogged, although it would appear to me that you would have experienced bearing trouble. By the expression, "so hot," I am assuming that the water boils, but if not kindly bear in mind that a motor temperature is not at the danger point until the water actually boils.

RACING ACCESSORIES FOR FORD.—Please answer the following questions concerning accessories to adapt a Ford for track work. (1) Do you approve of sixteen-valve racing head? (2) Crankshaft counterbalances? (3) Underlugs parts? (4) Which are best for racing work, disk or wire wheels?

A.—A sixteen-valve arrangement for racing work is most satisfactory. A special counterbalanced crankshaft is also common practice for duty of this kind. The underslung effect is quite essential to prevent sliding, etc. Although I am not up to the minute on racing cars, it would be my suggestion that you obtain better gears than 4 to 1 for the rear axle. I have seen advertisements issued by accessory houses showing gears around 2 to 1 ratio for racing duty. Wire wheels have so far proved to be the popular issue with racers, but disk wheels give less air resistance and are more efficient at racing speeds, according to results of recent tests.

GRINDING IN HIGH GEAR.—The differential of my "400" 1919 model Chevrolet makes a loud grinding sound in high gear. The pinion gear on drive shaft wore out and I put in new pinion gear. The other gears are all right. Could the axle or drive shaft be bent to cause the grind? **J. A. F., Belton, Texas.**
A.—While I cannot vouch for the alignment on your car I wish to state that several manufacturers do not make a practice of furnishing one gear alone. Were you to be in need of a drive pinion you would be compelled to purchase a new ring gear with it. This is due to the fact that the gears are mated to operate with each other silently. While the ring gear on your car may not show wear, it is just possible that the old pinion has altered the pitch somewhat and that the new pinion does not mesh satisfactorily with the old ring gear.

Everybody Was Right
The well-known elastic English language was stretched to the snapping point the other day when a class of students in a Detroit high school attempted to answer a quiz question, "What is gas?"
Out of some sixty answers, here are a few:
Stuff made from coal and widely used for lighting and heating.
Gas is a poison used in warfare. One kind is made of mustard and smarta and another kind called tear gas is made from the juice of onions to make you cry. There is also a laughing gas.
One student who thought it was too good an opportunity to miss wrote that gas was something generated in Washington and piped out over the country through the Congressional Record and the press.
Still another lad wrote that gas was the cause of most stomachaches.

Go year Raincoat Free
We will send a handsome Rainproofed, All-Weather Coat to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to friends. Write today to The Goodyear Mfg. Co., 3168 N. Good-year Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.—Advertisement.

2 TIRES FOR \$9.95 FREE TUBE WITH EACH TIRE

Sensational Cut in Standard Tire Prices!
Two tires for less than the usual cost of one, and a free inner tube with each tire! No double tread or second tires. Our big volume means best tire values anywhere and you get the most in two. Thousands of steady customers are getting full mileage out of these tires and you can get **12,000 MILES**!

You can see the mileage in our tires. Order and prove it! Must order now! This is a special lot selected for record-breaking sale. Supply limited and going double quick.

Note the Bargain Prices on Two Tires of Same Size

Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Size	1 Tire	2 Tires
28x3	4.75	9.50	32x4 1/2	12.75	25.50
30x3	5.25	10.50	32x4 1/2	13.25	26.50
32x3	5.75	11.50	32x4 1/2	13.75	27.50
34x3	6.25	12.50	32x4 1/2	14.25	28.50
36x3	6.75	13.50	32x4 1/2	14.75	29.50
38x3	7.25	14.50	32x4 1/2	15.25	30.50
40x3	7.75	15.50	32x4 1/2	15.75	31.50
42x3	8.25	16.50	32x4 1/2	16.25	32.50
44x3	8.75	17.50	32x4 1/2	16.75	33.50
46x3	9.25	18.50	32x4 1/2	17.25	34.50
48x3	9.75	19.50	32x4 1/2	17.75	35.50
50x3	10.25	20.50	32x4 1/2	18.25	36.50
52x3	10.75	21.50	32x4 1/2	18.75	37.50
54x3	11.25	22.50	32x4 1/2	19.25	38.50
56x3	11.75	23.50	32x4 1/2	19.75	39.50
58x3	12.25	24.50	32x4 1/2	20.25	40.50
60x3	12.75	25.50	32x4 1/2	20.75	41.50

SEND NO MONEY! Shipments C. O. D. express or parcel post. Examine tires on arrival and if not fully satisfied return same at our expense and your money will be promptly refunded. State whether straight side or clincher. **DON'T DELAY! ORDER NOW.**

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CORDS @ 1/2 COST of FABRICS

First quality new cord tires fully backed by our ironclad guarantee for 10,000 miles.

Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Size	1 Tire	2 Tires
28x3	\$7.25	\$14.50	32x4 1/2	\$18.75	\$37.50
30x3	7.75	15.50	32x4 1/2	19.25	38.50
32x3	8.25	16.50	32x4 1/2	19.75	39.50
34x3	8.75	17.50	32x4 1/2	20.25	40.50
36x3	9.25	18.50	32x4 1/2	20.75	41.50
38x3	9.75	19.50	32x4 1/2	21.25	42.50
40x3	10.25	20.50	32x4 1/2	21.75	43.50
42x3	10.75	21.50	32x4 1/2	22.25	44.50
44x3	11.25	22.50	32x4 1/2	22.75	45.50
46x3	11.75	23.50	32x4 1/2	23.25	46.50
48x3	12.25	24.50	32x4 1/2	23.75	47.50
50x3	12.75	25.50	32x4 1/2	24.25	48.50
52x3	13.25	26.50	32x4 1/2	24.75	49.50
54x3	13.75	27.50	32x4 1/2	25.25	50.50
56x3	14.25	28.50	32x4 1/2	25.75	51.50
58x3	14.75	29.50	32x4 1/2	26.25	52.50
60x3	15.25	30.50	32x4 1/2	26.75	53.50

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Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Size	1 Tire	2 Tires
28x3	\$4.75	\$9.50	32x4 1/2	\$7.95	\$15.90
30x3	5.25	10.50	32x4 1/2	8.45	16.90
32x3	5.75	11.50	32x4 1/2	8.95	17.90
34x3	6.25	12.50	32x4 1/2	9.45	18.90
36x3	6.75	13.50	32x4 1/2	9.95	19.90
38x3	7.25	14.50	32x4 1/2	10.45	20.90
40x3	7.75	15.50	32x4 1/2	10.95	21.90
42x3	8.25	16.50	32x4 1/2	11.45	22.90
44x3	8.75	17.50	32x4 1/2	11.95	23.90
46x3					

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Save Half

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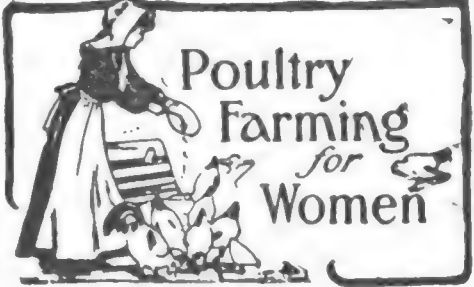
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BY KATH V. SAINT MAUR.

Making Turkeys Pay

YOUNG turkeys have been so difficult to raise during the last few years that the supply is deplorably short in the markets, and the prices correspondingly high, although the disease known as blackhead not being known or recognized by the average farmer. I receive many letters every month describing the symptoms of ailing turkeys, complaining of how young turkeys die off, and asking if I can tell the cause and give a remedy.

Few people realize, because the heads of the birds were not discolored, that nearly all these mysterious deaths were caused by blackhead. The name has caused people to consider it a dis-



CHAMPION BRONZE TURKEY.

ease affecting the head only, whereas it affects the head, breast, and frequently there is no trace of discoloration, even in the advanced stages of the disease.

Dr. Theobald Smith first ascertained that this disease, which is especially characterized by great sores in the liver and ceca, was caused by a microbe—*Amoeba meleagridis*. In explaining the character of the disease, he compared it to amoebic dysentery in the human subject—a disease which also attacks the large intestine and liver.

The amoeba is a microscopic animal parasite capable of living within the tissues of the turkey, its host. It can grow and reproduce itself in large numbers, thereby causing irritations, destruction of the tissues and nearly always death of the invalid turkey.

Chronic cases furnish a large variety of morbid cases, evidently caused by the inability of the tissues of the patient to overcome and reduce the irritating masses. The liver and cecal sores are always present in recent cases, and disappear only in cases which have recovered.

The caecum may exhibit but a minute sore, but the liver, except when nearly healed, always exhibits a large number of sores. When turkeys die after a long-continued illness, their heads, which are usually red in health, become more or less darkened. In acute cases they die so quickly, as to leave no impression as to a change of color in the head.

The majority of young poult die after a day or two of droopiness. Adults may droop longer and pass into chronic stages of the disease. Refusing to eat and standing apart are late symptoms. Starvation in chronic cases produces thinness.

When the disease in the caecum is slight, it is doubtful if the affected birds have diarrhea, which is more or less present in other cases. In many of the older poult the droppings will be liquid, and stained orange yellow; this is the most characteristic symptom of all. Sometimes there are blackened blood clots in the droppings, indicating slight hemorrhages.

Experiments show that more than four-fifths of the young poult exposed in infected yards die before they are six weeks old. The disease has been mistakenly supposed to be one confined to older birds. It is notably a disease affecting young turkeys, but one from which the older keys do not escape. Of the one-fifth which do escape or survive an acute attack, at least ten to twenty per cent. may die, during the year, at almost any age. Examination of the organs is the only sure means of telling the cause of death.

The amoeba are transmitted from diseased turkeys to others through the droppings, which contaminate the food with which they come in contact. It has been proved that the amoeba may also be carried by ordinary fowl, and may be transmitted by them to turkeys in the same manner. So you see once again the importance of exercising a strict cleanliness is impressed upon us country people.

About two years ago I gave our readers a summary of the work which had been conducted at the Rhode Island Experiment Station by Professor Hadley. The first point strongly emphasized was the necessity for reducing the amount of food usually given to young turkeys do not escape. Of the one last fifteen years convinced him that the parasite which produces blackhead can only be developed in the intestines of a young bird when it has been weakened by indiscreet feeding which has clogged the bowels and rendered the tissues susceptible to attack, and that the only true method of fighting the disease is along the lines of prevention—in other words, keeping the bird's intestines in such a clean, healthy condition that the parasites have no chance to attack them. The second point is, that certain acids materially retard the growth of the parasite, so that in connection with reduced feed, sour milk is the most powerful agent in checking the development of the disease. Beyond which it is probable that beside the effect of the sour milk itself, the bacteria always present in sour milk is also beneficial to the tissues of the intestines. But Professor Hadley found that clabbered in the usual domestic way, or by any of the preparations usually sold for the pur-

pose, does not contain sufficient acidity to be of value in fighting off the parasites. When they have once been introduced into the bird's intestines, he recommended the use of a foreign bacterium; but it is a very expensive remedy, and I believe really unnecessary, if you will take means to eradicate the sources of contagion at this season of the year, and so prevent the parasite from being in existence on your farm next spring, which would effectually prevent any chance of their being introduced into the young turkey's intestines.

As common chickens, as well as old turkeys, harbor the parasites which cause blackhead, and can be so little affected that they show no signs of ill health, though their droppings will spread the disease, it is plain that the first step in eradicating the premises of the contagion is to keep turkeys and common fowls apart, and the turkeys in restricted quarters for at least some part of the year, so that it will be easy to purify and get them into good breeding condition before the mating season.

Making enclosures may seem a needless expense to most farmers, but I assure you, friend, it pays, for it makes it possible to safeguard against disease, regulate breeding, and all the eggs and control the setting period.

The wire around our enclosure was only four feet high. One wing of each bird was cut to prevent them flying over it. We utilized a piece of poor brush land which had good natural drainage, on which we made three enclosures of about half an acre each and one not quite so large to keep the toms in during the breeding season. A rough shelter of slabs made of sassafras poles was put up, none of them less than nine inches in circumference. This is one of the important items in fixing a place for turkeys. Being heavy, large-footed birds, they are uncomfortable, and positively suffer, if compelled to balance themselves on small perches.

Early in March half barrels were secreted among the brush in the yards so that the hens would become accustomed to their appearance and consider them safe hiding places for their eggs. About the middle of the month we commenced to keep a lookout for eggs in the half barrels and in stolen nests. When one is found it is purloined and a china egg put into its place; ditto when the second one is taken, but after that no more china eggs are dropped, as two always seemed to satisfy Mrs. Turkey, no matter how long she might go on laying. Unlike common hens, turkeys are not attracted to a nest by an egg. In fact, they retain so much of the wild nature that they will not adopt a nest that has been used by another bird; so never distribute nest eggs as decoys, but only as substitutes for those abstracted.

Now I am a strong believer in prevention rather than cure, and my advice is to take time by the forelock, and dose the birds right now. Then there will be less fear of contamination in the spring, when young birds are around. Young stock are not strong enough to withstand any strain on their vitality, and, what is more, all intestinal parasites seem to develop and mature more rapidly in young creatures than in mature stock. Young birds can be kept free if they are properly fed, unless they become contaminated by droppings from other birds. For this reason it is wisdom to purify the old birds that are strong enough to stand medicine; besides, it is easier to dose a few old birds than a lot of youngsters.

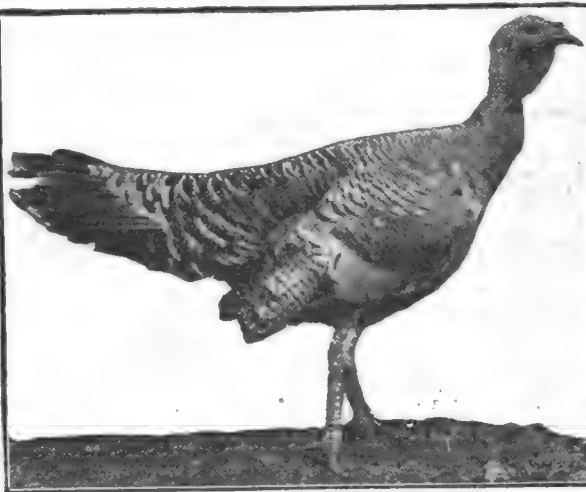
How to Condition Breeding Stock

All our stock, young and old, are given free range from about the fifteenth of June until the end of October. During that time the birds are all driven into one enclosure at night. The other three enclosures are then given a heavy top dressing of fresh lime to clean the ground and give it time to become thoroughly sweetened before they are used again. About October 15th the birds we intend to keep for breeding are confined at one end of the night enclosure by a temporary wire fence. For twelve hours they receive no food, then each one is given two tablespoonfuls of castor oil just as it begins to get light enough for the birds to move about, they are driven into one of the clean enclosures, where they are kept for about a month. As soon as it is quite light, and they have stopped fussing about being moved, they are given a light feed of dry grain, scratch feed, or oats and wheat mixed, and one teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium flakes are dissolved in a quart of water. After stirring thoroughly, three quarts of cold water are added, and the drinking vessels filled. They have this same mixture as a drink for the whole month, during which time they are given a mash once a week made by moistening ground corn and oats with castor oil. Besides which, they get a feed twice a day of scratch feed and mixed grain. At the end of the month they are moved into another clean yard and the yard they have been in is again dressed with fresh lime and closed up so the ground will have time to be freed from all contamination before it is used again in the spring.

After the birds are moved into the clean yard, stop the weekly oil mash and permanganate of potassium, but add fifteen grains of naphthol to each quart of drinking water one day in every week until February. About a week give a light feed of mash—about a quart for every ten birds, and mix a generous tablespoonful of powdered rue leaves into it.

February 1st, stop all dosing; increase the amount of oats, and gradually introduce a little animal food, such as commercial beef scraps and bone meal or fresh, lean scraps from your butcher if you can get them.

From November, when the birds are moved



FIRST PRIZE HEN TURKEY.

into the second yard, they can be given free range if there is no other poultry running at large, though personally I prefer keeping them in one enclosure until March, when we put five hens and one tom into two of the enclosures which have not been used during the winter. Then about April 1st the toms are separated from the hens and confined in a small enclosure which is divided into two yards by a wire netting of one-inch mesh. The fine netting is used for this partition to prevent the toms from picking and injuring each other's wattles, as they would do if large-sized mesh was used.

As turkey hens stop laying and become broody, they are taken out of their own yard, kept in a small wire pen for about a week, to break them up, and then put into one of the yards with a tom. After about a week they can be returned to their own yard, and will soon commence to

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Changes Old Methods—No Dusting or Spraying—Birds Delouse Themselves. Gives Lasting Relief.

A recent discovery promises to revolutionize all methods accepted up to now for keeping poultry free from lice and mites. This wonderful lice remover keeps the birds always free without the poultry raiser doing any work. It is the simplest, easiest, surest and best method ever discovered.



Hick's Lice-Go, which is the name of this sensational lice remedy, is added to the drinking water. The medicine taken into the system of the bird comes out through the oil glands of the skin and every louse or mite leaves the body. It does not injure the hatchability or flavor of the eggs or meat; is harmless to chicks and does not affect the plumage. A few days' treatment at the start and then a little in the drinking water each month.

A Trial Costs You Nothing

So confident is Mr. Hick that Hick's Lice-Go will remove every louse or mite, that he is making a special guaranteed offer of a regular full sized, double strength, \$1.00 package of Lice-Go and a regular \$1.00 package of Hick's Eggs-Lay Tablets all for \$1.00. Send \$1.00 today (currency, money order, check, etc.) to Chas. E. Hick & Co., Dept. 311, 1018 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. If you prefer, send no money, just your name and address, and pay postman \$1.00 and postage on delivery. If after 30 days' trial you are not absolutely satisfied, write Mr. Hick and your money will be refunded.

lay again. As soon as the stock is taken out of the winter enclosure and put into the breeding yard, the winter yard, should be treated with fresh lime, and left to sweeten until wanted for brood coops and baby turks.

Necessary care and feed for young turkeys I will give in one of our spring numbers.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, August, 1922. Send your questions, give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

J. J. R.—As the hen seems to be well, and has made the same coughing noise for some months, I should not think it could be anything serious. But it might be a good idea to dip a wing feather in a mixture of turpentine and sweet oil, push it down the wing, give it one or two sharp turns, and pull out quickly. She may have gonorrhea, which she may not be able to discharge by coughing. I have had no experience with the lice cure you name.

H. F.—This seems another case of overfeeding, like L. C. S., answer to which please read. Have your ducks a dry sleeping place and plenty of clean bedding? Ducks make their sleeping place so damp that their bedding must be changed often or they get rheumatism. Try rubbing their shanks with equal parts of turpentine and sweet oil.

L. E. E.—Stop the mash entirely. Get commercial scratch feed, or mix cracked corn and cracked oats. Feed your chickens night and morning with this mixture, and keep a hopper filled with mash always before them. For the early baby chicks, chop up a boiled egg, shell and all, mix with a cup of stale bread-crumbs and one chopped onion. Feed two tablespoonfuls to each ten chickens once a day for the first week. For the other four feeds during the day use commercial chick food. Give sour milk in a pan for them to drink. Of course, I suppose you know that they must have nothing of any kind to eat or drink for thirty-six hours after hatching.

L. S.—We have no catalogue of stock for sale.

E. B.—You don't tell me if the chickens are young or old, or how you feed, so it is almost impossible to form any idea of the cause of the trouble. If they are mature hens, I don't think that the trouble was due to feeding, ending in apoplexy. If so, cut down on feed, omitting corn entirely, and put magnesia in the drinking water every three days for a month.

D. L.—The hen is egg bound. Hold her with the vent over a small pail of hot water for a few minutes, then insert sweet oil into the vent, and pour about a teaspoonful down her throat.

L. C. S.—This was clearly a case of killing by kindness. Ducks that are on free range should only have two meals a day after they are three weeks old, and these should be a mixture of bran and ground oats.

G. G.—Worms are one of the most common troubles in the poultry family. Worms only seem to injure the birds much but unfortunately, unless checked, they multiply very rapidly, and affect the bird's health very seriously. Make a coop with wire netting instead of boards for a floor. Put in a perch and elevate the coop on legs, so that the droppings will pass through the wire mesh, out of the bird's way. Put in birds which you think are affected, in this coop, a few at a time, keep them without food all day, and late in the evening administer one tablespoonful of castor oil. In the morning, give only a light feed, and drinking water with permanganate of potassium in it. For quantity, see latter part of this month's article, at the beginning of the department, and give your whole flock the same treatment as recommended for turkeys, stopping all medicine at least six weeks before eggs are to be used for hatching.

A. B.—Well-bred birds of the Rhode Island variety are supposed to make good broilers, but I think White Wyandottes are slightly better, especially if the market calls for broilers of from one to one and a quarter pounds. Light Brahmas are not good for broilers, though excellent when mature, for roasters. They have large frames, and naturally don't put on flesh until they are full grown.

O. B.—Please read the beginning of the department this month.

J. O. J.—I am afraid, from the description you give of the liver and the white spots on it, that the rooster has tuberculosis. Doctoring is of little avail when the disease gets headway. The only chance is to destroy any birds which look out of condition, and then make a desperate attempt to banish the germs from the premises. Scrub and scrub, and use plenty of fresh lime in the yard or on the land where the poultry is in the habit of congregating. Remember that fresh lime will injure the poultry, so the birds should be shut up for at least three days after its use. Like blackhead, the disease is spread through the droppings, so this month's article will give you some idea of the importance of keeping the land clean.

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A handsomely illustrated Style book showing all the latest New York and Chicago Fall and Winter styles in men's suits and containing 48 beautiful cloth samples of the finest virgin wool fabrics is being distributed free by the Bell Tailors, Dept. 1296, Chicago, Ill., the largest concern in the world selling made-to-measure suits and overcoats direct to wearers. The values offered are simply amazing. Heavy virgin wool blue serges, fine silk mixed worsteds, cassimeres, and overcoatings are all included at the low price of \$29.50. Tailored to individual measure in any size or style. The measurement system used is so simple that any member of your family can take your measure, and the Bell Tailors guarantee to fit you perfectly or there is no charge. Send for style book and cloth samples today.—Adv.

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COMFORT needworkers will welcome this splendid new transfer outfit consisting of five large sheets of patterns, five skeins embroidery cotton, different colors: hoops, bone stiletto and book on embroidery stitches. This grand pattern assortment, which easily surpasses anything we ever offered before, includes more than one hundred thirty new stylish motifs for all kinds of wearing apparel, table linen, towels, handkerchiefs and many beautiful articles of fancy work for home decoration. They may be used singly and in innumerable combinations. There are designs for corset covers, petticoats, collars, borders and sprays for dresses, lingerie, etc., borders for braid, etc., etc., anchors, repeat scallops in five different sizes, two sizes of fancy scalloped, fleur-de-lis, French knots, child's dress, Dutch figures, scarf ends for Bulgarian work, rose design for pillow, corners for table covers, centerpieces, lunch cloths, handkerchiefs, etc., etc., 17-inch butterfly centerpiece, doilies, one complete 1/4-inch Old English alphabet, one complete 1/4-inch initial block alphabet, and various other designs—over one hundred thirty in all. The patterns may be instantly transferred to any material by simply rubbing with bowl of a spoon or by pressing with a hot iron. They can be used at least six times with satisfactory results.

Remember—in addition to all these patterns, we also include free of charge, five skeins good embroidery cotton in different colors, hoops, bone stiletto and a book illustrating and describing all the principal embroidery stitches, making embroidery so simple that a child can do it.

We will make you a present of this big transfer outfit if you will accept the following offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this complete Transfer Outfit, exactly as described, free by mail postpaid. Reward No. 9272. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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THESE Crystal Beads are the latest thing out and so beautiful are they we could not refrain from buying a quantity to give as club rewards to our young lady readers. The Necklace is 24 inches in length, with a strong, durable gold-plated clasp; the beads are graduated, the largest ones measuring 3/4 inch, and the smallest 1/4 inch in size. They are real cut glass—not pressed glass—and their flashing prismatic colors are a delight to the eye. For summer wear, with low-neck dresses, nothing could be more stylish than one of these handsome new necklaces and we are delighted to think that we are able to make this offer. Be sure to state color desired when ordering. You can have your choice of Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

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THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, handsome, stylish, and perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables. A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little necessities. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following:

For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish Gate Top mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. Reward No. 7833. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

much opposition as I can against such exhibits. Let all of our League do likewise. It is action in harmony with our rules and purposes. We are a Big Family and are a powerful one when we act together toward a common end. Let us strive in every way to give no pain to, and save from pain, every living creature which in its own way seeks for happiness. There are enough legitimate forms of amusement without making use of those inextricably connected with suffering for those who give us the amusement. Thanks again for your letter, Gomer.

SOUTH COULTON, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA: Hello, Uncle! It's raining cats and dogs and I wonder if I dare to venture out? Maybe I can borrow Tom Thumb's boots and then I'll be "write" over. Yes, Tom says I may but I must be very careful and not get them wet. There, Uncle, I've got that far and maybe Billy will let me get farther. Don't tell Billy, but I'm dreadfully afraid of him. And say, I know Bill is good looking and all that, but that's no excuse for him—he's too hard on the flappers. I believe once upon his time in the past he had an "affaire du coeur." Thanks, Uncle Lisha, for standing up for the flappers. You're a prophet and I'll try and make your prophecy come true to the best of my ability. It's wonderful to see such faith in youth. Don't the boys and girls give interesting descriptions of their towns? Do you know, my secret wish is that some future day I may travel and see every town and city in the state and every state, too. I'd rather see the good old U. S. A. than Europe. So many tourists see nothing of America's beauties, instead they spend their time grubbing in ruins of Europe. "America for Americans"—that's me!

Shirley Mae Smith, if you see this, I want to tell you you've a position I'm interested in. Reporting! That's a magic word. Well, here's hoping you succeed and become a star reporter.

I notice all the cousins give their writeups, so I shall follow suit: My eyes are hazel brown, complexion fair, and my hair is gold brown. I'm about five feet three or four inches short. Now I'd like to have all the boys and girls write. Please do!

Sincerely, FLORENCE WOOD.

Step in, Florence, and put your boots to dry over in the corner by the gas radiator. The wetter the day, the better it is to have cheerful company and someone who does not talk about their rheumatism and the world going to the bow-wows. I mention no names, of course. Now that you have started on your travels and got so far as Brooklyn, I hope you will keep on with your itinerant ambitions and not stop until you have covered all of the little old U. S. A. and its forty-eight stars. You can send us back stories as you go. As for travelers, there are loads of tourists who crossed to Europe this past summer, Flo. And if they wanted to grab antiquity, in addition to its regular stock of century-aged relics, Europe was able to display some special new samples lately completed and added to her line. Besides digging into these ruins, our American tourists had to dig deeply into their jeans, you may be sure. Europe owes us a lot of money, and the more she can collect from us when we voyage over there, why the easier it will be for her to pay her debts. Hotel proprietors and shopkeepers across the pond are remembering this and have made tariffs accordingly. We are not the only high tariff country, you see!

Florence, it was a delicate matter, but to settle things I asked Bill about that "affaire du coeur" you suggested in your letter. And what do you think was the result? "Uncle Lisha," said he, "you know I always avoid dogs when possible. But I have found them most undiscriminating. But I do remember an affair with a cur in Kansas City who once chased me three blocks before I got my second wind. Flo, sometimes I think that for all his crude airs, Billy does not know so much as he would like to make folks believe. At any rate, this answer of his would seem to tell us that a mastery of French is not among his accomplishments. And we are no wiser than before, you see!

RUSHVILLE, R. R. 10, IND.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: Here I am back again after failing to get my first letter in print. I'm really glad, Uncle, that you did not print my first letter. I'll tell you why. In the first place, it was not a very sensible letter for a boy of my age, and in the second place I said things about the "fair sex" that I was sorry for after I mailed the letter.

I will describe myself as all the cousins do: I am five feet, eight inches tall; weight 140 pounds, eyes brown, light brown hair, light complexion and I am twenty years old.

We have been readers of good old COMFORT for several years, but were not taking it at the time Uncle Charlie died, and were surprised to hear later of his death.

I live on a farm of three hundred and eighty-some acres—I don't know just how many. It is an awful hilly place—yellow clay hills. Most farms around here are pretty level except this one. Most of the soil in this part of the state is black and seems to raise pretty good crops—corn and wheat being the main ones. There is also a good deal of long green tobacco and watermelons raised down here. Most of the farmers raise a good deal of livestock, too, hogs being the principal one. There is a farmer a mile down the road from us who is feeding between six hundred and a thousand this summer.

Uncle, I wish you and the cousins could have been down to our centennial last week, celebrating Rushville's one hundredth birthday. I know you would have enjoyed yourself. I mean our baked cake weighing five hundred pounds, which was cut to feed four thousand visitors. Some cake, wasn't it?

I have been picking raspberries today and have got about four thousand briars to pick out of my hands and arms, so I will close for this time, hoping to see this letter in print. I will send Billy a big piece of raspberry pie if he will pass this letter. I would like to receive letters from some of the cousins, boys and girls both. I will answer all I can.

Your nephew, GEORGE SAGER.

George, the girls will all be glad to see you join the repentance squad, even if they can never know the fearfully cruel knocks you handed out in your first letter. When you wrote before, you were probably grouchy after climbing about that "awfully hilly farm" and getting yellow clay all over your five feet, eight and your white buckskin low shoes. Why did you ever let 'em stick you with a sticky, hilly farm, George, old boy, when all the other acres around you are black and level? Can't you swap it off somehow? I remember cradling eye once on a sidehill farm, with the thermometer 96 in the shade—only there wasn't any shade where I was. About three o'clock in the afternoon, I would have been willing to have traded that farm for a 1906 model, self-stopping Ford or a one-eared blind mule. So I know something of your troubles, you see. Anyway, if your yellow clay is good and sticky, it will prevent your crops rolling off any of the hill fields. There's no hill without some small grain, as the proverb says.

I would have been delighted to have attended Rushville's birthday, George, and eaten pieces of cake number 4,001. But Billy, the demon calculator, sniffed at that cake story of yours. He said that a 500-pound cake, cut for 4,000 people, would only mean two ounces of cake apiece. I would only mean two ounces of cake apiece, or do, if anybody offered him two ounces of cake all at one time! I would not want to be around just then: I am too tender-hearted. Bill likes his cake cut with a long-handled shovel or a hay-knife. This applies to raspberry pie, too, George, if you decide to send him on a carload or two after you have the briars picked out of your raspberry hooks and the yellow clay cleaned from your white buckskins. But take my advice and trade that farm the first chance you get.

ENERGY, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND LEAGUE FOLKS: Just an inconspicuous place in the western section of the League, please! Isn't it strange how fickle are the fancies of human nature—or perhaps I should have said of some humans. I can remember the time, oh, some fifteen years or so ago, when I used to dream of growing up and owning a big candy store. Sure! Why not? In every little boy an angel would come and buy of me—and I would put just about ten times as much candy

NOT MORE THAN ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO ANY FAMILY

I will send anyone anywhere one free Bottle of my Syrup Pepsin—What is Your Address?

THERE is someone in every family who is constipated, bilious, dyspeptic. They need my Syrup Pepsin and will be better off for using it. It may be a woman, an old man, a tiny baby. Syrup Pepsin is as effective for grownups as it is safe for babies. Thousands of mothers can testify to that.

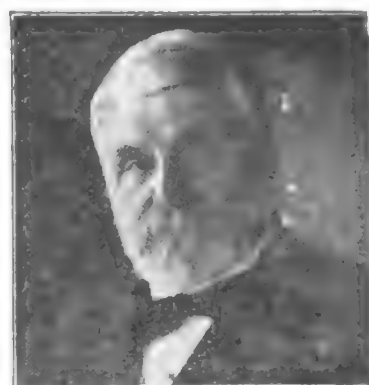
Perhaps you have reached the stage where you take pills every night and think there is nothing else for you to do. Don't believe it! No matter how chronically constipated or dyspeptic you are, Syrup Pepsin will regulate you. It is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that acts on the stomach and intestines, and in a short time trains the digestive organs to do their work naturally and without help.

YES, I TAKE MY OWN MEDICINE!

I know what old people suffer with their bowels for I have been a family physician in my county since 1875, and I am old myself, past 83 years of age; born 1839, and still strong. I don't know of a remedy that is better for old people than my Syrup Pepsin, and I'll tell you why: It is mild and gentle in action; it doesn't gripe, and it doesn't lose its effect when you take it regularly. I know this by using it myself, by prescribing it since 1875 and by manufacturing it since 1892. You can form your own opinion by sending for a free trial bottle.

WHO NEEDS SYRUP PEPSIN

I want to send a free trial bottle of my Syrup Pepsin to anyone who suffers from one or more of the following: Constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, belching, bad taste, bad breath, dizziness, drowsiness and the



DR. W. B. CALDWELL
"As I Am To-day"

many other symptoms of sluggish bowels. If you have children who suffer in this way write for them.

SEND FOR A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

In spite of the fact that my Syrup Pepsin is on sale in every drug store, I want you to become acquainted with it at my expense, and then, if you find it as I claim, buy it of your nearest dealer at a price that will stand you about a cent a dose. One such bottle will last an average family many months. Just now send me your name and address in any way most convenient to yourself, by filling out the coupon below, by postal or letter. I have given many thousands of these bottles away and I know you will appreciate it as keenly as others have. Address me today.

Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 553 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois.

I want to try your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Kindly send a free trial bottle to the address below, all charges prepaid.

Your name

St. or R. F. D.

Town and State

in their sacks as the store man down at the village did in mine!

Then, a few years later, when the teacher told me I had a real sweet voice for a child, and used to put in the "program" to sing for the visitors on Friday afternoons, I began to dream of growing up and becoming a famous operatic star. But my career as a prima donna died a sudden and unannounced death one beautiful day, when I chanced to see and hear a group of Salvation Army girls on the streets of a neighboring city. So! I'd join the Salvation Army when I got old enough; that's what I'd do!

And there were other dreams—some of them fanciful and impractical: such as being a poet (Eugene Field was playing a large part in my young life at that time); a trained nurse; but had proceeded to put his foot down on that ambition, however; and last, but by no means least, I once aspired to the position of a millionaire's wife!

About the only thing I never dreamed of being—in fact, the vocation never did seem to "glimmer with glory" to me—was a schoolma'am; and yet that's precisely what I proceeded to turn out to be and what I am today. Although still young and good looking (?), I am not satisfied. I don't like the work. I wish I had a big cattle ranch, where I could hear the coyotes howl on it, of course; well, I guess I'd just as well quit talking. It's nothing but another air castle, anyway, no doubt. I'll never be a cowgirl, nor an opera singer, nor a nurse—nor nothing much, maybe, but an "old maid school-teacher." But if I do change into something else, I'll come and tell you about it.

Good by. MARY A. ZECHESCH.

I'm sure glad, Mary, that I have an Uncle's privilege to call you by your front name. If I didn't, I would have to wait until I had the hay fever before I would dare to address you with any hope of pronouncing your name straight.

As for "dickie fancies," the thoughts of youth are always long, long thoughts, Mary, as a poet has told us. Mounting over the distant hills of dream they go, little knowing during the happy flights of the flat dusty country that must surely be traveled in future years—sometimes over a hard road with the dream hills only fading farther and farther away in the distance of years. But this need not always be so, thanks be. For dreams have a way of coming true and air-castles often gain substantial foundations. Nothing was ever done without a dreamer in this world, and the most airy of dream-castles is better than an empty corner lot—and brain!

But I'm sorry, Mary, that after you climbed so many hills of delightful fancy, you now have to plod along through what you think is unattractive country, so different from all the dream routes you had planned to travel. Yet no one who teaches need find her life empty or think her career wasted. Someone taught you, Mary, and you have it daily in your power to mould young lives and direct other youthful dreamers of dreams.

So if you never swing a lariat, astride of your cowgirl pony, or meet that good-looking cowboy among the cactus, you can still make for yourself days that "glimmer with glory" just the same. The best of light is that which shines from within. It is the art of happiest wisdom to live and not to be always looking forward to living. And sometimes, along the dustiest of roads, the most glimmer of dreams will come to meet us if we whistle as we go. Why, Mary, I used to think of myself as becoming a fat,

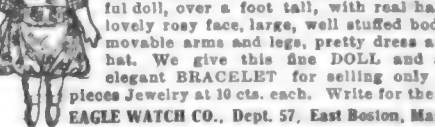
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)



FREE VIOLIN

THIS is a well-made violin and is a popular model; plays also, it is nicely proportioned and well finished. Body is well arched from the center with ample depth from the bridges. It is a beauty. We send it complete, bow, rosin, etc., with FULL INSTRUCTIONS how to play, for selling only 10 pcks. of Perfumed Backet at the post paid.

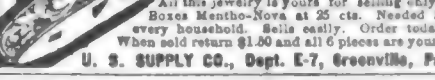
JONES MFG. CO., Dept. 171, ATTLEBORO, MASS.



BEAUTY DOLL FREE WITH REAL HAIR

ALSO HANDSOME BRACELET. Beautiful doll, over a foot tall, with real hair, lovely rosy face, large, well stuffed body, movable arms and legs, pretty dress and hat. We give this fine DOLL and an elegant BRACELET for selling only 15 pieces Jewelry at 10 cts. each. Write for them.

EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 57, East Boston, Mass.



FREE HAMILTON

only 50¢ of our Beautiful Colored Art and Religious Pictures at 10¢ Each. Order Pictures at Once. They Sell so Night. It's Easy to Win This 22-Store Shot Rifle in No Time. Guaranteed. CAIR MFG. CO., 1926 Sunnyside Ave., Desk 101, Chicago

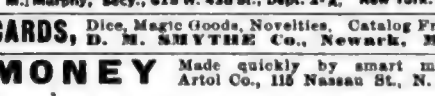


Look and wear like Solid Gold. Guaranteed 5 years. All four free for selling 20 Perfumed Sackets at 10¢ each. Write H. MORE CO., 336 W. 63rd St., N.Y.C.



FREE VIOLIN

Beautiful violin, with bow, book of instructions, and rosin given for selling 25 packages Colored Post-cards at 10¢ a pkg. Columbia Nov. Co., Dept. 748, East Boston, Mass.



Gold Filled BIRTHSTONE RING FREE

This gold filled ring is warranted 5 years. To make friends and introduce our Marquise and Ring Bargains, send for a 9 months' subscription and this Ring, your size with correct birthstone will be sent FREE, postpaid. Give month born. M. J. Murphy, Secy., 615 W. 43d St., Dept. 2-A, New York.

CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free. D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. Artol Co., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.



ALL SIX FREE

This fine pair of pierceless Ear Jewels, this handsome Florette Bracelet, this stylish Platinum effect Pendant and Neck Chain and these 3 lovely Gold plated Rings. All guaranteed and Given FREE for selling only 12 of our latest Jewelry Novelties at 10¢ each. We trust you and treat you square. Order now.

B. C. MEAD MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.



(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66.)



Send Birthday Greetings To Your Friends!

12 Beautifully Engraved Colored Birthday Cards FREE

REMEMBER your friends on their birthdays with these handsome, refined greeting cards, a card for each month of the year, each card with an envelope to match, twelve cards and twelve envelopes in all, put up in a nicely decorated birthday box. They vary in size from 3 1/2 to 4 inches by 4 1/2 inches and are steel engraved with different floral designs emblematic of the months, including Poppies, Violets, Forget-me-nots, Roses, Iris, Wild Rose, Bachelor Buttons, etc., all beautifully tinted in the natural colors of the flowers. The verses are in Shaded Old English and Script and convey to the recipient some tender birthday sentiment and message of good will. The finest of cardstock, known as "kid finish wedding stock," is used for these cards and the envelopes also are of the highest quality in keeping with the cards.

Remember these are nothing like the ordinary birthday "post cards" but the best steel-engraved cards made, the same that are used by people of the very highest social standing. They are cards that you will be proud to send and your friends will be proud to receive and they will cherish them for years as souvenirs of a happy birthday anniversary.

We will send you this fine birthday box containing twelve beautiful birthday greeting cards, with envelopes to match, exactly as described above, if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For only one one-year (not your own) to COMFORT at \$6.00, we will send you this box of twelve steel-engraved, colored birthday greeting cards with envelopes, free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8691. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Eveready Flashlight

THIS is the "Eveready" Daylo, 6 1/2 inches long, 1 1/2 inches in diameter, equipped with a powerful battery that will last for many weeks. It is always ready for use—a simple movement of the finger turns the light on or off as desired. In the light it shows the way around the house without fuss or bother—it lights up the darkest rooms, attics or basements. It can be used in the shed or barn, around hay, powder, or gasoline without the slightest danger of fire. Outdoors, neither wind nor rain can put it out. When riding or walking after dark, it throws a brilliant light far in advance, showing up every object long before you reach it. This flashlight is so useful you should not think of getting along without one. Safe, convenient, always ready when you want it, it is the best insurance against fire and accident in the world.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Eveready flashlight complete with battery, all ready for business, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Reward No. 7984. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Send Only Three Subscriptions For This Cut Glass Sugar and Creamer—Or Two Subscriptions For The Pickle Dish Or Spoon Tray!

WE want to ask our women readers—did you ever see or hear of a more remarkable offer?

Just think of the small number of subscriptions required to earn any one or all of these beautiful cut glass pieces.

And it is real cut glass—of good weight and thickness—clear, brilliant, crystal glass, exquisitely hand cut in a new and beautiful design. Each piece is full size with the same handsome floral pattern that shines completely around the outside in graceful curves, while on the bottom of each piece is a heavily cut, many-pointed star. The rim of both sugar and creamer is deeply notched.

Do you wonder how we can make this offer? A certain factory, realizing that we shall probably use thousands of these sets, has made us an unusually low price. That's the whole story. And the result is we can give you your choice of this rich genuine cut glass absolutely free in return for the easiest half hour's work you ever did.

Club Offers. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT and Creamer by prepaid insured parcel post. (Reward No. 8663). Or for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you your choice of either the Pickle Dish (Reward No. 8462), or the Spoon Tray (Reward No. 8412). Or we will send you the complete set of all four pieces free and prepaid for a club of seven one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. (Reward No. 7457).



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

E. R. Jinks, Ky.—When and how fruit is served depends upon the meal of which it forms a part. At breakfast, it is the usual custom to serve fruit as the first portion of the repast. Grapefruit has perhaps the most popularity as a breakfast-starter in America. A half of the fruit should be placed before each guest—the fruit having previously been prepared with a sharp knife so that all segments are loosened from the skin so that they may be eaten with a spoon. Sugar is best not served on the fruit, but offered separately so that individual tastes may be pleased. Some hardy breakfasters prefer their fruit unsweetened. Oranges may be served in the same manner as grapefruit, or may be sliced in thin slices and served with powdered sugar, offered separately, as before. Apples, bananas, plums, peaches, etc., are best served whole, to be eaten and sweetened as preferred. Grapefruit may sometimes be served as the first course of a luncheon, or this or any of the other fruits mentioned may make the concluding course of a summer midday meal. At dinner, fruit is properly the last course. It may even take the place of a sweet course and serve as a dessert, or it may accompany cheese and coffee in the European manner of finishing off the principal meal of the day. We would all be happier and healthier if fruit, in its various forms and preparations, could be more generally substituted for the pastry and heavily sweetened desserts too often served at the end of a full meal. (2) You may smile a word of "Thanks" to any guest who compliments you upon the quality of the dinner you have served. No more formal expression is needed.

SUNSHINE, Colorado.—A gentleman tips his hat as a part of his bow of greeting to any lady. Your answering bow is the only necessary acknowledgment of this customary form. (2) As in greeting, a gentleman also tips his hat when leaving a lady who has met him, or with whom he has been conversing in a car or other place. As stated in your first answer, your own bow is a correct response and the only one needed.

A BRIDE-TO-BE, Pennsylvania.—Wedding announcements are sent out as coming from the bride's parents. They are quite properly mailed to any of the groom's friends and relatives whom he may list—even though any or all of them may be his own relatives. Any stationer from whom you may order your announcements will show you samples of the usual form used in wedding announcements. You have COMFORT's best wishes for your future happiness.

BOBBY, Ossipee, N. H.—On no occasion does a gentleman "take" a lady's arm in the same manner that custom has decreed she should take his. In crossing a street or in any crowded place, a gentleman may place his hand upon the arm of a lady with him, to lead or direct her, but he does not properly "take" her arm in the manner your question denotes. Modern custom uses little linking of arms, and woman walks independently as she has begun to do in so many ways—actually and metaphorically. We hope this settles your argument.

UNDECIDED, Summerfield, Ill.—Yes; a girl of sixteen may attend dances when accompanied by her mother. Have your "joyous good time" and let your friends be as critical as they like. If your mother approves and acts as your chaperon, there is no ground for criticism. We agree with you about the "unsightly" dances—and we cannot be ungrateful, too.

TEXAS BLUE BONNET.—It makes absolutely no difference who speaks first when a boy or girl who know each other meet on the street or in any other place. (2) A girl "takes" a boy's arm, he never takes hers. Although he may, upon occasion, grasp her arm lightly in order to offer lead or direction in a crowded or difficult situation. See above reply to Bobby, Ossipee, N. H.

LILY, Arkansas.—Most assuredly the right sort of boys will not think less of you, nor avoid you because your family may not have a generous share of this world's goods. You are right in knowing it is what you are, and not what you have, which sets the true standard. Those who accept any other standard of merit establish their own in so doing. Be honest yourself, keep your self-respect and you will be worthy of the respect and admiration of those whose respect and attentions are really valuable and enduring.

M. L., Ravendale, Wash.—Although there would be nothing very incorrect in your kissing your fiancé farewell as you stepped on a train to leave town, yet it might be just as well to have this intimate "good by" beforehand and not in so public a place.

E. S., Bristol, S. D.—We think you should ask this girl frankly to tell you what has suddenly set her parents against you. She must know, and if she loves you and is interested in clearing up the difficulty she ought to be able to tell you what part of your conduct has proved objectionable to her family and how you should act in the future to remove this prejudice. Let her understand that you seriously care for her and that the situation troubles you. If you wish, you may ask her to marry you—but you should plan to make any engagement outlast her school term, so that she may properly finish her education. It may be that this girl's parents do not regard your attentions seriously and think you are wasting their daughter's time and interfering with her classes. A frank and manly statement on your part, both to her and to them, may clear up the whole situation. At any rate, you would have known that you acted correctly and honestly. Go ahead and speak your piece. We wish you luck.

OUR STUDENTS SAY

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
Chas. F. Holland.

Dear Sir:—I teach my guitar in good condition and am now on my ninth lesson. I am having no trouble at all, and must say that I am more than satisfied with the course and the simplicity of it. Any person who will just half try will surely succeed. I have never studied music of any kind. Consequently did not know one note from another and thus far I have committed all my lessons to memory. I am in a way handicapped by the loss of the index finger of the right hand, but by little practice I found no great difficulty in playing or picking the different changes. So I say any person who has all of their fingers, with a little practice should experience little or no difficulty by your wonderful method. I will be pleased to recommend your course to my friends.

Very respectfully,
B. R. South.

Koester School,
314 So. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.,
First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.

I shall certainly be very glad to recommend your course whenever the chance is mine to do so. Mr. W. R. Johnson has not phoned me yet, and does not phone in a day or so, will write him. An ardent admirer of Miss Helen Slavik, I think I will help to secure her enrollment, and will call on her any time I can. I will send a personal letter to anyone whom you may suggest.

Your former student,
W. L. Walker.

Your favorite instrument given away FREE with first lesson. Special course for Violin, Banjo, Tenor Banjo, or Ukulele.

You Can Play the Hawaiian Guitar Just Like the Hawaiians!

Because Our Native Hawaiian Instructors Will Help You

Our method of teaching is so simple, plain and easy that you begin on a piece with your first lesson. In half an hour you can play it.

ONLY 4 MOTIONS We have reduced the necessary motions you learn to only four and you acquire these in a few minutes. Then it is only a matter of little practice to acquire the weird, fascinating tremolos, staccatos, flurs and other effects that make this instrument so delightful. The Hawaiian Guitar plays any kind of music, both the melody and the accompaniment.

FREE Just think of it. 52 lessons on this wonderful guitar. You get a beautiful large sized genuine Hawaiian guitar absolutely free as soon as you enroll for the lessons. All the necessary picks, the steel playing bar and 52 pieces of music are included without cost to you.

Special Arrangements for Lessons if You Have Your Own Guitar

Play Any Music Just Tear Off and Mail Today

First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc.
233 Broadway (Woolworth Bldg.), New York City

I am interested in the HAWAIIAN GUITAR. Please send complete information, special price offer, etc., etc.

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ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

Print name and address clearly. (C.O.M. 10)

[TEAR OUT COUPON]



IMPORTED SLEEPING DOLL WITH FREE HAIR

ALSO DOLL'S FURNITURE

Beautiful Doll, real hair, bisque head, eyes that open and close, movable arms and legs, beautiful hat, dress, shoes and stockings that take off. We give Sleeping Doll and Set Doll's Furniture for selling 25 packages Colored Postcards at 10 cents a package. Write for them.

Dept. 745, East Boston, Mass.



GIVEN MOVING PICTURE MACHINE

Fine moving picture machine with supply of films. Easy to operate, by oil or electricity. Free for selling only 12 boxes of Manito-Nova. Sell at 25c a box, return the \$3 and receive this dandy premium. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order now. Hundreds of other premiums and big Cash Commission.

U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. D-46, Greenville, Pa.



10 YEAR GUARANTEE

Watch, Ring & Chain Given—We positively give a genuine American Stem Wind Set Watch, beautifully designed case, warranted time-keeper. 10-year guarantee. You keep the watch and chain. We give you 25 packages of Colored Postcards at 10 cents a package. When sold send us \$3.00 a watch and chain and ring. Write for them.

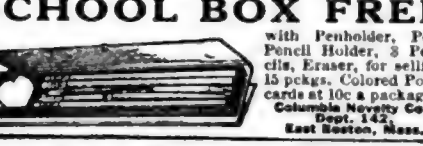
426-28 West 9th Street, Dept. 377, Chicago



VIOLIN GIVEN

This special sweet toned violin given for selling two lots of 10 pictures at 10c each. Order pictures today. This real darning Gem Set Ring also given as extra present for promptness.

HAY ART CO., Dept. 38, Chicago, Ill.



SCHOOL BOX FREE

with Pencilholder, Pen, Pencil Holder, 3 Pencils, Eraser, for selling 15 packages Colored Postcards at 10c a package. Colored Postcard Co., Dept. 142, East Boston, Mass.



Hawaiian Ring FREE!

Set with long oval stone about one inch long and 1-4 inch wide. Stone mounted in all manner of colors, giving a combination beautiful in the extreme. Shanks of rose gold trimmings. Free for selling 15 packages Colored Postcards at 10c a package. Write for them.

Introduce our Magazine and Ring. Your size will be sent FREE. M. Murphy, Sec'y, 615 W. 43d St., Dept. 3-A, New York.



FREE LEVER-ACTION RIFLE

This dandy 31-inch lever action rifle is yours for selling only 20 packages of Colored Postcards at 10c each. Write for them.

Order Now. SUN MFG. CO. DEPT. 325 CHICAGO

12 Karat Gold Wedding Ring

New Oval Narrow Band Style

JEWELERS make a big profit on rings. When you pay the jeweler's price for a wedding ring, the chances are you get a ring that, so far as appearance and wearing qualities go, is no better than the one offered here. We buy direct from the manufacturer and add no profit—that's how we do it. This ring is the new popular narrow band style, made of 12-Karat Gold, and we absolutely guarantee it for 10 years. As a matter of fact, it should last a lifetime. And please remember that it is a man's ring, as well as a woman's.

This style is correct for both sexes and all ages. It can be had in all sizes from four to ten.

If you want a handsome wedding ring—one that is absolutely right in quality and style and that you will have all your life—this is your opportunity to get it without a cent of expense. We are now giving these rings as a COMFORT premium and we shall send you one free and postpaid if you will accept the following special

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this guaranteed 12-Karat Gold Wedding Ring free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention size wanted. Reward No. 8933.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at \$5.00. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at \$5.00. If a longer notice is desired, send one \$5.00 subscription for each additional seven words.

Wanted: To know the whereabouts of Cora or Stanley Ishamel; last heard of, was at Leedy, Okla. George Van Every, Port Angeles, Wash.

Anybody knowing the whereabouts of R. Russell Fowler will be conferring a favor by writing his heart-broken mother, Mrs. M. M. Fowler, Lawrenceburg, R. R. 2, Tenn.

Wanted: Information of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilderman, in Canada or U. S. Must get word to them. Write their cousin, Mrs. Verner Olson, Chamberlain, S. Dak.

Harry A. Elmer's father is dead; write to mother, Betsey A. Elmer, Geneseo, Kans.

"Tom Laughs at Strikes"

"For two years, Jane and I had been engaged. However, we held off 'the happy day' until I received my expected promotion and increased salary at the works."

"Just then business became poor, and it became necessary to close the factory and instead of a promotion, I was LAID OFF."

"I then determined to get a permanent well paid position. So I learned a trade. Jane and I then started to prepare for the wedding, when suddenly I was called out on strike."

"For four months I had been idle and my bank account had again become practically exhausted, when one day, I read a very interesting advertisement of the Franklin Institute, telling how easy it was to get U. S. Government positions. I immediately took up their system of training and last week received my appointment as Railway Mail Clerk."

"This is a steady job, at last. Strikes or layoffs are unknown in this service. I get \$1800 the first year, and steady, sure raise until within five years I will draw \$2300 a year."

"The day after getting my appointment, Jane and I decided on the 12th of next month, as we will now have time to get our plans. We have the Franklin Institute to thank."

What Tom did, you also can do. Hundreds of young men have taken up the Franklin Institute course and have been successful. You cannot afford to go on without knowing fully regarding these courses. Just fill in the coupon and mail it today—at once.

— FRANKLIN INSTITUTE —

Dept. J 216, Rochester, N. Y.

Send me list of U. S. Government jobs now obtainable and tell me how I can get quick appointment at from \$1400 to \$2300 a year.

Name _____

Address _____

This Beautiful FREE Sleeping Doll

You can have this Beautiful Doll. She has closing eyes, movable arms and legs, turning head, real hair. Dressed as you see her in this picture. Dress can be taken off and put on. She also wears socks and baby bonnet. We will send her free, all charges paid, for selling only 12 packs of Perfumed Sachet at 10c per pack.



Jones Manufacturing Co.,
Dept. 159, Attleboro, Mass.

Make \$5000 Every Year \$2000 in Your Spare Time



Share in our profits besides. Just show and write orders for "Weather Monarch" Raincoats and Waterproof Overcoats. Absolutely new. The greatest overcoat ever made. Prices lower than stores. Sales easy.

Commissions in Advance
Ask about "Duol Coat" No. 999. Free overcoat or raincoat for your own use.
Associated Raincoat Agents, Inc.
442-450 North Wells St., Division 47, Chicago, Ill.

GENUINE LEATHER COVER GUARANTEED FREE TO BOYS



Real Rugby Football. Cover, best Rubber Bladder. FREE for 32 packages of Bingo Perfumed Sachet at 10c each. No trouble to sell. Write to-day. Send no money. Extra present if you order now.

Bingo Co. Dept. 191, Binghamton, N.Y.

A REAL HAMILTON 22 RIFLE

This Fine 22-Cal. Rifle Shoots True. Given FREE. POSTPAID. For Selling 32 packages of Bingo Perfumed Sachet at 10c each. No trouble to sell. Write to-day. Send no money. Extra present if you order now.

ALL THIS FREE
Gold-plated Silver Ring, Cluster Stone Ring, Im. Watch, Ribbon Wrist Strap with fancy slide, all free for selling 32 packages of Bingo Perfumed Sachet at 10c each. No trouble to sell. Write to-day. Send no money. Extra present if you order now.

Cameo Ring FREE!
Ring has a gold filled Shank with rolled gold plate setting. Set with pink Cameo. To make Ring and Watch free with every 32 packages of Bingo Perfumed Sachet at 10c each. No trouble to sell. Write to-day. Send no money. Extra present if you order now.

BOYS AND GIRLS EARN XMAS MONEY
Write for 50 sets AMERICAN CHRISTMAS SEALS. Sell for 10c. a set. When sold, send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. NEUBECKER BROS., 961 East 23d St., Dept. 22, Brooklyn, N.Y.

REMNANTS, LARGEST
Silk Packages yet offered. Square of Stamped Satin free with every package. W.F.S. AGENCY, I. Portland, Maine.

MONEY S
For Wise Men. Key for stamp. E. Kerst, Box 289, Ottawa, Ill.

Every Farmer Needs

This Perfect Sewing Awl

It is amazing—the amount of work that can be done with this practical Hand Sewing Awl. Anyone can use it. The needles, which come in different shapes and sizes, are diamond point and will cut through the thickest leather. They make a lockstitch just like a sewing machine. This Awl can be used to mend harnesses, saddles, pulley belts, gun-cases, suit cases, grain bags, carpets, rugs, tents, awnings, sails, canvas of all kinds, shoes, gloves—in fact almost anything made of heavy material. It is also used to sew up wire cuts and other wounds on horses and cattle.

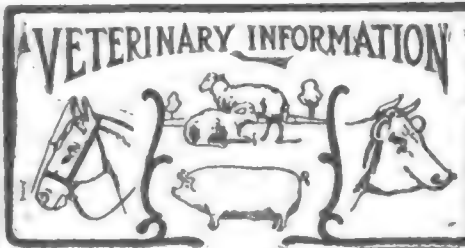
It is made entirely of steel and hard wood and with care will last a lifetime. There is nothing to get out of order. All parts are interchangeable, so if one part gets lost or broken you do not have to throw the awl away as we can supply the additional parts at small cost.

With this Awl comes a complete assortment of needles, both straight and curved, which are contained within the hollow handle, also a good supply of waxed thread. We can supply you with additional spools of waxed thread at a low price. Or you can use any kind of thread you prefer.

We will make you a present of this Lock Stitch Sewing Awl if you will accept the following offer.

Our Free Offer
Send us only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each and we will send you this Lock Stitch Sewing Awl, complete with extra needles and thread, all ready for business, free, by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1122.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Tobacco for Worms

WE have been asked whether tobacco mixed with salt is of any real value as a preventive or destroyer of intestinal worms in lambs and sheep. The evidence on this subject is somewhat conflicting, but we consider it safe and correct to state that a mixture of one part of powdered tobacco leaves and two parts of salt kept constantly before the sheep tends to lessen worm infestation. We think, however, that more good will be done by allowing free access at all times to the Wisconsin "lick" for sheep, composed of salt, 250 parts; dried sulphate of iron, 15 parts; powdered wood charcoal, 12 parts, and flowers of sulphur, eight parts. The better way to give tobacco as a worm destroyer, as recently proposed, is to add it to the bluestone solution which has, of recent years, proved so deadly to stomach worms. The new formula is as follows: Dissolve eight ounces of pure sulphate of copper in two gallons of hot water, then stir in a tea made of eight ounces of snuff or finely-powdered tobacco leaves steeped in half a gallon or more of hot water overnight. Strain the mixture and then add enough water to make five gallons. The doses are the same as for the original one per cent. solution of bluestone, viz., one and one-half ounces for a lamb, and from that dose up, according to age and size of animal, with three and one-half ounces as the dose for an adult sheep. The medicine is given after withholding food for 24 hours, unless in the case of very weak lambs, and should be repeated in 10 days and again once or twice during the season.

Tobacco, in California experiments, has also proved effective for the expulsion of roundworms from poultry. Finely powdered and added to dry mash in the proportion of one pound of tobacco to 50 pounds of mash and fed daily for two or three weeks it gives good results. A single dose of one pound of tobacco dust in dry mash for each 100 birds also proved effective. The experiments indicate that it can be safely fed daily in the proportion of one pound of tobacco to 50 pounds of mash, from the time the chicks are 70 days old, and for periods of 3 days, with an interval of 20 to 30 days. Oil of chenopodium also proved effective for expelling these parasites when mixed with moist mash and used at the rate of one teaspoonful for each 12 birds.

BRONCHITIS.—I have a collic dog, ten months old, that had a distemper which left her with a rattling in her throat. She coughs as though she were choked.

A.—You will find glyco-heroin effective for this form of chronic bronchitis following distemper. It may be bought at any up-to-date drug store and the dose is one teaspoonful as often as seems to be necessary. If you cannot buy the medicine mentioned, give any simple cough syrup suitable for a child. The drug-gist can supply that.

HARD MILK.—Last year I bought a cow that had just had her second calf. She is quite a hard milker, especially in her back teats and it takes all my strength and the milk flows in a small stream. What is the cause, and cure if any?

A.—The openings in the teats are abnormally small or may be partially obstructed by warty growths which a veterinarian could remove with a special instrument. He might also dilate or stretch the ducts by means of a dilator of glove-stretcher pattern which is introduced several times daily and opened wider and wider daily until the milk flows freely when the teats are manipulated in the usual way at milking time. Teat plugs or dilators may also be whittled out of a piece of flat, tapered lead pipe and tied in the teats between milking times. Such instruments may be bought of any dealer in veterinary supplies or of a mail-order house. In obstinate cases the veterinarian cuts down through the obstruction or stricture in four different directions, with a test splitter or bistoury. Then some milk should frequently be stripped out during the healing process.

STRONG MILK.—I wish to know regarding the milk we have in the hot weather during the last half of July and in August. I have had trouble for a number of years and have sold different cows thinking they may have been the cause, but it is the same thing over again with other cows. The trouble is this: The milk has a rank odor, is very offensive and butter churned from this cream tastes much as the milk smells, not being fit for use. The cream seems like elaborated cream, even on sweet milk, and as soon as cream is lifted, or milk stirred in, the odor leaves to some extent. I have washed all vessels, first with cold water, then with hot, also use soda in hot water at times, then rinse with cool water. I have tried different ways of keeping the milk but the results are the same: have lifted the lids on crocks that air might circulate and it is not quite so bad; have changed pastures, thinking it might be something eaten by them. It comes about the same time every year and it isn't always the hottest weather when we have the trouble.

A.—Bacteria germs are the probable cause of the abnormal condition of the milk and cream, but it is also possible that the warm milk is absorbing taints in the stable or elsewhere. In hot weather, cows standing in a pond, creek or stagnant water, or wading or lying in mud or filth may acquire bacteria which contaminate their milk. It will be necessary to immerse all milk utensils in boiling water containing a washing powder or an ounce of hypochlorite of soda per gallon. Do not wipe the utensils after washing but simply dry them in the sun. So far as possible, keep the cows away from ponds and other watering place and see that the drinking water and that used for washing the utensils is pure. The milk should be cooled and aired as quickly as possible after milking. Ice might help. You might try skimming the new milk with a hand separator.

FITS.—Please tell me what is the matter with my dog. When I unchain him he will run and bark and when he gets hot he will fall over on his side and kick as if he were dying. He is eight months old and a good hunter. He is all right when chained. Is there a cure?

A.—Excitement induces the fits or convulsions. It would be better to let the dog have plenty of exercise instead of keeping him closely chained. Run an overhead smooth wire from one tree or post to another one at a distance. Put a large light ring on the wire and into it snap a hook from a light chain running to the dog's neck-strap. This will allow him to run back and forth the length of the wire. As worms often induce fits, treat the dog for them as follows: Withhold food for 24 hours, then give one dram of fluid extract of male shield fern and 20 grains of powdered areca nut in one tablespoonful of simple syrup for every 25 pounds of body weight. Repeat the treatment in four or five days. Burn the droppings.

MANE OF CAT.—I have a cat, eight years old. He has sores on his head, back and front legs, the hair coming out where the sores have been. What will cure him?

A.—The skin disease described may be a form of eczema but is much more likely true parasitic mange. Clip the hair from the affected parts and wash the skin clean with green soap and hot water, removing all scabs and scales. When dry, rub in some compound sulphur which, with the soap, you can buy at the drug store. Repeat the application as often as found necessary. Put a cap of strong cloth on the cat's head to protect it against scratching. Feed milk that is 12 hours old and skim it before feeding. Make cat live outdoors as much as possible and forage for a living. Kerosene rubbed into affected skin sometimes proves effective. Only treat a small part at one time.

BLOOD IN MILK.—The first time my cow freshened she gave bloody milk out of one of her back teats; at the second freshening she gave bloody milk out of the teat. There seem to be little bunches in her udder.

A.—As there are lumps in the udder, you should have the cow tested with tuberculin for tuberculosis is sometimes the cause of that condition. If the disease is present the milk is dangerous for use and the cow should be disposed of in the manner suggested by veterinarian who applies the test. Growths in the teat, not due to tuberculosis, often bleed from irritation at milking time but that does not unfit the milk for the feeding of a calf. The growths may be removed when at or very close to the opening of the teat but not when high up. If the cow is not tuberculous and has not had garget her milk may soon clear up, but it would be well to have her tested. Indeed, every dairy cow should be tested with tuberculin to make sure that her milk is safe for use.

AILING COW.—I have a cow six years old that freshened last January and now has lost the use of her hind parts and gives very little milk. Please tell me what to do.

A.—If you mean that the cow has gone down paralyzed and cannot stand when raised it is quite unlikely that treatment will succeed. A cow may become paralyzed from lightning shock, from semi-starvation, from prolonged constipation or from any chronic disease causing weakness, emaciation and affecting the brain or spinal cord. In some supposed cases of paralysis examination shows that fracture of a bone is the cause. We cannot assign the exact cause in this case without making a personal examination. Therefore it would be well to employ the local graduate veterinarian if the value of the cow warrants going to that expense.

COUGHING MULE.—I have a mule four years old, and when working she has a hacking cough and seems thick winded. I feed fodder corn and oats.

WILLIAM.

A.—If you notice when standing behind the mule that there is a double bellows-like or heaving motion of the flanks and if she also passes gas from the rectum when she coughs, heaves is the cause. That distum is incurable when confirmed but the distress may be relieved by mixing in each feed a teaspoonful of a mixture of equal quantities, by weight, of powdered stramonium leaves and chlorid of ammonia. Let her live on grass in summer and in winter feed oat straw or oat sheaves and corn stover instead of sheaves. Also feed oats and bran in summer and winter if she has We'll feed with lime-water. Have her teeth attended to by a veterinarian.

FITS.—I have a young dog that has spells of running and barking as though he were mad. Some days they come on him, and he can't run, he just works his feet as if he were running. He seems to suffer.

E. E. C.

A.—Intestinal worms probably cause the fits. To destroy them withhold feed for 24 hours and then give the dog, for every 25 pounds of body weight, one dram of oil of male shield fern and 20 grains of powdered areca nut in a tablespoonful of simple syrup and repeat the treatment in four or five days. Burn the droppings.

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Three Wheel Chairs in September 653 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

It is gratifying to note such a substantial gain in the results of our Wheel-Chair Department as compared with those reported for the previous month; it indicates that we are again getting into the swing of our usual fall pace.

The three September wheel chairs go to Miss Bertha Amelia Adair, Minden, Neb., 170; George Orendorff, Gratiot, Okla., 114; Mrs. Zonie T. Peacher, 2709 Tampa St., Tampa, Florida, 75. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by these recipients or by their friends for them.

Miss Bertha Amelia Adair, age 20, has been a cripple all her life, due to dropsy of the brain.



HERMAN ROGERS ENJOYING HIS WHEEL CHAIR.

She cannot walk and has no use of her right hand. She has a wonderful memory and spends most of her time in reading, as she is unable to sew or do any kind of work. She suffers severely from nervousness and her friends express their belief that "the comfort of this wheel chair will benefit her health by enabling her to get out of doors."

George Orendorff, age 10, for three years has been afflicted with a very distressing form of rheumatism which has so crippled him that for the past ten months he has not been able to walk.

Mrs. Zonie T. Peacher, age 30, mother of eleven children, has been a long time confined to her bed by milk leg following childbirth. Her friend writes that Mrs. Peacher is a great sufferer and that this wheel chair will mean some sunshine in her dreary life.

You will be interested in the two pictures of Herman Rogers and Amy Belle Singer reproduced here and in the letters of thanks which accompany them.

My good friends, I hope you will continue to push forward the noble work of our Wheel-Chair Club.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, of 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of to the person to which they would be credited, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled child and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do any part a little faster each month than you do yours.

COMFORT Wheel Chair a Great Help to Crippled Boy and to Those Who Have the Care of Him
Cave City, Ark.

Dear Mr. Gannett:
We have received the wheel chair for Herman Rogers and are truly thankful to you and our

many friends for kindness in helping us to obtain it. I enclose a picture of Herman enjoying his wheel chair which is a great help to him and to those who have to wait on him.

Sincerely your friend,
Mrs. John C. Rogers.

Certainly Does Enjoy Her COMFORT Wheel Chair
Union Bridge, Md.

Dear Mr. Gannett:
Enclosed you will find my picture which I should be pleased to have you print in COMFORT. I wish to express my gratitude to you and to ex-



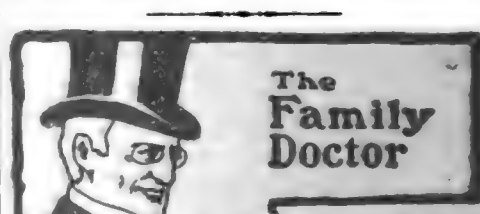
AMY BELLE SINGER ENJOYS HER WHEEL CHAIR.

tend my sincere thanks to all those who did their part in helping me to get my wheel chair. I certainly do enjoy my COMFORT Wheel Chair.
Sincerely yours,
Amy Belle Singer.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. C. B. Orendorff, Okla., for Geo. P. Orendorff, 114 subs; Mrs. James Albert Matheny, Neb., for Bertha Adair, 50 subs and \$8.00; Florida Pratt, Mo., for Mrs. J. P. Kerra, 48 subs; Mrs. Mary Atchley, Colo., for Lillian Atchley, 36; Mrs. M. C. Peacher, Fla., for Mrs. Zonie Peacher, 25; Mrs. D. H. Edwards, Texas, for Mrs. Mary Everett, 18; Louise Jane Martin, Ga., for Jessie Lee Martin, 13; Mrs. Alice Johnson, Kans., for Mary Hazel, 22; Mrs. M. L. Johnson, Kans., for Mrs. M. A. Hazel, 12; Mrs. Rufus S. Nix, Ala., for Edith Jones, 10; Mr. Horace Mann, Ga., for own, 7; Miss Alice Fuller, Ark., for Fannie Selph, 8; Jessie Thompson, Texas, for Mrs. Mary Everett, 10; Mrs. Herman Olson, N. Dak., for Ruth Williams, 6; a friend and well wisher, R. I., for general, \$20.00 cash; Mrs. Edward Baron, Ohio, for general, \$2.00; Charlotte E. Daly, N. Y., for Charlotte Laupher, \$1.00; Mrs. Nick Fromes, Wisc., for general, \$1.00; Mrs. Willie Prather, Ga., for general, \$1.00.



The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor. Address, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Miss A. T., Commerce, Texas.—Your "bad breath" can be benefited by having your teeth cleaned and washing out the mouth with Dobell's solution several times a day. Of course you must regulate the bowels and avoid sweets of all kinds or any foods that seem to disagree with you.

Mrs. W. R. C., Dubuque, Iowa.—The "shoulder pains" are of neuralgic origin. Apply Sloan's liniment to the parts, and take a five-grain tablet of salicylate of sodium after meals. Avoid sweets of all kinds and keep the bowels open.

Mrs. E. M. A., Morehead, N. C.—Your condition may be a pigmentation due to heredity. Apply to the brown spot once, in one or two weeks, white precipitate ointment. This ointment must not be used too often as it is poisonous and may cause salivation.

Mrs. B. C. L., Norris, South Dak.—You have inflammation of the bladder. You better consult your family physician and have him wash out the bladder with a teaspoonful of saturated solution of permanganate of potassium dissolved in a pint of hot water. Have the bladder irrigated every day. Take also, after meals, a five-grain tablet of urotropin. You must also drink plenty of good spring water, or rain water. Your husband's headache does not come from the hemorrhoidal condition, but rather both conditions come from a congested liver. Have him take a teaspoonful of phosphate of sodium, well diluted, before his meals. He should also avoid sweets of all kinds, including pastries. He should also drink plenty of water, as suggested in your case.

Mrs. G. V., Ripon, Calif.—You should have an examination. You may have intra-uterine granulations which need to be curetted and gotten rid of in this way. You might, at the same time, take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture, well diluted, after meals as a tonic. The curettage of the mouth is also due to a run-down condition. Touch the "mucous spots" with an alum-stick and rinse the mouth out with Dobell's solution three or four times a day.

Ms. A. E. A., Monroe, Pa.—Ulcers on the inside of the mouth are due to some infection. Touch them with an alum stick and rinse the mouth out with Dobell's solution. Have your teeth cleaned and use good tooth-paste to keep them clean.

Miss N. C., Fairfax, Ga.—For your asthma, avoid the use of snuff in any form. Take, internally, respiration in teaspoonful doses three times a day after meals. Your teeth have nothing directly to do with the asthmatic condition.

Mrs. O. P. L., Adams, North Dak.—For "poison ivy," the best-known remedy is fluid extract of graptolite robusta. Use it diluted—about one teaspoonful of the drug to four ounces of water.

Mrs. I. E., Mt. Vernon, Ky.—Chronic colitis can only be relieved by the use of high-up saline enemata. You should also keep the bowels free by the use of teaspoonful doses of fluid extract of cascara sagrada at night. Diet must be confined to pasteurized milk. Avoid sweets.

Mrs. J. A. C., Myrtle Creek, Ark.—You should take, for your kidney and bladder condition, a five-grain tablet of urotropin after meals. The baby should have some lime-water added to his diet—about a teaspoonful three times a day—to make bone and build him up.

Miss N. T., Westport, Md.—Probably some good tonic would prick up your appetite and, indirectly, cause you to put on flesh. Try Basham's mixture, in tablespoonful doses well diluted after meals.

Mrs. L. B., Irvington, Ill.—Take one-sixtieth grain of strychnia sulph. after meals.

350 SHOT AIR RIFLE FREE

Automatic Repeater, with lever action. Shoots 350 times without reloading. A powerful, accurate air rifle—guaranteed to give satisfaction. Beautiful walnut finished stock, nickel plated one-piece barrel and sides—31½ inches long. Send name and we will send you 12 art pictures to dispose of on special 25c offer. Remit the \$3 you collect and we will send you this 350-shot Air Rifle. This is a wonderful offer.
C. M. THOMAS, 337 W. Madison Street, 10 D 5, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Complete Crochet Outfit Given



THIS offer is for the woman and girl who "loves her crocheting" and insists upon having the best of everything to work with. In this outfit we give you any desired quantity of Dexter Cordonnet "Silko" crochet and tatting cotton, and three of the highest grade crochet needles. There is no better crochet and tatting cotton than Dexter "Silko"—a fact already known to thousands of our women readers. It is made of the best Sea Island cotton with a twist that makes it lie flat, is highly mercerized and actually improves with washing. It is smooth to the fingers and will not kink. With Dexter "Silko" crocheting is more easily done—and the finished pieces are far more beautiful and useful than if made with cheaper grade cotton. Dexter "Silko" for crocheting comes in all the popular colors—white, ecru, pink, rose pink, light blue, deep blue, king blue, sapphire and sea green, and in sizes 3, 10, 30, 50 and 70. The tatting cotton comes in the same colors and of the same high quality.

The three steel crochet needles are the finest made, 5 inches long, nickel plated, perfectly formed and balanced, with flattened finger ends, and a nickel cap that slips on over the end, protecting it when not in use. This cap also prevents the sharp point from doing damage when carried in the pocket. Tatting cotton is made in three different sizes of needles—3, 10 and 12.

We believe that our crochet workers will appreciate this offer, as it means a considerable saving to be able to secure such an outfit as this without expense. We will send you this complete outfit, also additional quantities of the crochet and tatting cotton free upon the terms of the following special offers.

Offer No. 8563. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the three crochet needles, one ball of Dexter "Silko" crochet cotton and three balls of Dexter "Silko" tatting cotton free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Reward No. 8563.

Offer No. 8251. We will furnish you with three extra balls of the crochet cotton at the rate of two balls for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color and size wanted. Reward No. 8251.

Offer No. 8261. We will furnish you with extra balls of the tatting cotton at the rate of four balls for one one-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color and size wanted. Reward No. 8261.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters. Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

L. R., Kansas.—We do not think that marriages between first cousins are prohibited by the laws of Colorado.

Mrs. M. V. W., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of an unmarried man, leaving no will, and leaving no descendant and no parent, his real estate would be inherited by his collateral relatives capable of inheriting, whether of the paternal or maternal line, the inheritance going to such of the collateral relatives being of the blood of the first purchaser, but where the person last seized is the first purchaser, or the blood of such purchaser is extinct, collateral relatives of the half blood shall inherit equally with those of the whole blood and the degree of relationship shall be computed according to the rules of the common law.

Mrs. H. W. F., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the property of the man who died was subject to a mortgage, the holder of the mortgage could enforce his lien against the property covered by the mortgage before there would be any distribution of the estate among the heirs.

Mrs. J. B., Georgia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children not exceeding five in number, the widow would share in the estate equally with the children, but if the shares exceed five in number the surviving widow takes one fifth. We think the widow's share in the estate as well as any other property she may own would be liable for her debts, except that, of course, she would be entitled to the exemptions from execution, as provided by law.

Mrs. S. T. B., Louisiana.—Upon your statements, we think you should have an examination of the records made in order to determine whether your father transferred the property you mention to the company you mention, and in order to determine just where the title to this property now stands and in order to determine whether the statute of limitations has run against any right you may have in the property.

X. X., South Carolina.—We can form no opinion as to whether your husband was a vested interest in fee in the property you mention without an examination of the instrument through which he received his title, but if he has absolute title to the property, we think he can sell same if he so desires, and that he can, by will, disinherit any or all of his children.

J. A. S., Pennsylvania.—If the man you mention continues to threaten you without any justification, we think you should make a complaint against him before some justice of the peace or local magistrate.

E. W., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that it will be necessary for you to obtain the consent of your local authorities before opening up the street for the purpose of fixing your drain.

Mrs. E. S., Alabama.—We do not think you can recover any part of the estate left your ancestor in England if your ancestors have neglected to prosecute their claim to same for a period of one hundred years.

Mrs. I. J. P., Pennsylvania.—We do not think the amount involved would justify you in going to the expense of a litigation against the Company in Illinois employed by you to repair the burner to your flatiron.

C. W. G., Pennsylvania.—We think that if there is no provision in your divorce decree providing for the support of your children by the wife from whom you procured a divorce, and if there is no court order in existence providing for the method of their support, your former wife would have no claim upon you for their support, if they refused to live in a suitable home provided for them by you.

Mrs. B. N. M., Indiana.—We think that if the man you mention circulated a malicious slander, without justification, against the young woman you mention, he would be liable for damages in the proper slander action brought for the recovery of same.

E. B., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your father had a legal right to sell his real estate and that the signature of his children to the deed was not necessary for the conveyance of good title to the property; we think it would have been necessary for your mother to have survived your father to have acquired any vested interest in the property if the property stood in your father's name.

F. W., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that any person of sound mind, not being under twenty-one years of age, may by will dispose of his or her real or personal property, provided the will is legally drawn and executed, and provided the testator is not under undue influence at the time of making the will, but in the case you submit, if as you state, the contest has been decided by the court and the will upheld, we think that your only chance of defeating the will would be through an appeal to a higher court, provided the facts are shown by the evidence on the trial would justify the expense of such an appeal.

Mrs. M. P., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the wife's title to real estate, owned by her and standing in her name, is not affected by her husband's death, but would remain as before her property; we think such property as the husband may himself own would descend or be distributed as his estate in a manner depending upon whether he left a will, and if he left no will, depending upon who was left to inherit from him.

Mrs. J. A., Arkansas.—We do not think you can now recover any part of your grandfather's estate if you have failed to prosecute your claim for a period of forty-one years.

Mrs. C. F., Wisconsin.—We do not think that the failure to join hands at the time of the performance of a marriage ceremony would invalidate the marriage.

Mrs. C. F., Ohio.—We think the holder of the mortgage you mention has a legal right to foreclose same upon the default of any payment as provided in said mortgage.

H. W., Pennsylvania.—We do not think that the laws of Alabama, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas or Washington prohibit marriages between first cousins. (2) We think the consent of parents is necessary for the marriage of females under 18 years of age in the above named states except Kentucky and Rhode Island where such consent should be procured if the female is under 21 years of age.

Mrs. M. E. B., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your husband, leaving no will and leaving children surviving him, you would be entitled to dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, and one-third of his personal estate, absolutely, after payment of debts and expenses. (2) We do not think your children by a former marriage will have any interest in your husband's estate, unless some provision is made for them by will. (3) We think the widows of Civil War veterans who fought on the Union side are entitled to a pension from the U. S. Government upon the death of the husband, provided the proper application is made for such pension.



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Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for colds, headache, toothache, earache, neuralgia, lumbago, rheumatism, neuritis, and for pain in general. Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To remove grease stains from wash fabric, apply lard and rub well. Wash in cold water and soap and then boil if white. If colored, keep rinsing in hot water until removed.—Mrs. L. L. BARNHOUSE, Kingsport, Tenn.

Cut burlap sacks into carpet rags and have them woven. They make a nice rug. (Can be colored and woven bit or miss.—Mrs. LUTIE WAGMAN, Odon, Ind.

One part of carbolic acid and twenty parts of water will remove iodine stains. Soak a few minutes and rinse in clear water.

Buttermilk will take out ink stains. Let soak several days, then wash as usual. May not come out first washing.—Mrs. GEO. WHITING, Shelley, Idaho.

Requests

Would be very glad to receive flower seeds.—Miss E. L. BLANTON, Canton, Ga.

The following wish copies of COMFORT. Write before sending the paper.

Miss Ellen Blankenship, Stanford, R. R. 4, Ky., March, 1919.

Miss E. Johnson, Minneapolis, 2515 Lyndale Ave., North, Minn., Jan., 1922.

Mary Schneider, Lamar, R. R. 6, Box 80, Mo., August, 1921.

Mrs. Alma McWilliams, Skene, Miss., Feb., 1922.

Mrs. B. G. Burns, Imperial, R. R. 1, Calif., March, 1922.

Mrs. Eva Butler, Edgar, Montana, July and August, 1920.

H. M. Penuel, Cantonment, R. R. 1, Fla., Jan., 1922.

Miss L. Donnelly, Charleston, 61 Amherst St., S. C., August, 1921.

Miss S. J. Culver, Hinagar, Ala., would like reading matter. Old and lonely, and likes to read.

Song: "The Irish Jubilee."—MOODY RIFFLE, Youngstown, 103 Wesley Ave., Ohio.

Song containing the following words:

"There is an isle, a bonnie, bonnie isle,
Stands proudly out to sea,
And dearer far is that green isle
Than all the world to me."

Mrs. H. McLean, Petaluma, R. R. 3, Box 17A, Cal. Will the sisters kindly send me pieces of gingham, five by five inches.—Mrs. ADDIE JONES, Hepler, R. R. 2, Kans.

Song: "The Texas Ranger."—Miss ILON LESLEY, Damascus, Ark.

Would like to procure book, "Vitalogy," by Prof. Woods. Write first.—IDA B. THORN, Whitesboro, Tex.

To correspond with sisters living in Las Animas, Colo., also Arkansas and Oklahoma, telling of climate.—Miss MARY E. LEMACKS, Ridgeville, S. Car.

To hear from someone who has the books, "Tess of the Storm Country," and "The Secret of the Storm Country."—LOIS NORMAN, Fort Mill, S. C.

Will someone send the number of COMFORT that contained two pages of quilt patterns.—Mrs. PRESTON HAGAN, New Haven, Ky.

Can anyone tell me about my brother, Pvt. Pank Kirk, Co. B, 9th Inf., 2nd Div. He was killed in action at Blanc-Mont, Champagne, France, Oct. 9, 1918. Will return favor any way I can.—Mrs. L. A. Rice, Feiton, R. R. 2, Ga.

I would like the words to the following songs: "The Irish Jubilee," and "The Man Who Stole the Kiondike from Alaska."—Mrs. H. C. KREMS, Mason, Nevada.

Remedies

KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLE.—Put four teaspoons each of horsetail grass and kidneywort into a pint of water and boil down to one-half pint. Drink one-half cupful at night just before retiring.

STOMACH TONIC.—For bloating, gas, heartburn. Heat all, one teaspoon; wild sage, three teaspoons; golden seal, two teaspoons; stone root, three teaspoons; calic root, twelve teaspoons; strawberry leaves, six teaspoons; fennel seed, six teaspoons. Mix well together and steep eight teaspoons of the mixture in a quart of boiling water for one hour. Strain and sweeten and take two tablespoons twice a day, after meals.—Mrs. A. CROWLEY, Eureka, Box 550, Calif.

RINSEWORM.—Make a strong solution of tobacco leaves and apply to affected part until it entirely disappears.

SORE THROAT.—One and one-half teaspoons powdered alum and one gill of water. Use as a gargle every hour.

HEARTBURN.—One dram bicarbonate soda, one-half ounce powdered rhubarb, two drams spirits peppermint and four ounces of water. Dose: one tablespoon after meals.—Mrs. O. G. L., Maine.

HEALTH BREAD.—For constipation. Two cups whole wheat flour, two cups of bran, one and one-half cups of sweet milk, one-half cup of cooking molasses, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon salt. Bake in two loaves. Cut each loaf in twelve pieces and eat one piece each meal.—Mrs. E. W. H., Creswell, Ore.

Sisters' Circle Pin

Free! EVERY COMFORT Sister should wear this beautiful Sisters' Circle Brooch Pin—the one and only official Sisters' "badge" of membership, uniting in one grand Circle of friendship and love the thousands of Comfort Sisters living in all parts of the world. It is the size of a 25-cent piece, gold finished, and the front is inlaid with handsome cloisonne enamel in two colors—your choice of red or blue—with the words "COMFORT SISTERS" deeply embossed, as shown in the illustration.

If you are a COMFORT Sister, send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c and we will send you a Sisters' Circle Pin free and prepaid. Or, if you prefer, you may send 50c to pay for a one-year renewal (not your own), and we will send you the Pin free. Be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 8671. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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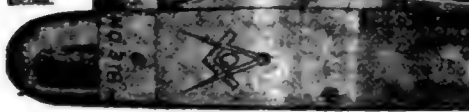


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A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

her very best fine-lady manner, sailing into her private sanctum, where the new maid stood waiting. "You can stay now, if you like. Have you brought your box?"

"It is at the station. I can stay, certainly," the girl spoke very nicely—as a lady speaks—but Mrs. Gibbs did not notice.

"You can have your meals in your sewing-room," she said; "one of the under housemaids can take them up."

"Thank you, madam," the last word came with an effort, as if it were an afterthought.

"Do you want these references?" Mrs. Gibbs asked suddenly, looking full at her.

"No—yes—I don't think so!" she stammered.

"Just as you please."

The housekeeper laughed.

"Better keep them," she handed them to her; "such references aren't picked up every day. Don't look so frightened, child; I'm not going to ask you any questions. Come with me to Miss Hamilton."

She led the girl through many passages, upstairs into a wing cut out from the rest of the house by red baize doors.

"All this flat is Miss Hamilton's," she remarked. "She is a lucky girl, if ever there was one! It might have been fitted out for a princess. Just wait here—I'll find out if she'll see you."

The girl stood obediently in the wide stone passage that was thickly carpeted with dull velvet pile, its cold, stone walls hidden with tapestry. At the sound of the voice that bade Mrs. Gibbs come in, she started, and locked her hands hard. How languid it was—how flat!

"I have engaged a new maid for you, Miss Hamilton. Will you see her?"

It was a wet, desolate day, and Gillian sat trying to read, her mind one turmoil of anxiety.

"What! Already?" Her voice was full of blank dismay; she dropped her book as she turned to face the housekeeper. "I won't keep her if I do not like her," she said haughtily, recovering herself.

"Just as you like, Miss Hamilton," smoothly; "you can settle that with Mr. Marchmont."

Gillian, with a deadly tremor, knew that, for some reason or other this maid and no other was to succeed Pierce. But she hated Mrs. Gibbs and she would show nothing before her.

"What is her name?" she asked indifferently, stooping to pick up her book.

"Mary James," shortly, and at the words Gillian's face turned scarlet. But the housekeeper did not see.

"I'll send her in," she said, not too civilly. "I hope she'll be better than that Pierce. Do you want me to wait?"

"No, thank you." It took all Gillian's might to speak carelessly. "I dare say she will do quite well."

She stood leaning against the mantelpiece as Mrs. Gibbs loftily motioned the girl to go in. The new maid closed the door behind her and stood waiting, her fingers on her lips.

For an instant the two stood looking at each other, both silent and strange-eyed.

"I am Mary James, madam," the maid said loudly. "I trust I can suit you," she pointed vigorously to the door behind her as she spoke.

"I—I think so," Gillian's voice was hoarse, broken.

She passed quickly out and down the passage to the baize doors. There was no one there; she caught the sound of Mrs. Gibbs' high-heeled shoes tapping calmly down the front staircase. Then she flew back and opened the door, just in time, for the new maid had her arms round her, laughing and crying.

"Jacky! Jacky!" Gillian whispered, clinging to her. "You don't know how frightened I was! I never thought of Gibbs engaging you. I thought you'd ask for me. When she said she had a maid, I was sure I was lost."

"I thought it was the best way," Jacky, oddly pale under a thick, black lace veil, was staring hard at her sister. "What's the matter with you?" she said. "I should hardly know you—you're so thin; you look so tall!"

"I don't know. Only I don't like this house. I haven't any real reason, but I'm frightened in it," in a nervous whisper.

"Isn't he kind to you?" fiercely, remembering those words about "a devil incarnate."

"Yes—in his way. But—I don't know why—I'm sure," her voice very low, very cautious, "he isn't what he seems to be. I don't think any one in this house, except the under servants, are what they look. I think they are all here for a purpose, and that I'm part of a plan, without knowing it."

"What do you mean?" Jacky pulled off her demure black toque and thick veil, and Gillian started.

"What have you done to your hair?" she cried under her breath. "It's red!"

"Just a little henna," composedly. "And do you like my complexion?" Mrs. Rays' Face Bleach! I think I have just the skin for a red-haired girl!"

"Why," Gillian stared at her, "why did you do it?"

"Because Mr. Marchmont never saw me," returned the new maid calmly, "is no reason for thinking other people wouldn't recognize me. We're only twenty miles from the old place; suppose someone from the village were to see me! Miss Jacqueline Hamilton's career would be short when Mr. Marchmont heard of it. Don't I look awful?"

Gillian sat down, weakly.

"You do!" she said, with a laugh that was full of tears. "I never should have known you. I would have passed you in the street. Are you sure you can get it off?" anxiously.

"Oh, easily. You don't think my old neighbors would know me?" surveying her white face and dulled hair with approval in a glass.

"I know they wouldn't. But—oh, I ought not to have done it! I was a selfish beast to bring you here."

"Nonsense!" promptly. "It's a lark. And I needn't have anything to do with the other servants. Your housekeeper says I'm to have my meals alone."

"You'll never see the other servants," Gillian returned, "or else we couldn't manage. That was one reason why Pierce left. She said she was too lonely."

"Gill, where do I sleep? And do maids wear caps and aprons? I've bought a black satin dress."

"You sleep here," Gillian opened a door into an adjoining room. "You and I are alone in this part of the house. Your sewing-room opens out of your bedroom with a door on the outer hall. No, you don't wear a cap. Just plain white collars and cuffs."

"I'll take my things off," she said, gazing about the neat room made ready for her. "Someone might come. Do you have to go down to tea with Mr. Marchmont?"

"I don't today. He isn't well; he didn't come to lunch. They will bring my tea when I ring. You must be starving."

Jacky nodded, adjusting the scrupulously plain black satin gown that made her look so slight and smart.

"Four pounds, this cost," she said. "I got it where the shop girls at the grand shops get theirs. It took all my money, except a second-class ticket down. But I dared not come in blue serge."

Gillian looked at her; truly no one would have recognized the old Jacky Hamilton. The neat, red hair, brushed smoothly back, was not like the rippling waves and rings of burned gold that had been her greatest beauty; the dead-white skin told no tales of the peach color beneath.

"How do you get your hair like that?"

"Vaseline. There's only one thing wrong about me, Gill—my eyes! I haven't one up; they are so dead blue with this hair. See?"

Gillian nodded. Jacky with her eyes cast

Come Take a Walk With Nancy Jane

Beautiful Walking Doll—13 Inches High

Nancy Jane wants to walk right into the arms of some little girl who will love her when she cries, walk with her when she is awake and sing her to sleep at night. For

Nancy Jane can Walk
Nancy Jane can Cry
Nancy Jane can Sleep
Nancy Jane can Wink

In fact Nancy Jane is just the doll every little girl dreams about and longs for. Every child is wild about her because she comes just as near being a perfect playmate as any dollie can.

Just Like the Picture

We are showing you a photograph of Nancy Jane so you can see just how she looks. She stands 13 inches high, has movable arms and legs, an unbreakable head, big round movable eyes that go to sleep and beautiful brown hair. She has a darling little flowered lawn dress with lace trimmings and cute patent leather slippers. She can sit alone, walk and cry out loud. Surely there couldn't be a more lovable doll.

Do You Want Her?

We have arranged to give her away to any and all of our Farm Life friends in return for a little favor. So if you want her just fill in the coupon below and mail it today and we will write and tell you how to get her without a penny's cost to yourself.

Mail Coupon today if you want Nancy Jane

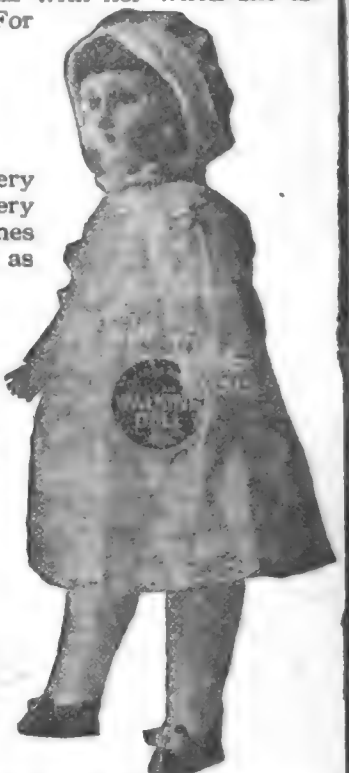
COUPON

NANCY JANE DOLL, Farm Life, Dept. 2810, Spencer, Indiana

I want to have Nancy Jane for my very own. Please write and tell me how I can get her without a penny's cost to myself.

Name..... Street or R. F. D.....

Town..... State.....



down was an ordinary red-haired girl; looking you in the face she had an uncanny, artificial beauty that would have made her fortune on the stage.

"Never look at Mr. Marchmont," the elder girl cried in a sudden tremor of fear. "Promise me! And oh! do be careful. Keep out of everyone's way. I ought never, never to have brought you here!"

"You didn't; I came! Was that a knock?"

"At the sewing-room door. Your tea. Go and take it from the maid!" Gillian prompted breathlessly. "When she's gone I'll ring for mine, and we'll have it together. We can today."

The new maid was no fool, if she had red hair. She used the cup and plate sent up for her so that the china would tell no tales, and having an excellent appetite dispatched her own tea as well as a share of Gillian's.

"Now tell me," she said, "what you mean about this house? Why are you frightened?"

"The night before I wrote to you," said Gillian slowly, "I let Pierce go out. I was going to bed, and I hadn't anything to read, so I went downstairs for a book, in my dressing-gown. I thought Mr. Marchmont had gone to bed. It was only good luck that made me go quietly by the smoking-room door."

"Well?"

"It was half-open," said Gillian, with a curious glance at her sister. "Inside sat Mr. Marchmont, the housekeeper and the butler, playing cards and smoking."

"What!" cried Jacky, staggered. "He must have a taste for low company."

"I don't think it was low company—at least, I think he isn't any better than they are. I think he is just an impostor, who for some reason wanted to get into county society."

Jacky whistled.

"That's why he adopted you, then," she mused. "Tom Hamilton's daughter could open all the doors when she was adopted by a rich man, though the doors were shut pretty hard to her when she was just a poor, friendless girl. I think we'll get out—at once! I don't like the look of things." Her eyes were half-closed, as though she were seeing something very far away.

Was that what Lesard had meant when he said Marchmont's was no house for any woman? She would have repeated those words to Gillian, but she remembered in time that it was Lesard's confidence she would be betraying. She wondered a little how he knew about Marchmont.

"Go!" Gillian's voice broke in on her abstraction. "We can't go! I signed those papers making him my legal guardian till I'm twenty-one. He could bring me back, whether I liked or no."

"Why did you?" said Jacky, very low.

"I don't know," desperately; "I think he made me. It seemed all right then."

"It doesn't matter," recovering herself. "We can run away. He'll never find us."

"He'd find us anywhere," earnestly. "I don't know why, but I feel as if I were in the center of a great, fine spider's web, and could never get away from the threads. I believe Mr. Marchmont has eyes everywhere, like the spider."

"You're nervous," the new maid said wonderingly. "You'll forget it when we're gone."

"How far do you think we should get—walking?" despairingly. "Perhaps five miles, before we were caught, for he won't let me go; I know it. You've spent all your money; I haven't any. If we even got to London, it would do no good."

"My room is paid for," Jacky said, "but—her face fell—"I won't have any more money till the first of March. We can go then."

"Do you think we can keep up this farce for a month?" staring listlessly at the fire.

"Yes," stoutly. "But you must get into the way of calling me James. Ladies' maids never have any Christian names. And I'm going to get on the right side of Mrs. Gibbs, you see if I don't."

"That horrible woman! Oh, you can't!"

The new maid's lips straightened into a hard line.

"You'll see," she remarked coolly. "Look here, where did you get those references you sent me from the Countess of Ernescliffe and Mrs. Powers? Because Mrs. Gibbs jumped like anything when she saw them, and forgot her grand airs altogether. I'm afraid she has seen Lady Ernescliffe's writing and knew the note was a sham. If she hadn't gone out of the room that minute I should have been found out. Did you write them?"

"Me?" cried Gillian. "No, I found them! They were in that old desk of father's. I don't know where he ever got them."

"Father's!" Jacky stood staring. "That's queer!" she ejaculated. "But the thing's served our turn. I don't believe I should ever have been engaged without them. They simply worked a miracle."

"Grand ladies' recommendations generally do," Gillian returned.

AGENTS: \$60 a Week

taking orders for Jiffy-kake, a prepared cake flour containing eggs, milk, sugar, shortening, baking powder and flavoring—add water—bake. Anyone can easily and quickly make a delicious cake. Every home a prospect. Housewives eager to buy—just the article they have been looking for. Repeat orders every week bring you profit and a big, permanent business. This is just one of the 350 famous Zanol Products that are making men and women independent and prosperous. No experience necessary, no capital needed. We supply everything. We want good, energetic men and women to represent us. Write for money-making proposition.

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Same kind of machine used in the big moving picture theatres all over the country, but on a smaller scale for home use. It is a special ground lens allows adjustment to any distance and for any size picture up to 36x48 inches. Wonderful for home entertainment or in churches, halls, etc. Uses electricity—no danger from fire or explosion. Send your name and we will send you a picture to dispose of as special 25c offer. Send us the \$7.00 you collect, and for your trouble we will send Keystone Moviegraph free, also one 120-inch new safety film of your choice from great list, including Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Wm. B. Hart, Tom Mix, etc. Write at once.

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This wonderful Phonograph, with popular recorded records, is yours FREE, POSTPAID, for selling only 20 packages fancy postcards at 16c. THEY SELL EASY—everyone buys cards. Extra bonus for prompt sale. SUN MFG. CO., DEPT. 425 CHICAGO

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This fine American made Watch, new style, stem wind and set, GUARANTEED to keep time. Given for selling only 8 boxes of ROSEBUD at 2c each and returning the \$2.00. EASY TO SELL. WE TRUST YOU. Order today. ROSEBUD P. CO., Box 142, Woodboro, Md.

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This Pin is made of Silver white metal covered with real gold, and will be engraved with your name or initial. To make friends and introduce our Magazine and King Margarine send for a "name" subscription and the pin will be sent FREE. Mr. Murphy, Secy, 619 W. 43d St., Dept. 3 A, New York

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Send 5 cents for large Sample Album of Hidden Name, Silo Prizes, Envelope, Friendship, "Kiss" & Love, and all other kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Postcards. Star Hot Cougher and Hot Sore Throat. OHIO CARD CO., 8-14 Columbus, Ohio.

given Free. No cash. OHIO CARD CO., 8-14 Columbus, Ohio.

"Yes," Jacky said dryly. Somehow, she was quite sure that there was some underlying reason for the effect of her references on Mrs. Gibbs; but she said no more. Gillian was nervous enough already, and Jacqueline remembered, uncomfortably, that her father had been a friend of Mr. Marchmont.

"Pray the saints those letters haven't just got us into a trap!" she thought devoutly as she helped Gillian to dress for dinner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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A FORGOTTEN LOVE

Adelaide Stirling



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

E. L. W., Kenton, Ky.—Marriage between first cousins is forbidden by law in all states except Alabama, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Georgia, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas, Virginia and Washington. There is no prohibition concerning the marriage of second and third cousins.

Mrs. O. E. F., Texas.—We do not like to be too skeptical, but we must tell you that because you have read in the newspaper that two and a half millions of gold are buried somewhere in the Arkansas Ozarks is no reason at all for believing such a treasure really exists. We fear this is the sort of story enterprising journalists like to unearth and print with more or less elaboration for the sake of entertaining their readers. So we warn you not to plan to spend any of these Spanish dollars before you have them dug up. (2) Old Spanish gold coins would have a bullion value according to their degree of fineness. Any U. S. assay office should you come into possession of this mythic hoard, would be glad to aid you in converting your ancient gold into new crisp Treasury notes. (3) Any treasure found upon leased land would naturally become the property of the owner of the land and not of the lessee—provided, of course, that no valid claimants appeared for the money or other property.

W. L. A., Gassaway, W. Va.—There are over seven million acres of vacant public lands in the state of Colorado, and some of these many acres are not far, as Western distances go, from Delta, the town you mention. You should write to the Register of the U. S. Land Office, Montrose, Colorado, for further information. Montrose is some thirty miles from Delta, and on the same line of railroad. (2) States having considerable vacant public land still open for settlement are Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington and Wyoming.

A COMFORT SUBSCRIBER, Fond du Lac, Wis.—Authors' manuscripts should be typed, double spaced, on ordinary typewriter paper of the usual size (8 1/2 by 11). It is well to leave a margin of at least an inch—for any necessary corrections—and four to six spaces can be considered as constituting the ordinary indexation for paragraphs, etc. All pages should be carefully numbered at the top, and the author's name and address should be placed on the first page, in the upper right-hand corner. (2) In typing the title of a poem or story, it is customary to capitalize only the important words—that is, articles, prepositions and connectives (unless one of these begins the title) are not given a capital letter. For instance, here would be correct typing of a pair of titles: The True Tale of the Cruise of the Nancy Lee, Three Men of a Far Country and a Fair Sky. Leave as many spaces as you prefer between your title and your first line. We think three spaces make a suitable interval, although four or five would not be too many. You should leave at least a two-inch margin at the top of the page and at least a one-inch at the bottom.

Mrs. R. I. L., Great Divide, Colo.—The phrase, "Pennsylvania Dutch," refers to descendants of Hollanders who settled rather thickly in that state at one time in its history. The words in no way mean Germans, or those of German descent. Some of the richest and best-managed farms in the Keystone State are owned by "Pennsylvania Dutch," whose third language would appeal greatly, we think, to that famous Philadelphian, Ben Franklin.

Mrs. H. W. H., Wolf Point, Mo.—We are sorry to have to tell you that opals such as the one your husband found in this coal mine have but little value as a precious stone. If this stone is of any marketable worth at all, your jeweler should be able to tell you where you can have it sold, or cut and polished for your own use. We recommend the latter course, as the stone would not command much of a price, in any event.

Mrs. K. T., Dickson, Tenn.—Mrs. Margaret Sanger, well known for her advocacy of birth control, is the editor of the "Birth Control Review," which is issued from 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City. You can address Mrs. Sanger, care of that publication, from which you can also secure the other data you wish concerning theories advocated by Mrs. Sanger.

L. J., Hardin, Mont.—Your two dinners, to be prepared from five varieties of canned food each, do not constitute such a difficult problem, and many appetizing combinations are possible. Our own suggestion would be as follows:

DINNER NUMBER ONE.

Canned Breast of Roasted Chicken
Canned Sweet Potatoes
Pickled Tomatoes Canned String Beans
Canned Strawberries

DINNER NUMBER TWO.

Canned Fried Ham with Milk Gravy
Canned Mashed Turnips
Pickled Cauliflower Canned Sweet Corn
Canned Pineapple

It seems to us that, with the proper "fixins," the dinners above would be fit to set before any king, although we fear that what few kings there are left in the world have appetites and digestions too poor to appreciate such good fare as your canning club will be able to offer its lucky members.

Mrs. B. E. S., Newport, R. I.—Surely there are "trained bees," these lively and too-intelligent insects have long done duty in various side-show exhibits and in other places. Any one who has ever experienced the tricks that can be done by the untrained insect will well understand the capabilities of a robust adult bee when properly educated. Your friend is not mistaken, and the cultured flea exists, both in moving pictures and in reality. These exhibits are rarer, however, than in the days of the old "dime museum," where trained fleas almost always formed part of the program.

H. D. DeC., Missouri.—You should apply to the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., for particulars concerning the requirements for the position of railway mail clerk, and for information concerning the dates of future examinations.

Miss Mildred Clark, Harrisburg, Ark., is desirous of obtaining some old-fashioned home-woven blue-and-white bedspreads. Will COMFORT readers having these for sale please write to Miss Clark direct?

I. M. E., Spring Hill, W. Va.—The area of the Argentine Republic is over a million square miles, and the country contains some eight and a half million inhabitants. The population, then, is about twice as dense as that of Canada. In the last two decades, Argentina has received a great flow of immigrants from Italy in particular. Buenos Ayres, the capital of the country and the principal port, is a beautiful and most modern city of cosmopolitan growth and aspect. It is well situated on the River Plata, about 180 miles from the sea. The city has a population of 1,637,000, making it a little smaller than our own city of Philadelphia. A great portion of the Argentine consists of two great unbroken plains—the southern of which is arid and sandy, while the one to the north is able to boast plains of magnificent pastures, fine timber lands and numerous rivers. The River Plata itself is one of the greatest rivers of the western hemisphere, and can be ascended by steamer for over 2,000 miles. The climate of the Argentine is good, but of considerable variety because of the size and natural features of the Republic. In the north, the temperature ranges higher than in the south. The climate of Buenos Ayres may be likened to that of cities of southern Europe, although much dampness prevails in the Argentine capital, caused by winds which reach the

city after blowing over salt marshes. You would not be able to get a "ranch on the seashore" in the Argentine, nor would such a location be suitable for ranching operations. You should situate yourself inland on some of the productive lands of the northern plains. The Republic has a shore-line of 854 miles, but practically all of this is low and sandy, without good harbors. For further particulars regarding favorable opportunities and inducements for settlement in the Argentine, write to our U. S. Consul at Buenos Ayres, and to the Argentine-American Chamber of Commerce, 64 Broad Street, New York City.

M. D., Clanton, Ala.—More important in editors' eyes than the paper stories are written upon is the actual construction of the manuscript. This part of it we are sure you will be able to do better after you have completed your high school course. At present your letter shows you lack experience in spelling and punctuation which would cause any work you might submit to be regarded with disfavor.

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

The Village Choir

(A Parody on "The Charge of the Light Brigade.")

Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward!
Into an awful ditch,
Choir and precentor hitch,
Into a mess of pitch,
That led the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Bases in front of them
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, that precentor's look
When the sopranos took
Their own time and book
From the Old Hundred.

Screach all the trebles here
Boggled the tenors there,
Raising the parson's hair,
While his mind wandered:
There's not to reason why
This psalm was pitched too high;
There's but to gasp and cry
Out the Old Hundred.
Tenors to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Bases in front of them
Bellowed and thundered,
Stormed they with shout and yell,
Not wise they rang, nor well,
Drowning the sexton's bell,
While the church wondered.

Dire the precentor's glare,
Clashed his pitchfork in air,
Sounding the fresh keys to bear
Out the Old Hundred.
Swiftly he turned his back,
Reached he his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack
Himself he sundered.
Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discords behind him
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the wind howls they wrought;
Right to the end they fought!
Some tune they sang, but not,
Not the Old Hundred.

A Saloon Bar

A bar to heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it named it well.
A bar to manliness and wealth;
A door to want and broken health;
A bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to sin and grief and shame;
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair;
A bar to honored useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife;
A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave;
A bar to joys that home imparts;
A door to tears and aching hearts;
A bar to heaven, a door to hell,
Whoever named it named it well.

—Author unknown.

Sent in by Miss Ada Armstrong.

Two Pictures

BY ANNIE D. GREEN (MARION DOUGLAS).

An old farmhouse with meadows wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wished his one thought all day:
"Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot the world to see.
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, "mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long:
"Oh, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farmhouse door,
The old green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Sent in by "Constant Reader."

All Things Bright and Beautiful

BY CECIL FRANCIS ALEXANDER.

"All things bright and beautiful,
All things great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all."

"Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings."

"The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them high and lowly,
And order'd their estate."

"The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning, and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky."

"The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day."

"He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well."

Sent in by R. L. D.

Locked in the Breast

BY THOMAS F. PORTER.

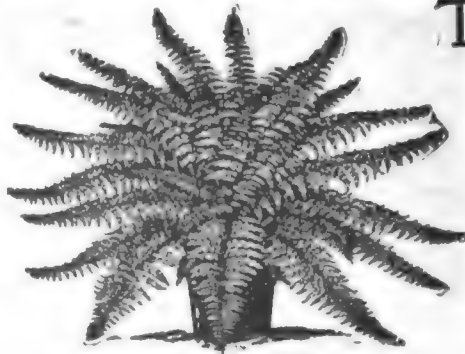
Whatever heart longings to me are denied,
How many bright prospects of mine turned aside,
It will not be in me to grieve or complain,
If I in the humor can calmly remain,
That, when day is o'er and I go home to rest,
A grudge against no one is locked in my breast.

In everyday life we are always beset
With trials and crosses that vex us and fret;
When in anger we speak words cutting and hard,
Because at the time we were quite off our guard,
But ne'er may there be when the sun seeks the west
A grudge against anyone locked in my breast.

We intend to do right and then we do wrong,
This is true of the weak, often true of the strong,
But of all the errors we thoughtlessly make,
May we never forget this sound view to take,
Should there be a feud there may be an inquest
To follow a grudge locked up long in the breast.

A grudge in one night will gnaw, fester and grow,
But to what proportions the morrows will show,
For days and for months it may many annoy,
Or the peace of a life forever destroy,
Heaven pity the mortal who, when he would rest,
Has a grudge against someone locked in his breast.

Presents
For The
Whole
Family



Reward No. 8581.

They Cost
Nothing
But Your
Time



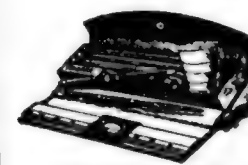
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Reward No. 7796.



Reward No. 9942.



Reward No. 9972.



Reward No. 9482.



Reward No. 8814.



Reward No. 8104.

Reward No. 8581 Three beautiful Ferns — The Roosevelt, Boston and Outback Plume, strong, healthy and well rooted, ready to pot as soon as you receive them, guaranteed to grow or we will replace them free of charge. Sent to you free and prepaid for only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c.

Reward No. 7417 Premo Camera with one film pack and instruction book, takes a picture 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches, leather covered, with view finders, will take either snapshots or time exposures, can be loaded in daylight. Sent to you free and prepaid for seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No. 76610 Handsome Dinner Set consisting of 6 Cups, 6 Sauces, 6 Cereals or Fruit Dishes, 6 individual Butters and large Meat Platter, decorated with clusters of purple wood violets, surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with lovely tracings of gold. Sent to you free by express collect for ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No. 7796 Pure white with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. Heavy beveled French glass mirror. Comb has both coarse and fine teeth, brush has the finest stiff bristles. Can be cleaned with soap and water just like French Ivory. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No. 75110 This Lady's Wrist Watch is the stylish octagon shape, only 5-16 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter, with high-grade, jeweled Swiss movement, pure white dial with Arabic numerals. Bracelet is of fine black silk ribbon with rolled gold catch and slide. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No. 9942 This handsome Bonbon Dish is used for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc., is five inches wide and two inches deep, heavily silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A handsome ornament for the sideboard and a splendid Christmas or birthday present for any woman or girl. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No. 8084 Sweet Grass Basket, eight inches in diameter and three inches deep, close-fitting top, just what every woman wants for her sewing and fancy work, scissors, buttons, thread, etc. The delightful fragrance of this basket is practically everlasting. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No. 9972 Give the boys and girls one of these Writing and Drawing Outfits—they will be delighted with it. Fine leatherette case, 10 1/2 x 2 1/2 inches, containing three pencils with erasers, pen-holder with pen, combination pencil sharpener, rubber eraser, ten-inch ruler and aluminum collapsible drinking cup. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No. 9682 Six beautiful nickel-silver teaspoons in the new popular "Avon" design, full size, six inches in length, will wear for years and give entire satisfaction. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No. 9482 A box of fine stationery is always an acceptable gift. This one contains two dozen sheets finest white linen letter paper, beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire, and two dozen envelopes to match. Be sure to mention initial wanted. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No. 7635 Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a handsome black ebony finish. Mirror and Brush have silverline shield on the back. Mirror is 4 1/2 inches in diameter, the seven-inch Comb has both fine and coarse teeth, the Brush is nine inches in length with firmly-set white bristles. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

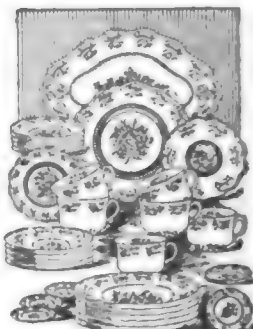
Reward No. 8814 A handsome Silver Salt and Pepper Set in the new fashionable "Colonial" design, quadruple silver plated, three inches in height with broad bases so that they cannot be easily overturned and spill salt and pepper on the table-cloth. Finely finished and polished and equal in appearance to sterling silver. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No. 5561 More than one hundred pieces of Silk Remnants in all shades, sizes and colors, carefully trimmed, just what every woman wants for making quilts and tidies, pillow tops and crazy patchwork. Five skeins of embroidery cotton, instruction book included free. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c.

Reward No. 8104 Stylish House Dress of high-grade percale in all the popular patterns, including checks, plaids and stripes, both light and dark shades. It is shirred round the waist, opens down the front, with sash and two roomy pockets. Be sure to mention pattern and color desired. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

Reward No. 1132 Leatherette Needle Case containing 142 needles—75 sewing needles, 15 silk darners, 15 milliner's needles, 15 embroidery needles, 3 tapestry and 3 chenille needles, steel stiletto, steel tape, 2 steel crochet needles, one bodkin, one punch-work, 10 fine and medium cotton and wool darners. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.

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COMFORT, Augusta, Maine



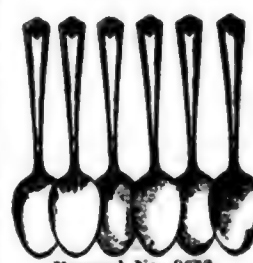
Reward No. 76610.



Reward No. 75110.



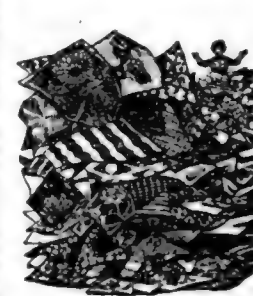
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Reward No. 7635.



Reward No. 5561.



Reward No. 1132.

Some Queer Submarines A Book All Will Want!

By C. L. Chapman

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SUBMARINE navigation, so far as recorded in history, was conceived during the famous siege of Syracuse in 212 B. C. Trained divers were employed, but they were unable to remain under water more than a few minutes. Centuries

lapsed before we hear of anyone attempting to build a boat that would be invisible to an enemy. M. Delepuich states that some English ships were destroyed in 1372 by fire carried under water. In 1620 Cornelius van Drebbel, a Dutch natural philosopher, worked along this idea, constructing several boats which he made watertight by greased leather stretched over the hull. By 1727 no less than fourteen types of submarines had been patented in England alone.

It was left to a young American, David Bushnell, to invent the first practical submarine, which he did in 1771, when a freshman at Yale. In principle it was essentially the same as the "water bugs" that prowl the seas today in search of prey. This may sound far-fetched, but it is a fact vouched for several years ago by Commander Barber of the United States Navy. "It seems to have been the most perfect thing of the kind," said the commander, "that has ever been constructed before or since the time of Bushnell."

As late as 1905, the noted constructor of the British navy, Sir William White, said: "It cannot be claimed that any new principle of design has been discovered or applied since Bushnell. He showed the way to all his successors in the particulars of buoyancy, stability and control of the depth reached by submarines. Although alternative methods have been introduced and practically tested, in the end Bushnell's plans have in substance been found the best."

Not only did Bushnell invent the submarine boat but the submarine mine as well. His professors laughed at his contention that gunpowder could be exploded under water. They even ridiculed him for advancing such a theory. But the student took his professors and other learned gentlemen out into New Haven harbor, where he produced such an explosion.

Soon after the opening of the Revolutionary war Admiral Lord Howe began a blockade of New York Harbor. The colonists were perturbed—and with cause. They realized that England controlled the situation for the time being at least, and that if the hostile fleet could be destroyed the war would be ended—then and there. But how to destroy the fleet was a question. The colonies had no ships that would bring victory in battle with those of Lord Howe.

The thoughts of some patriots turned to David Bushnell and his submarine mine. Granting that it was a wonderful invention, how, they asked, could it be placed under a ship? Bushnell readily gave them an answer: By means of a submarine boat. He had invented just such a craft for just such a purpose.

The name bestowed upon the queer looking craft was "Turtle." Instead of the whale-like lines that characterize these latter-day sea fighters, Bushnell's submarine was shaped something like a "clam," its longest distance being placed vertically. This so as to accommodate a single operator in sitting posture.

The Turtle was submerged by letting water into a tank, raised by allowing the water to drain from this same reservoir. The motive power was furnished by a wooden propeller placed in front, which the operator turned by means of a crank. It gave the boat a maximum speed of two miles an hour.

Fordite wood, which emitted a phosphorescent light and at the same time did not exhaust any oxygen so precious to the operator, was the means of illumination. An ordinary rudder steered the vessel. Bushnell provided an air chamber in which the operator could remain for half an hour, and practical methods for gauging the depths and retaining the stability of his craft.

Bushnell completed his studies at Yale in 1775, but previous to that year the Turtle had made several successful voyages. One of the patriots, Israel Putnam, learning of this sent for Bushnell and his submarine boat. After a brief conference, during which the young inventor explained the workings of his craft, The Eagle, flagship of the British fleet, was picked as the first victim of Bushnell's genius.

Bushnell was never a strong youth. While other boys of his home colony played games and improved their physique, he spent his time indoors, mapping out the many ideas that raced through his imaginative mind. So when the opportunity arose for him to demonstrate the practicability of his great scheme he confessed his inability to navigate the Turtle himself, because of insufficient strength.

So that his submarine was entrusted to another, one Ezra Lee, who propelled the Turtle to where the British flagship lay off Staten Island. Bushnell had made it possible for whoever navigated his boat to detach the torpedo, which was held in place by a cable, and fasten it by a screw to the hull of the ship to be destroyed. Having done this the Turtle was to leave. Within the torpedo was a time clock set for thirty minutes. After that time the explosion was to occur.

But at the point of the hull of the Eagle where Lee had planned to attach the torpedo a sheath of copper prevented him from screwing his weapon of destruction. Lee did his best to overcome this difficulty but he worked in vain and failed to sink the British man-o'-war.

This was a great disappointment to Bushnell's friends. The name of the Turtle became a name to be laughed at and ridiculed. Bushnell, dis-

couraged and sick at heart, the result of years of hard work vanished in a day, disappeared from his old haunts.

A quarter of a century elapsed before the submarine was again taken at all seriously. Napoleon Bonaparte, with all the powers leagued against him, had one great ambition—an invasion of England. The first step in this direction was to get rid of the English navy.

In the midst of his deliberations, Robert Fulton appeared. And to demonstrate his boat gave an exhibition in the harbor of Brest. His craft was a development of Bushnell's idea, and showed improvement over the latter.

Fulton's boat was called the "Nautilus" and had the form of a cigar. It was made of wood sheathed with copper and hooped with iron. It was twenty-one feet and four inches in length. With three companions Fulton sailed his craft five hundred feet while twenty-five feet beneath the surface of the water. On one occasion the four men remained below four hours. Napoleon was greatly impressed with the action of Fulton's boat. A shallow by the French admiralty for his experiments and became a mass of debris after the Nautilus had attacked her. Every experiment was successful, and Fulton was ordered to set sail against the British fleet, just off Brest. But the English had been forewarned and ran away. The ships of the British absented themselves from the coast of France, and though Fulton watched and waited, he received no opportunity to prove the value of his invention.

Napoleon, angry, dismissed him from the service, realizing later that he had committed a grievous error—throwing away his great chance of crushing England and saving his empire. Even while the American was carrying on these experiments in the harbor of Brest, the English had invited him to London.

On the rejection of his plans by Napoleon, Fulton forthwith made the trip across the channel, where William Pitt received him with open arms.

The intention in England was not to develop the submarine but to suppress it, they not wanting it to fall into the hands of the enemy. Accordingly they offered Fulton a fortune to forget his invention and return to America. This offer was refused and Fulton returned to America and turned his genius on his steamboat.

At Kiel, in 1850, the submarine again came into prominence, but no success attended the venture.

In 1863 McClintock and Howgate constructed a semi-submarine hand-propelled boat for the purpose of attack on the federal fleet but it sank four times, each time drowning the entire crew of eight men.

But after Fulton the greatest advance in submarine construction was made by the confederates in our Civil War. They combined the uses of steam and electricity. This "David," as submarines were then called, was about sixty feet long and manned by nine men, eight of whom worked the screw-shaft by hand, while the ninth acted as pilot. On the night of February 17, 1863, this little craft went out to attack the Housatonic, a Federal ship anchored in Charleston Harbor, exploding a hundred pounds of powder under the keel of the ship. The Housatonic fairly jumped out of the water and then lurched heavily to the bottom. During the confusion of rescuing the survivors the David apparently escaped, for she could not be found. This was the first case of a submarine destroying an enemy. After the war when divers went down to the wrecked ship, they found the David wedged into the very hole she had made, evidently sucked in by the rush of water. The effect of the David's torpedo proved that the submarine was worthy of respect.

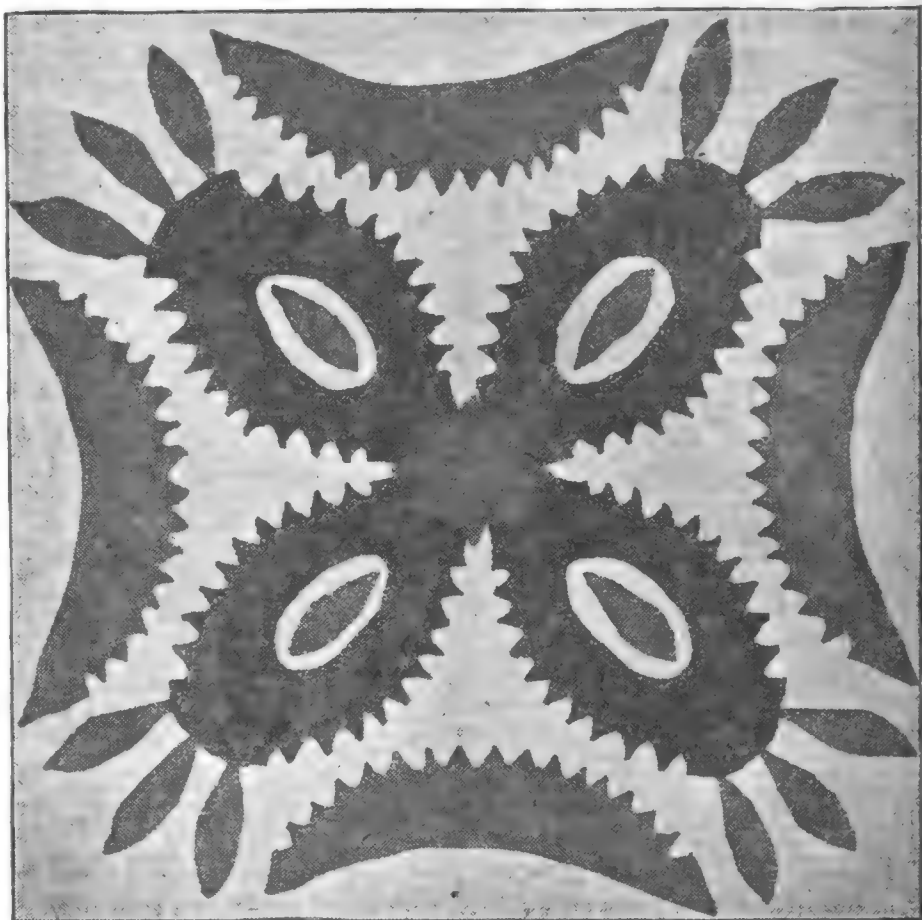
The "Whale," recently on exhibition in the Brooklyn navy yard, was built in 1864, and by strange coincidence, one of her constructors bore the same name as the first inventor of a submarine—Bushnell. His full name was C. S. Bushnell. In conjunction with Augustus Rice he built the boat at Haledon, N. J. She is about twenty-nine feet long and has a depth of nine feet. Her sides are made of twelve-inch boiler plate.

The craft of today is practically of the same design of a century ago. There is increased efficiency and wider range of action, because we now possess materials of construction which are lighter and stronger and which can be better manipulated. The modern submarine is a maze of machinery. It lives in the dark, striking without an instant's warning like an adder.

In the struggle for naval supremacy, the inventive genius of the American, the practical experience of the English, the application of the Russian, the exact science of the French, and the profound thought of the Germans are being constantly put to the test. The desire and passion for military strength is so great upon the part of all powers, that there is no hesitancy upon the part of any, to copy from the other any plan or process which makes for increased military efficiency or wider field of action.

Naval experts of the nations early realized that the submarine had to be reckoned with. In its present state of efficiency, it is the most powerful weapon of offence and defence, and its value has long been recognized by the best known students of naval warfare.

It was many years ago that Jules Verne wrote of the adventures of Captain Nemo and his fabled submarine, the Nautilus. People accepted the adventures as good reading—nothing more. But now it is known that Verne, dreaming his unbelievable vision, was even then pointing a prophetic finger to the most dangerous engine of war in the history of the world.



Chestnut Burr Design of red and green on 18x18 inch block, submitted by Mrs. M. P. Williams, Texas. The center is of green, four burrs red with green oval centers, balance all green.



Flowering Almond, also of red and green on white, blocks 18x18 inches. The circle and all leaves are green, flowers and centers of four corner buds, red. Pattern submitted by Mrs. N. M. Mitchell, Tenn.

Letitia's One Adventure

By Nellie R. Donnet

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LETITIA Otis stepped up to the post-office window with misgiving in her heart. What was the use of asking for any mail. She never received any letters. "No one cares at all," she said to herself, but habit was strong, so she asked just as she had been doing for years: "Any letters, Mr. Gadsden?"

"Yes, Miss Letitia, one letter," and he laughed as he added: "Wouldn't be surprised if 'twas a love letter. Looks like a man's handwriting."

Letitia said not a word, but went out with the letter clutched tightly in her hand. "Who could it be from?" she wondered as she hurried home. She could hardly wait until she reached the flower-bordered path she and Tabby called home. The path led to a small cottage. Once inside the door she closed it tight, and with hands that trembled tore open the letter and read:

"My Dear, Dearest Letitia: Am sending the garments you picked out by parcel post registered, so you will be sure to receive them. Put them on and meet me at the Old Stone church tomorrow (Wednesday) night. Do not fail to come. With lots of love,

"ROBERT."

She read the words with astonishment. Must be some mistake somewhere. It sounded as if from a lover, so it couldn't be for her. She looked at the envelope again to make sure. No, there it was in black and white: Miss Letitia Otis, Perrysburg, Ohio. It certainly was strange. She had no lovers, and who could Robert be, anyway? It must be an elopement.

A sudden quick knock roused her, and she went

to the door. There stood the delivery boy with a big box under his arm.

"Please sign here, to show you received the parcel," said he, pointing to the line where she should place her signature.

"Yes, but—" began Letitia, intending to explain.

"I'm in a dreadful hurry, ma'am. And before Letitia knew it she had signed her name and the boy was gone.

She looked at the address on the box. That was the same as it was on the letter. "That's queer," she thought.

"Well, there won't be any harm in opening it, anyway," she said to Tabby, who had curled up in the rocker for a nap.

So she cut the strings and lifted the lid, and there laid the loveliest pink blouse. Underneath that she found a hat and a veil and a pretty jacket suit of navy blue.

"They are lovely," said Letitia, "but I wouldn't dare." Then, after thinking a little: "And why should I not? They were sent to me."

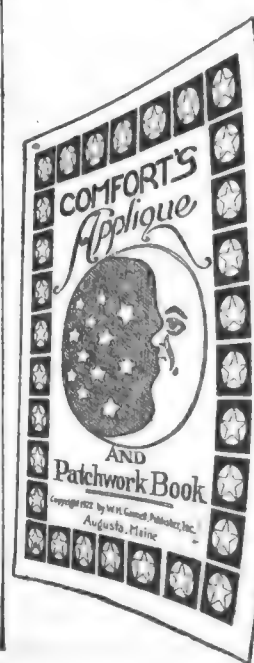
"No, I can't," and she cried with disappointment. It seemed that her life had been full of disappointments. She had had her girlish dreams long ago, and her life must always be empty, just as it was now. Letitia never owned to any one but herself that she would soon be forty-two.

Her prince came when she was eighteen, but Father and Mother were ailing and needed her, so she had said, "No." Now all were gone and she was left alone.

"Oh, if I could only go. Just to see how it is to get away from home once. I believe I will. It must be some young things who hardly know their own minds. As for me, I'll get out of it some way. Now if I can only wear these clothes."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

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Letitia's One Adventure

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.)

So she tried on the waist, and, joy of joys, it fitted. The skirt seemed a trifle short, to her notion, but she forgot that when she looked in the glass.

"I'm not so terribly homely, after all, and clothes do make a difference," she took the garments off and laid them lovingly back in the box. She could hardly wait until the next evening for her wonderful adventure, now that she had really decided to go; yet when the time arrived she found her heart all a-flutter.

She nervously fastened the last clasp, adjusted the veil, and after putting Tabby on the back porch with extra rations, hurried down the street. She was fearful of meeting someone, so she went down a back street to the old Stone church, the trying place named in the letter.

She had not long to wait. Someone was coming around the corner of the church. The moon shone dim, so all Letitia could see was a large, burly form. She changed her mind all of a sudden and started to run but didn't get far until she felt the pressure of arms around her and a voice in her ear.

"Oh, Letitia, dear, you're not going to back out, are you? I was afraid you wouldn't come. You're a dear," and then a hug that left her horrified and speechless. She hadn't counted on this, and could only pray that the veil hid the mortification and embarrassment she felt. Oh, to be at home now. What a fool she was to come. But she had borrowed plumes and must wear them now. What would he say if he knew? It was too much to expect anyone to forgive a joke of this sort. But she couldn't tell now, there would be an easier way out after a while. But he seemed not to notice her and went on:

"I left the car down the road a ways and came on foot the rest of the way so no one would suspect. Did you have a hard time getting away?"

"N-no," faltered Letitia, afraid to trust her voice above a whisper. Who was at home to care anyway? No one but Tabby.

"Here we are," said he, and he helped her into a big roadster that stood by the side of the road. Soon they were on their way, with nothing but the drone of the motor to drown their thoughts. Where to? Letitia wondered but dare not ask.

Only once did his arm steal around her, and Letitia uttered a groan as she felt the pressure.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"N-nothing," said Letitia so low that he had to bend to hear her. Then:

"I love you dear with all my heart. Do you love me?"

"N-no, I mean I don't know," whispered Letitia.

"Don't know? Yes you do, you're only excited running away like this, and no wonder."

Letitia was terribly afraid he was going to kiss her, and he did, right through veil and all. Oh, when would he discover his mistake and what would he say? It was comfortable to have someone who cared take care of you, but—

"Letitia, you're crying," said he. "You're not sorry you came? Oh, don't say that!"

"I—n-no," mumbled Letitia.

"Never mind, when you have rested you will feel much better. I engaged a room at the hotel for you. Father and I have lived there ever since Mother died. I will take you there."

Letitia felt miserable, but concluded she might as well make the best of it now. They were coming to the lights of the city and she stole a glance at him. She saw he was a manly looking fellow, perhaps twenty-two, and her heart smote her. If she only had a son like him how proud she would be. It wasn't right to fool him this

way and she crouched in her corner of the seat, as if to hide.

"Letitia, kiss me just once before we get there."

"I—I can't," sobbed Letitia.

"And why can't you?" he asked, beginning to feel a trifle irritated and wondering what on earth was the matter.

She could bear it no longer, and throwing back her veil she cried out: "Don't you see? I'm a fraud. Oh, if I only hadn't come. I wish I was back home."

It was his turn to look astonished. "H-holy smoke, who are you? I thought you were Letitia."

"I am Letitia, Letitia Otis." Then the whole pitiful story came out. "Oh, I see it is all a terrible mistake now. But my life has always been so lonely. I am sorry I came, but when I received the letter and found that the clothes fitted me I decided to come because, well just because—" and the tears started anew.

But he felt no anger, only pity for her, when she had finished, and he said: "That's all right. You were a good sport, anyway. I'll make it all right with the girl."

"I thought there was a girl in it," said Letitia. Then, wishing to justify herself, she added: "But how did it happen to be addressed to me? The letter and the box, both of them were. No one else of that name lives in Perryburg."

"Well, she is just visiting there at the Andrews," said he. "Her name is Letitia Otis, too. Her father doesn't object to me but thinks we are both too young. So we planned to elope. But come in and stay for the night, anyway, and we will talk it over in the morning." And Letitia accepted because there was no other way out.

In the morning she was up bright and early, and, thinking to escape without seeing him, she was hurrying out when Robert saw her. "Just step into the sitting-room a minute," said he.

There was an older man in the room who Robert introduced as his father. But before he had finished his father said: "Why, if it isn't Letitia," and before she knew it he had both her hands in his own. Letitia blushed crimson. How brazen he would think her.

"Where have you been all these years?" asked Robert's father. "And where did you get acquainted with Robert?"

So Robert had said nothing about it, and she cast a grateful glance at the boy, who was now standing by the window. But she said: "Oh, it is all a terrible mistake, and I must be going."

"I asked for you at the old place," went on Robert's father, too eager to notice her answer. "They said you had gone away. No one seemed to know where."

"After father died, I went to Perryburg to take care of Aunt Lizzie. I have lived there ever since. There was no one back home that needed me. But I must be going," and the tears started to trickle down her cheeks.

"You are going, but not back there. You are coming to live with me," said Robert's father. "You will forgive me, won't you?" he asked.

"There is nothing to forgive. It is all the other way," began Letitia, while the tears started anew down her cheeks.

"This is no time for tears," said Robert's father. "We have wasted enough time already. The courthouse will soon be open. Come, let us hurry."

And as they passed out, Robert, who had been forgotten by them, muttered: "Well, if this isn't the limit. Elope with a girl and have father walk away with her right under my nose." Then he laughed as he added: "It isn't every one who has the chance to choose his own stepmother, though."

Peggy "Dimpled Knees"

By Ray Humphreys

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THE pretty blonde looked up into his eyes bashfully when he asked her if she was going home his way.

One glance and she nodded.

He helped her into the sporty roadster and the next minute they had wheeled into the line of traffic and were headed out Santa Fe Boulevard at a smart clip.

She looked at his clever shoes. They matched his brown overcoat, and the coat, she told herself, was the same adorable shade as his eyes.

Ordinarily she didn't ride with strangers.

But when a stranger—a handsome stranger—drives up to the curb in a blue-gray chummy and swings open the door—

"The car are all jammed up at Norwich Avenue—and if you're going home I'll gladly give you a lift."

"But I live in Avondale," she had smiled.

"So do I," he promptly answered.

And the next minute—well, she was admiring his shoes and thinking of his eyes and wondering what the girls would say if they could see her.

"Seems," he broke the silence finally, "that I've met you somewhere before; weren't in Paris during the scrap, were you?"

The girl blushed a little.

"You know," he went on, watching her curiously. "I seem to place you there—over there—we might have met, you know, at a hut dance, or—"

"Yes," and she struggled up to the occasion, "I was over there in Red Cross work, but—"

"I knew it," he exclaimed, "I remember you—I was with the 134th Infantry, 1st lieutenant—and you, you don't happen to remember me, do you?"

"Not exactly," said she, remembering that the only officer she ever met was Patrolman O'Shay, who sent her a box of candy now and then and took her to the Bijou every Saturday night.

"Well," said the stranger, "my name is Rogers—Mansfield Rogers, Jr."

It took her breath away.

Mansfield Rogers, Jr.! She was riding home with the only son of the greatest governor the state had ever known—the richest, the mightiest, the proudest, the— She wondered if her name would be in the society column next morning.

"Oh," she stammered, "I'm glad to meet you!"

"Same to you," he smiled, "and your name?"

"Peggy," she said, "Peggy Williams!"

She felt him give her a quick glance.

"Pretty name—that," he murmured, and she looked sharply at him but his face was straight. He was watching a traffic officer ahead.

They worried their way through the congested zone.

Up past the square they spun, and out the long drive that led to Avondale—where the mightiest of the mighty mansioned.

"You must have been away somewhere," she broke the silence, nodding at the grips that occupied the back seat of the chummy.

"Yes," he smiled, "just back from Europe—oh, no, I didn't come all the way in the car. I picked this boat up in Hoboken and I've driven her through—classy, isn't she?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"And so you,"—he turned and looked her square in the eyes—"are Peggy Williams! The girl who made 'Dimpled Knees' famous! Aren't you appearing in films any more?"

"Oh, yes—but I'm resting now, you see?"

"I saw you in 'Dimpled Knees,'" he gloved, enthusiastically. "I didn't know you then. I—I—my, but that was a wonderful piece of acting you did there—I hand it to you."

She crimsoned properly.

"Oh," she said, tossing her blonde head, "that wasn't so much—I've done better—and, really, 'Dimpled Knees'—"

"I suppose," he offered, "that it was rather

chilly for you in that hotel lobby where you had to appear in—in that abbreviated costume—that scene from which the plot got its name!"

Again she blushed furiously, and she tugged at her tight skirt, conscious that she was a bit embarrassed.

"Well, 'Dimpled Knees,'" he began—

"Oh, Mr. Rogers," she begged, "let's not talk shop all the time—really, I hear so much of it that it bores me!"

He said no more for a minute, while he tried to see how close he could shave a coal wagon, and then:

"Didn't I hear that you were engaged?"

"Why, why—oh," she faltered.

"Just another rumor, I suppose," he suggested kindly.

"Yes," she said, and glanced at him coyly. "I'm not engaged—yet; there are rumors, of course—"

"Of course," he answered gallantly, "but I'm glad that you're not engaged, because—well—because—"

"Because why?" laughed the girl.

"Oh—I'll tell you some day," he answered, while a million dollars' worth of pink rushed to her cheeks.

They had reached the park now and the heights of Avondale were before them. Around a bend they whizzed and she clutched the brown-overcoated arm.

"There's my—our—house," she pointed it out to him—"up there in the trees; just drive to the gate here, please, Mr. Rogers, and let me out there."

He didn't answer. He seemed lost in thought and she wondered if he had heard her—but he stopped at the gate.

"I thank you," she said simply, as he helped her from the car, "and some time we may meet again,—Mansfield!"

He smiled, and took her extended hand. It was soft and he squeezed it just a bit.

"Good by," she said.

"I'll never forget you—Peggy," he said.

She walked away and up the drive. Rogers threw his car into gear and shot away in a cloud of gasoline vapor. Around the curve he whirled and suddenly clamped on the brakes. Hastily he jumped from his car and ran back toward the gate, crouching behind a huge rock.

The girl, like a queen, stood on the great steps of the house and glanced back toward the road, then, deliberately, she walked to a side door and entered. It seemed as if the sun had gone down.

Rogers waited a moment. He counted ten and then ten more and then, jauntily, he came out from behind the rock and went through the gate and swung up the path. He mounted the steps confidently.

He touched the knob. It turned. He walked in. Cautiously he stood for a second and then bounded into the spacious library.

A vision in fluffy skirts, with jet black hair, and with a huge solitaire sparkling on the third finger of her left hand confronted him, and then, delightedly.

"Why, Mansfield! when did you come—"

"Just got in, Peggy, but say—when did you get that new kitchen mechanic?"

"Why don't those grand opera stars accumulate more money?"

"Their expenses are heavy."

"Eh?"

"I've seen one wearing a milkmaid's costume that must have cost two thousand bones."

Dichman.—"What brand of cigars do you like best?"

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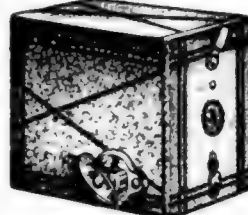
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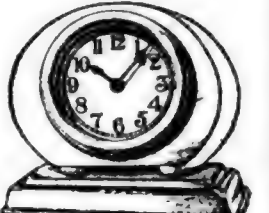
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Reward No. 9882

Reward No. 9882 Fifty-four inch—full opera length—made all of pearls of uniform size, of perfect finish and luster, equal in appearance to some necklaces sold at a high price. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 1142

Reward No. 1142 Latest style Crystal Bead Necklace, 30 inches in length, made of brilliant crystal cut beads, alternating with seed beads, with long oval and round bead ornaments and tassel. You can have your choice of Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire. Be sure to mention color wanted. Given to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 9982

Reward No. 9982 A good grade Toilet Set that pleases every woman. We have given away thousands of them. Set is finished in the new popular "Malachite" green, brush has silvering shield on the back. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



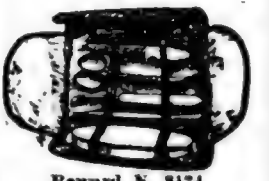
Reward No. 1152

Reward No. 1152 The latest Vanity Case, handsomely embossed, silver finished, thin model and very light weight, weighing only two ounces. Inside the case is a fine little mirror and two dainty powder puffs. All the rage of the big cities. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



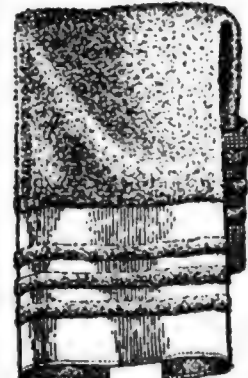
Reward No. 9952

Reward No. 9952 A handsome Jewel Box of oxidized silver which never tarnishes. Illustration shows the beautiful design which is heavily embossed. It is silk lined and of just the right size for small articles of jewelry, trinkets, etc., that every woman loves to count among her treasures. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 8124

Reward No. 8124 Genuine French Set, consisting of nail file, scissors, cuticle knife, nail stick and buffer. The case, which is made of genuine leather, rolls up and fastens with two snap clasps. The complete set, with leather case, will be sent to you free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each.



Reward No. 9912

Reward No. 9912 A pair of Turkish Towels, 16x 32 inches in size, of good weight, well made and finished. Just the right towel for everyday use in the home. Some families send for a dozen pairs at a time. Sent to you, free and prepaid, for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each.



Reward No. 7756

Reward No. 7756 Good quality Serim Curtains, each side piece measuring 2 1/2 feet in width, and full length. Valance is 14 inches wide and 2 1/2 feet long, the insertion is a three-inch band of flit lace. You can have your choice of white or ecru. Sent to you free and prepaid for six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each.

Address All Orders

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

prosperous stock-broker, and never fancied that I would turn out to be the Happiest Uncle at the head of the Biggest Family in the world. And I wouldn't be a broker now for all the stocks and bonds in Wall Street. No; not if J. P. Morgan himself offered them to me on a platter of Sub Treasury bullion. So you see, Mary, sometimes the dreams we never dreamed are the ones that can come true and be the best of all.

Be sure to write us again, Mary, when you get your lariat and pony, and tell us if you met a body comin' through the cactus.

SOMEWHERE IN VIRGINIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA, BILLY AND EVERYBODY:
Hello! Will you let a Virginia reader into your Happy Family? There now, never mind, Billy has been kind enough to get up and give my seat right next to Uncle Lisha. Wasn't he nice? As you have been so kind as to let me in, I am going to tell you where I live, 'way back up in the big, lovely cool mountains. Do I get lonesome? No; you're wrong there; not a bit of it. For the birds keep me company and then I have to work, as I raise chickens, lots of 'em—White Leghorns. There now, I have got off and am telling you about the mountains. I live near a summer resort, and you can stand on top of the mountain above our house and see seven other mountains without moving. And, my, Billy, I am anxious for you to come down and stay for a few weeks so we can fish for those wonderful mountain trout. My, but they're good. Um, um!

I would like to hear from doctor cousins, unmarried, between the ages of 18 and 80. I am leaving my address with Uncle Lisha.

I guess you are all wishing I would take off this sunbonnet and these miserable glasses so you could see who has been giving you so much nonsense. My, my; aren't you fooled. Goodness, Billy, what a face you are making! You see only a big, round, ugly face, topped with dark brown hair and blue eyes. Oh, I know what you are all laughing at—my big mouth. Isn't it large? Looks like a railroad tunnel, doesn't it, Billy? And what a nose! It's almost a broomstick. I know I've done wrong to take my bonnet off. Now I am going to let you guess how much of weight, but please don't ask Uncle Lisha. He would say "a ton," as I have been sitting on his lap so long.

Now, Billy, if you do not eat this up, I'll send you a lovely bunch of my pannies, or a big piece of candy. Which do you wish? I mostly have more burns than candy, though.

So now I'll run back to Virginia and my mountain home and feed my chickens. By, by, everybody! With a kiss for Uncle Lisha and a special big hug for Billy, I leave you all.

SUNSHINE AND SMILES.

You were as light on my knee as the wing-feathers of a verry, Cousin Sunshine, and I would have been glad to have had you sit there longer, you may be sure. I'm glad you find the birds such good company—not only the woody sort that St. Francis loved, but also the more domesticated variety that give us the raw material for omelets and "ham and." Leghorns may not sing so well as the wood thrushes of your big, cool, lovely mountains, but they are mighty satisfying warblers so far as filling the egg-basket goes. I don't know what we would ever do for fried egg sandwiches if it were not for the noble Leghorn and the eight-hour days they are willing to put in turning out fried eggs. Fortunately, with all the present-day spirit of organization in labor circles, the hard-working hen has not yet gone

QUICK HAIR GROWTH Box Free To You!



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Do you want free, a trial box of Kookett, that has proved successful in so many cases? If so, you need only to answer this ad. by postcard or letter, asking for FREE BOX. This famous preparation is for dandruff, thinning hair and several kinds of baldness. In many cases, a new hair growth has been reported when all else had failed. So why not see for yourself? Kookett is used by men and women; it is perfectly harmless and often starts hair growth in a few days. Address: Kookett Laboratory, KD-124, Station F, New York, N. Y.



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on strike or demanded shorter nest hours and a higher corn scale. But I think this may happen any time, if a lively young Leghorn laborite should start about the country, making speeches in every henhouse and organizing Leghorn Locals. I don't see why you consider those stationary mountains of yours so wonderful, Sunshine. Why I've seen lots more than seven peaks that stand "without moving." What I would really think remarkable would be a mountain that would come when it was called, or that you could push aside when it got in the way of a sunset.

Why this desire to hear only from doctor cousins, Sunshine? Your letter doesn't sound a bit ill and I, as a layman, should consider all your symptoms were most favorable. However, I hope there will be steen thousand of our young and handsome pills and sawbones who will send you prescriptions. I'll give them your address, S & S.

Oh, by the way, I must tell you that Billy does not like to be hugged—not that he's bashful about it, but he says he always gets hair in his mouth and once he got a halpin in his right eye. He has been hug-sly ever since.

POPULAR BLUFF, R. R. 2, Box 212, Mo.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:
We have been taking COMFORT ever since I can remember, and I sure enjoy reading the letters from the cousins.

Uncle, I would like the words of a song:
"She went to a tailor shop and dressed up as a man. And then onto the sea captain and asked to hire as a hand: 'Your arms they are too slender, your fingers are too small. Your cheeks they are too rosy to face the cannon balls.'"

If any of the cousins will send me this song I will return the favor if possible.
I am a farm boy and like farm life fine. I have no use for the city. I am between the ages of 18 and 22 and will leave you to guess my age.
I would like to receive letters from any of the cousins and will try to answer as many as possible. Well, Uncle, please keep this letter from Billy as it is my first and I don't see many letters from Missouri.
With love to all,
Your nephew, MONROE B. DAVIS.

That's a remarkable and fetching song of which you send us one verse, Monroe. Like you, I would be glad to know the further adventures of this she-sailor and the tender-hearted captain who refused to accept such a fair addition to his crew. For fear that there may be a delay in your receiving more words of your sea-song, Monroe, I'm giving you a second verse myself, written with a last line that may, or may not, be approved by that talented Cousin Gus Trick of Muncy, Pa. Get your mouth-organ, for here goes:
Cried she, "Oh, Mr. Captain, I pray you change your mind!
My heart it will be broken, if I am left behind;
My arms you may think slender, but they are long and tough,
And if my cheeks are rosy, I'll buy a powder puff."

Now if some song-writing cousin will contribute a third verse, I'll furnish a rollicking chorus and you'll have a complete song, almost as good as new.

I agree with you, Monroe; the country is the stuff and I have no use for the city—but the darn city keeps hanging around and I don't know how to get rid of the blame thing. It is so noisy, too, and eats so much and shut at least one of its six million pair of eyes. I believe I would just light out for good and leave the old city to look out for itself. Who knows?—I might land in Missouri, up among the Ozarks, with three peach trees in my front yard and a cunning little mule and a bright-eyed, bob-tailed Ford in the barn. How is the outlook for Uncles about Poplar Bluff, Monroe? If it's good, I might settle there instead of going further up in the hills.

CORNING, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:
Howdy, one and all! Will you let an Ohio breeze in for a little while? Sh, don't anyone sneeze and awaken Billy!

I'll begin by a description of myself, for I always read the descriptions before I read the rest of the letters. So here goes: I am five feet, four inches, in my stocking feet, gray eyes, auburn hair (not red, mind), and I will soon be seventeen. We have taken COMFORT in our family for over thirty years and I think it is a jim dandy.

I have just finished high school this spring. How many of the other cousins who graduated this spring are going to college? I hope every one, because it's a wonderful thing to have a college education. I intend to go this fall to the Ohio University. Many say: "Of what use is a college education to a girl who she usually marries on the farm?" A college education is a good thing to have even if one is married. It is just as necessary for the girl who expects to get married as for the girl who expects to earn her own living for many years. To make good citizens we must be educated, and the better educated we are, the better citizens we make. To make a time, too, when the girl who marries may be left alone and will have to earn her own living. Then her college education will surely help her out. I say for all who can possibly afford: Go to college, and while there have your good time, but work—for you will never have that part of your life over again. And to those who have their high school days yet to come, I say: Work hard, have a good time, but don't neglect your studies. When you are through your school days you will realize then, and not until then, what your school and classes really meant to you.

Uncle Lisha, let me thank you for what you said about dappers. There are many girls who are classed as flappers who have no idea what a dapper, a real flapper, is. Billy condemns the flapper, and I condemn the flapper. I do not forget the hair oil so many American boys use on their hair to make it look like patent leather. Some rave about the modern dances. I'll bet when our grandmothers first danced the waltz, their grandmothers shook their heads, and said: "My, my, what are the girls of today coming to? No combs, no pins, etc." Talking just as most do at the present time.

When a farmer goes out into his orchard and notices a rotten apple lying on the ground, he does not go to his friends and neighbors and tell them that all his apples are rotten. He goes on and looks for better ones. Why can't we look for the good, sensible American girls? There are plenty of them, just as many as there ever was in this old world, only we never hear of them. One always hears of the bad before one hears the good.

I thought I saw Billy's ears move, so I think I'll take my departure. I would like to hear from all cousins between the ages of 18 and 25 who care to write. I'll try to answer as many as possible.
Your niece, MARY WEAVER.

Of course, there are a lot of good, sensible American girls, Mary; and when I read your letter through, I said to myself: "Here's one of 'em!"

Not everyone—either boy or girl—makes good use of a college course, as you know. What is carried out of a university gate is largely governed by what was taken in. Today our universities, with the benefits of years and endowments, are able to offer remarkable and diversified opportunities to ambitious students. To the don't care and good-time-seeking matriculator there are just as many, or more, chances for anything but profit in the manifold college activities—the manifoldness of which are an evil of the latter-day university life and a product of the age and size of our big institutions—too largely populated and organized. Just how many of the new opportunities, and which ones, will be grasped and made use of, depends wholly upon the student and the brain, character and ambition brought with him through the university portal. If he or she comes to college, accustomed and ready to work, knowing the value of the education to be gained and that it can only be best acquired in the few young and malleable years, then can be taken into life at the end of the

course something of lifetime worth and more than four years of a leisurely "good time" and tastes for luxury and amusement that neither brains nor hands are able to gratify once outside of college days into the hard outside world.

You should gain much from your coming college course, Mary, because you have not dropped "work" from your vocabulary, or are ready to let it be blotted out by the words "good time." Specked apples will almost always rot (to use your simile), and rotten ones are useless and wasted; but the clean red-checked fruit is always ready and marketable, as it deserves. Yes; there are loads of first-grade fruit on well-loaded boughs of American girl orchards, Mary,—for eyes that are not focussed to only see the spilt or spoiling specimens.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for October

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."
Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Mrs. Dan Pierson, Clifton, Ohio. Bedridden for five years with paralysis, this shut-in asks for postcards and other reading matter. Give her this shower of cheer and cure for loneliness. Mrs. Virgie Mills, Tomahawk, Ky. With a husband unable to work, this poor woman asks that second-hand clothing or money be sent her. Mrs. Tessie Martin, Stella, Va. This mother has six girls, the oldest being only ten years of age. She asks for second-hand clothing to aid the struggle in her burdened home. Catherine Fraisure, Lulu, R. R. 2, Box 31, Fla. This poor shut-in is a woman of 71 who has not walked for the past five years. She asks for second-hand clothing or any other aid. Minnie D. Freeman, Feebles, Box 228, Ohio. A crippled woman who has been a shut-in for forty-nine years. Well recommended. Give her a shower of dimes and cheer. Mrs. A. Terhunen, Palmer, Box 55, Mich. This mother of a large family is crippled and unable to work. Asks for second-hand clothing and financial aid. J. A. Mills, Wampee, R. R. 1, Box 25, S. C. Helpless from tuberculosis of the spine, this poor sufferer has a mother of seventy as his only care and support. Help this worthy case.

What of a harvest time that always means only a gathering of dark hours and of pain? Think of being shut in this and every autumn from the changing leaves and bright frosty mornings! Any help given can be but a lightening of heavy burdens that these shut-in sufferers must bear, not today and tomorrow, but season after season. From whatever your harvest of cheer or cash may be this fall, give to these whose names are listed and who are unable to even come to glean for themselves.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the members of COMFORT into closer and more cordial relations into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents. Only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

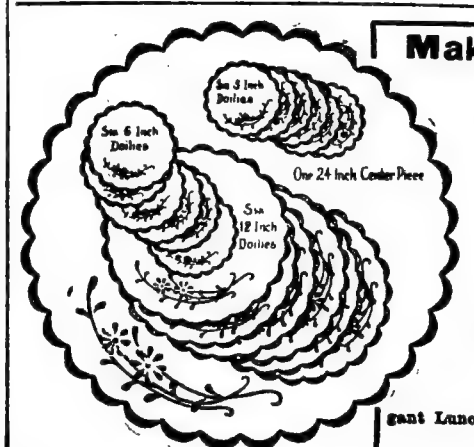
Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Horse-Power Energy of Falling Water and Hydro-Electric Development

Two cubic feet of water, which weigh 125 pounds, by falling six feet per second, produce one horse-power of energy. Falling water in early days was used to turn water-wheels to operate chiefly flour mills. Now the falling water is guided by concrete penstocks to turbines, which whirl electric generators, and the horse-power thus developed in electric current is transmitted hundreds of miles over copper wires to cities and towns to operate manufacturing plants and street railways and to furnish light and heat. These are known as hydro-electric plants. It was the introduction of the turbine water-wheel about 1835 that started the utilization of the flow of streams for mechanical purposes. But not until the alternating current system for the transmission of electrical energy was introduced in the early nineties, and the discovery of electrical transmission of power over long distances, did the development of water power become one of the great factors in industrial life.

In the recent Super-Power Report submitted to President Harding by Secretary of the Interior Fall, the North Atlantic coast region was thoroughly covered, because of the enormous industrial activity in this district extending from the coast approximately 150 miles inland and embracing parts of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland and all of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Jersey. This area is two per cent of the nation, contains 22 per cent of the population of the United States, and supports 96,000 industrial plants, 315 electric utilities, and 18 steam railroads. The total coal saved annually through hydro-electric power under conditions reasonably expected to develop by 1930 will be 50,000,000 tons.



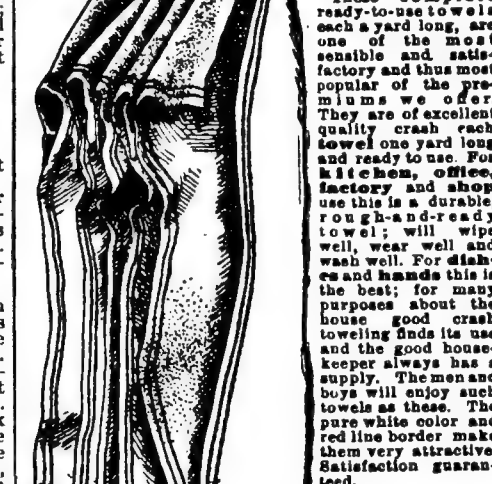
Make This Handsome 19-Piece Luncheon Set

We Will Give You The Patterns

ONE 24-inch Centerpiece, six 12-inch Dollies, six 6-inch Dollies and six 5-inch Dollies of the simple yet elegant design shown in our illustration. They can be made of the usual white material, such as linen, Butcher cloth, etc., worked in shades to match dishes used in serving, or of colored material to match decorations in the room, with the flowers embroidered in orange, with brown centers, green leaves and stems. Use buttonhole stitch for the borders, all-over embroidery or satin stitch for the flowers, outline stitch for the stems, and either satin or lazy daisy stitch for the leaves.

Special Offer. For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the transfer patterns for this elegant Luncheon Set free by mail postpaid. Reward No. 8381. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pure White Bleached Towels Yard Long With Fast Color Red Border



These complete ready-to-use towels each a yard long, are one of the most sensible and satisfactory and thus most popular of the premiums we offer. They are of excellent quality crash each towel one yard long and ready to use. For kitchen, office, factory and shop use this is a durable, rough-and-ready towel; will wipe well, wear well and wash well. For dish-clothes and hand-cloths this is the best; for many purposes about the house good crash toweling finds its use and the good house-keeper always has a supply. The men and boys will enjoy such towels as these. The pure white color and red line border make them very attractive. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Club Offer For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these ready-made Towels free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 1028. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Handsome Stamped Pillow-Top With Back and Fringe

A DESIGN that will appeal to all lovers of a home. A comfortable, "old-fashioned" farmhouse, the wall with the "old oaken bucket" and cluster of handsome American Beauty roses. The stamping is done in natural colors on an art crash, 17x21 inches, these colors acting as a guide to the embroiderer. Or, if desired, the whole design may be simply outlined in black. If embroidered, the roses should be worked in red and pink, using the outline stitch for all but the light parts, which should be worked solid. The leaves are to be outlined in green, the stems in brown. Work the house, well and surroundings in outline in colors corresponding to those stamped. The words "Home Sweet Home" are to be done in black in solid embroidery and outline stitch. We will send you this handsome stamped pillow-top with back and fringe upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Pillow Top with back and fringe free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8243. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

We Give You The Bag-Top —You Make The Bag!



THESE pretty home-made bags are all the go now. Their great popularity is due to the fact that as each woman makes her own bag it is sure to be distinctive—a little different from other women's bags. It is very easy to make and inexpensive. You probably have the material on hand right now—odds and ends of silk, velvet or moire, whatever you decide to use. The task on the bottom is not necessary but you can easily afford to buy one as they cost only a few cents. Or you can make it yourself.

The bag-top offered you here is seven inches wide, made of handsome oxidized metal with a very deeply embossed floral design. It is the "gate-top" style—that is, each side opens out in the middle so that it really has four sides as shown in the illustration. It is also perforated along the edge with small holes to take the stitches necessary for attaching the bag. The chain is fourteen inches long.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome and stylish Bag-Top free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8652. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Whose Little Girl Wants

Look
At
Me!



ME? I Am
The

Cutest, Sweetest
Baby Doll In
Toyland and
You Can **FREE!**
Have Me

YES, this beautiful curly-haired doll is free to any little girl and on such liberal terms that we expect to give away thousands of them during the next few months. Don't think she is so small as she looks in the picture for she stands nearly a foot high. She has a strong, durable, stuffed body, and an indestructible head. You can make her stand up, sit down in a chair

and assume all sorts of natural positions. Her beautiful brown hair hangs in luxuriant curls, her eyes are blue as the sky, she has on a pretty lace trimmed dress with anash, and taken altogether she is certainly the cutest and sweetest baby doll in all toyland. Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful doll as she sits smiling with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her, kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you free, packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken, if you will accept the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described, free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9872.

3-Piece Silver Set Given



MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Reward No. 7904.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Make Your Own Wireless Telephone



This Free Book Tells How

hardware or general store. Many of the parts can be made at home. This book shows you how to assemble them so as to make a receiving set which if purchased outright would cost many times what you pay for the component parts. It tells how to make not only one, but several different styles of receivers. It illustrates and describes every step of the process and the instructions are easy to understand because technical terms are avoided wherever possible.

Written by twenty Radio experts, this book is, for its size, one of the most authoritative yet published. It is 7 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches in size, contains one hundred pages and ninety illustrations and diagrams. Also in the back of the book is the official application blank of the Radio League of America and full instructions as to you becoming a member and receiving a membership certificate and button. We will send you a copy of this book if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this book telling you how to make your own Wireless Telephone, free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8701.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



18-Inch Center 12-Inch Doily

Both Stamped On Good Material
THEY are stamped on the best linen-finished cotton cloth all ready for embroidering. The simple yet elegant designs may be easily worked, using solid embroidery, French knots or eyelets for the basket, solid embroidery or satin stitch for the sprays and flowers and buttonhole stitch for the scalloped borders. Remember, we give you BOTH Center-piece and Doily on this offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this 18-inch Centerpiece and 12-inch Doily free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8361.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

What A Joyful Surprise For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

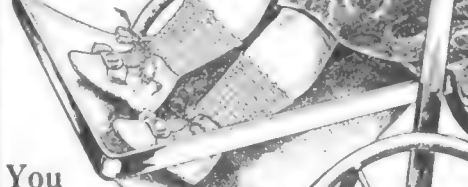
Won't She Fairly Dance With Glee
When You Give Her This Big,
Beautiful Sleeping Doll And Car-
riage—All For Her Very Own!

OF course she will—no girl could help being delighted with this big, beautiful doll which is even more beautiful and lifelike than she appears in the illustration. She is sixteen inches tall and jointed in such a manner that her arms, hands, legs and feet will stay in any position you place them. Her dark brown hair falls in bewitching curls, she has real teeth, her eyes are as blue as the sky and she opens and shuts them and goes to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. And she is always smiling and showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

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She Opens And Closes Her
Eyes, Has Real Teeth, Curly
Hair And A Pretty Dress
With Hat, Real Stockings
And Slippers With Buckles

riage for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once. You can surely find eight neighbors who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present low rate of 50c a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money (\$4.00 in all), and we will send you this beautiful sleeping doll and doll carriage exactly as above described, each packed in a strong box, free by parcel post. Remember there will be no expense to you whatever. Your mail-carrier will deliver the doll and carriage right to your door without charge. Start your club today and please mention Reward No. 7648.

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For A Club
Of Only
Four



27
Colors.

Fine Camel's-Hair Brush

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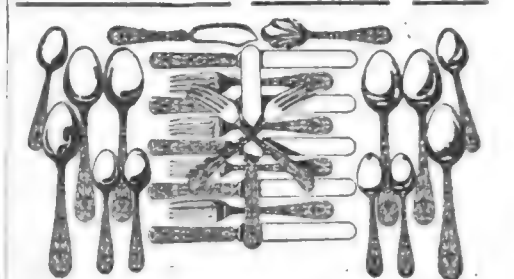
Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Eight

THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure as many large double bed blankets as you may need without a cent of expense. They are 45 inches wide, six feet in length extremely well made and finely finished. The color is gray with white border. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered due to the fact that we buy these blankets in large quantities direct from the mill at a specially low price and therefore are enabled to offer them for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these fine double bed blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. Reward No. 7575.

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26-Piece Table Set

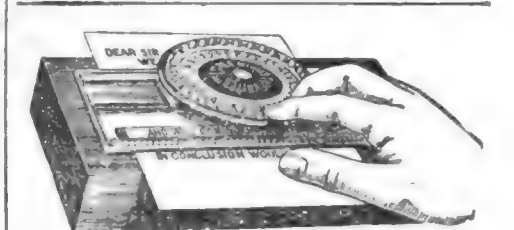


Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer a complete set of 26 Pieces in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a white metal base; therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have offered and we guarantee every set sent out for period of five years. We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special offer.

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Reward No. 8074

For A Club Of Four

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Forty-Mile Trap-Line

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CHAPTER II.

WHEN Tubs left Lon to set a trap-line around the mountain, he did so feeling highly elated that his trapping partner should place so much confidence in his ability thus early in the season. He proceeded several hundred yards, dividing his attention between watching for set locations and wishing some opportunity would come along whereby he might demonstrate his skill as a woodsman, and prowess with the gun.

A quarter of a mile from the starting place, Tubs reached a point of a ridge dividing two ravines. Here was a conglomeration of fallen trees—a windfall—and a sentinel snag was visible at a distance. "That's just the kind of place Lon said to prospect for sets," mused Tubs to himself, aloud, thus having readily acquired the trapper's habit. He bore off toward the point and inspected the snag which, as the trapper had surmised, was hollow to its top. The cyclone that had struck the point years before had broken the tree off and the stump had rotted out in the center. Tubs took his belt axe and soon had a hole through, and after rounding it up placed the venison bait in the back of the hole and set a trap in the entrance. While making this set he was pleased to find abundant fur signs around the windfall and in the way of claw marks on the logs, tracks in rotten wood dust and bunches of fur that had caught on projections of bark. He was not sure about the animals that made these signs, but later when the place was described to Lon, he was assured that nothing but the valuable marten could have made them.

Several hundred yards farther Tubs made a cubby pen set on the bank of a small mountain brook where raccoon tracks were numerous. The location also seemed like a general crossing place for fisher and other fur bearers, so Tubs placed a lot of confidence in this set and spent considerable pains to place the trap without disturbing the surroundings.

The deer-head drag was now seemingly getting heavier all the time, and Tubs often glanced back as if he expected to find it caught fast to a small log. So when the trapper came to a patch of the finest blueberries he had seen, it was the most natural thing in the world to stop and start feeding his face, using both hands to pick the luscious fruit. For once he forgot about being in the woods and on the alert for a chance to prove himself a Nimrod. He was making a most systematic clean-up of the berry patch, with the juice smeared from ear to ear and his rifle stood up against a tree several yards back. In fact, he had actually eaten a clear trail a couple of yards wide through the bushes, and only when reaching the scattered bushes on the outer edge of the patch did he stop, blink his eyes hard and then drop a handful of berries he had spent five minutes in collecting; simply because he discovered another berry picker not twenty-five feet away in the thick bushes. When Tubs suddenly halted, a loud "woof" issued from the bushes and a huge black bear reared up on its hind feet, head and massive forepaws in plain sight. While Tubs did not know it, the wind had been blowing from the bear in his direction, and the animal had been so intent on eating, it was hard to tell which was the more surprised when each discovered the other.

Tubs gasped and great beads of sweat popped out on his forehead and perhaps it was weakness more than bravery that caused him to hold his ground. The bear began to growl and smack his chops menacingly. Tubs by a great mental effort recalled that his gun was standing against a tree about forty feet away. Now that seconds might mean the difference between life and death, he could not for his life remember whether there was a cartridge in the barrel or not.

Without calculating on how many jumps it would take to carry him to the gun, and trying to calm his nerves, he could not help the levee smoothly without danger of "jamming" a cartridge, the delay had got on the bear's nerves, evidently. Tubs noted with extreme satisfaction that she began to turn her head from side to side, uneasy like; and soon the trapper and the bear were backing away from each other cautious enough until Tubs stumbled over a log and fell crashing through the bushes.

This fall gave the bear a fright and she proceeded to put miles between her bearship and the now thoroughly frightened Tubs. The young trapper could almost feel the bear's claws and teeth when he fell into the bushes, and was positive he heard the fierce animal growl with rage and come tearing toward him. With wild motions he floundered toward his gun, part of the time on hands and knees, as he would stumble over a stone or ride down a small bush, never stopping to look back. Time was too precious! Finally he grabbed the gun, worked the lever and threw the only cartridge in it out onto the ground. Then he drew up and aimed hastily at a fast-disappearing and panic-stricken bear, perhaps now two hundred yards away. Of course, the gun snapped on an empty chamber, and soon Tubs discovered his error and filled the magazine with cartridges; then collecting his senses, he realized that his big opportunity to prove himself to his Pard had come and was gone.

Now it was that Tubs made the record run of his young life, a run which made his school days' cross-country sprints look like child's play. Tubs didn't know bears, and that one genuinely scared will run forty miles without halting. But luck was with the trapper. The bear had at once taken to a large swamp or bog, and Tubs, thinking she would go right through, circled around to station himself on a hillside overlooking a sort of valley a hundred yards across. He knew enough to take to the side where the wind would favor him. Tubs had exercised considerable presence of mind and utilized his hearsay knowledge of bear hunting methods, by aiming for such a strategic point. He had not waited long before the bear came out of the swamp, and flitted across a narrow opening, headed straight toward him.

Fortunately Tubs had cut across to the right spot, perhaps accidentally, and the bear had followed its custom by circling around in the bog to confuse anything that might be on its trail. Now it was evidently making tracks for another state.

Tubs waited, gun cocked and nerves surprisingly quiet. It was now getting dusk and he felt some concern about the light being bright enough to outline the gun-sights. Suddenly the bear appeared right before him, and turned diagonally across an open space, affording a shot at thirty yards. Then Tubs proceeded to empty his gun, taking calm and deliberate aim with the last cartridge just as the bear disappeared into some bushes. Tubs knew at least one of the former shots had hit the bear, having noticed it flinch, but he could not tell what effect the last shot may have had. Nor did he feel inclined to go investigating into the bushes where the wounded bear was last seen.

Tubs reloaded his gun and sat down to await his partner, who he knew would come on hearing the shots. He had not waited long before hearing a whistle on the opposite hillside, and Lon came running up, out of breath and demanding the reason for the shooting. In a few minutes Tubs had related all the details of the bear incident, and Lon agreed that the bear must have been hit, and proposed they camp on the spot and take up the trail at daylight the next morning. They sat quiet for some time and, not hearing any noise such as a wounded bear would make, decided the bear had either been killed or wandered on out of hearing.

Before it was really dark, Lon had constructed

a lean-to and floored it with balsam boughs. Now the boys built a fire in front of the camp and fastened a couple of pieces of venison on spits near the fire to broil. They enjoyed a hearty repast of fresh meat and lay for some time on the comfortable bough bed listening to the barking of foxes on distant hills and the cry of loons in a nearby lake. Soon they dropped off to sleep.

The next morning the first thing the boys did was to inspect the bear trail. Tubs was the first to find the bear lying "dead as a door nail" only about twenty feet into the bushes. The bullet had struck just back of the shoulder and ranged forward, shattering the bones of the opposite shoulder.

"The best kind of shot," exclaimed Lon, adding, "I couldn't have done better myself. My! His coat is thick for this season of the year. It will sure come in handy for making a warm robe to sleep on."

It was all the boys could do to turn over the carcass to skin it out, and the hide made a good back-load for Lon; while Tubs struggled under the weight of some of the best portions of the meat which would compare favorably with the venison for eating purposes. That night the meat froze and for the next week the boys enjoyed excellent roasts of bear meat.

"We just have time enough to set a line of traps near camp this afternoon," Lon said, pushing back from the camp table at noon, after their hard trip bringing the trophies of the bear killing. "Back of camp is a balsam swamp. Suppose you set about a dozen rabbit snares, using that spool of brass wire in my kit. We'll need a lot of bait in setting out our trap-lines and rabbit is hard to beat for fisher and lynx, if any of the latter animals are in these woods. Better take your little .22 pill-slinger along; you'll have the chance to shoot several rabbits and maybe some partridges. Birds will go well for a change from bear meat and venison. One thing sure, we'll have a variety of fresh meat in camp all the time. Now while you do this, I'm going to run a little mink line down the stream; I'll set the traps blind, mostly in trails and burrows."

As instructed, Tubs prepared to build snares the rest of the day, and John followed his schedule of establishing the first mink line. Most country boys are familiar with this small, dark-furred and sly fur bearer which is so eagerly sought after by the trapper because of the fine quality of the fur. They range along the banks of streams and lakes and are most numerous in spring-watered localities. Their food consists of frogs, trout, birds, rabbits, squirrels and other rodents. Muskrat meat is a good bait for them, but it is doubtful whether the mink makes a habit of attacking full-grown rats. A large muskrat will weigh more than a mink, and put up a fair fight.

The mink were now following the edge of the water, wading up the middle of tiny rivulets, and shallow springs, perhaps looking for crawfish or frogs. They dived into every hole on their route and seemingly went out of their way to take in stone piles, drift debris and old muskrat burrows. All these places Lon noted on his ramble down the stream with a pack of traps, and the load was lightened at frequent intervals. The traps were usually set in the edge of the water, so there would be no human scent to warn the keen-nosed animal. When setting on dry land, Lon kept his buckskin gloves on and stepped on stones or logs. Sometimes he even went to the pains to lay bark down to stand on, and removed it after the set was made. The traps were stiff No. 1's for the open sets and No. 1½ under-springs for the burrows and other sets in narrow places. Lon placed traps on all the narrow shelves along the banks, and in other places where he knew mink would invariably go each trip. Every trapper knows the mink covers the same route about once a week and follows it as closely as a woodsman sticks to his trail. This is a trait worth knowing. It takes the speculating out of mink trapping.

Like most successful trappers, Lon was quiet while in the woods, and he was often rewarded by seeing animals in their natural haunts, thereby learning much about their habits. This trip, he had been making out of dead sticks a cubby pen against a tree standing within a few feet of the stream. For a hundred yards or more he had followed mink and coon tracks, without finding a desirable place for a set. Now the tracks led to a rock bluff which came perpendicularly down to the water's edge. The water was too deep for a set, even next to the bank, and as fur bearers might either take to the water or walk into the woods around the bluff at this point, Lon knew this was just the place he should guard with a cubby pen set. Later he would bait the pen with fresh fish, which would make the set attractive to mink, raccoon, fisher, marten or lynx. Now as he had no fish, he placed a small piece of venison in the back of the pen, covering it over with leaves so as not to attract the bluejays and other pests. Fur bearers locate bait mostly by smell and a small piece of fresh meat would induce the first passing mink to investigate.

The trapper had just stepped back to view the set with satisfaction when a movement on the point of a ridge a hundred feet away caught his eye. Instinctively he grabbed his gun and was just in time to get a hasty head on a red fox which was leisurely trotting down to the stream, perhaps to take a drink of water. At the crack of the gun, Lon saw the fox tumble over, and he mentally reckoned that the pelt would be as good as ten dollars and the gun had the credit of the first fur of the season.

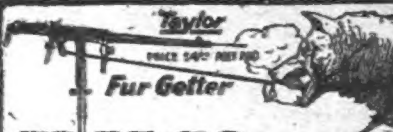
At this moment a rustle in the tree by the cubby pen attracted attention and Lon backed away and sat down to await developments. Soon a bright-eyed marten came in sight and finally spiraled down the trunk to the cubby. Out of curiosity, Lon sat quiet, gun in readiness in case the animal should run; but, as the trapper anticipated, the little marten saw the newly-made pen, smelled the venison and could not resist the temptation to investigate. There was a snap and the trap proved only a little ways behind the gun in fur getting. Lon mercifully dispatched the marten with a club and reset the trap; then he went over and picked up the fox. It was prime and fairly dark for the season. Lon skinned the fox and hung the carcass up to the lower branches of a balsam to attract fisher and such animals. With this rare good luck, the afternoon soon passed by and the last trap was set in time for the trapper to reach camp before dark.

Tubs was frying venison steak when Lon came in and threw down two valuable pelts thus early in the season.

"How's this for trapping? A bear skin, one fox and one marten in one day. Why, I never heard of such good luck before. Tomorrow we set the big line, the first lap of the big circle. It'll be a three days' trip to go over, requiring two over-night camps. We'll take in Seward Mountain, Twin Lakes, Wolf Pond and a half-dozen big balsam swamps. You can work one end, and I'll take the other, or we'll both go together, or maybe run separate lines. Anyway, that's a forty-mile line, and the way fur signs look to me, and if our luck holds out, we're going to make some catches, old boy!" all to which Tubs listened with full confidence in his partner's predictions. But he little dreamed of the adventures in store for him on the Forty-Mile trap-line.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A beaver colony on the east fork of the Hood River in Oregon recently felled a tree 18 inches in diameter across a power line of the Pacific Power & Light Company, plunging the entire countryside into darkness.—Dearborn Independent.



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Protect the Muskrat

Until a few years ago there was a general prejudice against muskrats among farmers whose bottom lands they inhabited. The farmer's chief complaint was that they burrowed under his fields and occasionally nibbled his crop, thus causing him losses.

And seldom stopping to consider that the muskrat pelts would more than pay for the trifling annoyance the animals caused, the farmers often set about to exterminate them.

For every case where it is shown that the muskrat attacked crops on lands near marshes, there is another which shows that he left crops entirely alone, even though they were near at hand.

It has taken the American farmer a number of years to realize just what a money-making asset the possession of muskrat marshes on his lands is to him. Time was when he either ignored muskrats (save for the sport of catching them) or actually drove them out while subject to the belief that they were pests.

Now the more astute American farmer looks on the presence of muskrats in his bottom lands just as he regards the cornfields of the higher slopes—as a crop.

He encourages them to breed, protects them during the mating season, traps them only when the law permits and makes every effort to promote their growth as a crop—not for any purely humanitarian motive, but because muskrat farming pays—and pays well.

It is no unusual thing for a farmer to trap 50 muskrats in an acre or two of useless marshlands.

To the man in the country who, up to this time, has been indifferent to the muskrat's existence, the animal's new status should be of interest, especially since fashion has taken up the "rat" and the market for his pelt is broader than ever.

But as a final word of caution—don't trap out of season—don't violate game laws—regard the muskrat as a crop that should be guarded and protected, and it will return you big profits.

The "Why" of Fur Conservation

In the struggle for existence, only the fit survive, and man has proved himself the fittest of animals. If man sets out to exterminate a certain animal, the chances are against the animal, as witness the extinction of the great auk and the American bison.

But man is wise enough to protect those animals that are of real value to him. This is the reason for livestock on the farm. Now fur-bearers are one form of livestock, but are distinct from other farm animals because they are wild and confined to no boundaries.

Why conserve the fur crop? First, because it is extremely valuable to the man or boy of the country. Second, because conservation increases its value by increasing the number of animals and the harvest. Third, because lack of conservation means an actual loss to the very man who wants to make the most money out of trapping.

Game laws are more for your protection than for the protection of the animals, because by protecting the animals during certain periods they protect your own wealth and help put more money in your pocket at trapping time. But game laws are not an absolute assurance of conservation. Because of their general nature, adapted to several districts at one time, they often permit trapping during the breeding season—the time when trapping is most detrimental.

The trapper should be his own legislator. By using a little business sense you will see that to harm the fur supply is like throwing away money that actually belongs to you. One female pelt taken during the breeding period may mean six good pelts lost forever. There is everything to say in favor of conservation and nothing against it from the trapper's standpoint. The fur supply is a natural resource that can be developed to much greater proportions and hence become a source of bigger income for you.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

fine sulphate spray mentioned above for plant lice and leaf hoppers.

Observe the following cautions in using poison baits of any sort: 1. Measure amounts carefully; do not guess. 2. Mix ingredients carefully as directed. 3. Scatter bran mash broadcast; do not place in piles. 4. For best results scatter in early morning or late evening. 5. Wash barrels or buckets immediately after using—(the calf may lick them clean if you don't). 6. Keep poison in any form out of the reach of young children, for they cannot be expected to respect a poison label. 7. Do not scatter poisoned grain where it will be found and eaten by chickens or wild birds. The latter are helping control the "bugs" free of charge, and richly deserve protection.

Home Tanning Mole and Squirrel

Tanning pelts at home is really a comparatively simple matter for anyone who is willing to follow exactly a few simple rules in skinning and handling, and who will regard care as essential to success. Unless this is fully understood at the start, both the furs and time will be wasted.

Home tanning naturally falls under the following heads: (1) Skinning; (2) Stretching; (3) Scraping; (4) Salting; (5) Washing; and (6) Oiling. With only slight differences, which we will try to point out as we go on, the suggestions given below will apply not only to moles and squirrels but to any other small animals.

To skin small animals, only a single cut is needed, and that is made with a sharp knife along the inside of the hind legs up to and passing under the root of the tail. The tail bone is then pulled out and the skin is gradually drawn back over the body, for all the world like taking off a sock. To prevent tearing circle the eyes, ears, nostrils and mouth with the point of the knife before the skin is drawn over the head. The skin will now be turned inside or flesh-side out; leave it thus. Skins removed in this manner are known as "cased" skins, as contrasted with "open" skins, or those which are split up the belly and spread flat to cure. For home use either manner of skinning may be employed as a matter of personal preference.

Stretching and drying is done by placing cased skins on a stretching board which fits inside and keeps them stretched smooth. These boards are usually made out of pieces of shingle for the smaller animals; they are about eight inches long and two inches wide for moles, and for squirrels about 12 inches by three. The sides taper somewhat and the head end is rounded. For those who have never seen a stretching board, its shape may be compared to that of a tiny ironing board familiar to everybody. When skins have been placed on stretching boards, hang them up in a moderately warm place where there is a free circulation of air.

Scraping is seldom necessary with a mole skin, nor are they thick or tough enough to stand much scraping. Squirrel skins should have excess fat removed, for which purpose an old blunt knife is the best tool. Here is one place where slow and careful work is necessary, for rough handling and deep and careless scraping will tear the skin or pull the fur "through by the roots."

Salting is done in either of two ways: Usually a mixture of equal parts of salt-peter and alum is rubbed into the slightly oily skin, using all that will be taken up or will adhere because of the moisture present. The other is to apply with a small brush all of a saturated salt-peter-alum solution that will be taken up; this is more frequently used for hides that are dried out. Either will do the work. Leave for several days until

the mixture has thoroughly worked into the skin. Wash skins in rain water to remove all salt and alum. Do not be afraid to use plenty of "elbow grease," but rub and squeeze and rinse just like you would do with dirty clothes. Dry slowly in a cool, shady place to prevent shrinking, hardening and cracking.

Oiling is usually done by repeatedly painting the flesh side of the skin, and continuing until no more oil will be taken up, rubbing in thoroughly after each application. Neat-foot oil serves best for this purpose, but castor oil may be used with good results. For applying, use a small paint-brush with stiff bristles or an old tooth-brush. Mole skins will need but little oil; squirrel skins considerable. Knead and stretch to make skins pliable. Keep oil off fur side. Remove excess oil by covering skin with bran, allowing it to soak up oil, then repeating until no more oil is taken up.

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Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

SHRUBS FOR THE LAWN.—Will you please tell me what shrubs I should plant for ornamental purposes in my yard; ones that will grow in this part of the country. I have been told that it is against the law to plant the barberry. Is this true? Are evergreens hard to grow? Mrs. J. V., Michigan.

A.—The varieties of shrubs from which you can safely choose for beautifying your yard are very large in the part of Michigan where you live. Perhaps the best possible way for you to choose those that will always be a pleasure for you to look at is to go to some park in one of your larger cities, Grand Rapids, for instance. There you will find shrubs of all kinds and descriptions. Perhaps they will bear small tags or wooden markers telling their names. If not, you can usually learn some from the gardener in charge. If you are a bird lover it is well to keep in mind the fact that many shrubs not only bloom beautifully in the spring but bear berries in the fall which are a veritable "hoard of plenty" for innumerable song-birds. Nor are these same birds so likely to make inroads on the cherries or currants or grapes if other berries are provided. The Japanese honeysuckle is one of the best of these; weeping mulberry, which is really a small tree, is another. As to the barberry, you can plant the Japanese or "single berry" variety if you desire; the common or native barberry is prohibited by law, as it harbors a stage of which the European spruce sawfly is difficult to grow if you choose those that are suited to your locality. The main thing is to get them started. One mistake that is commonly made is to expose the roots to the air and sunlight while they are being planted, and to fail to saturate the roots and the surrounding ground thoroughly during and after planting. If planting is done quickly and according to these directions, seeing that the soil is tamped securely afterwards, they should grow nicely. They are, however, almost impossible to grow in the grimy, smoke-laden air of our larger industrial cities, but as you live in the country you should succeed.

DESTROYING GOPHERS.—Please tell me how to exterminate pocket gophers. I have tried trapping them but with little success. Have heard that there is a liquid used for this purpose, putting on cotton and inserting it in the gophers' holes. M. G., Brainerd, Miss.

A.—The liquid is bisulphid of carbon which is used to saturate cotton batting to be inserted deeply in the holes. The holes must then be stopped to hold in the gas. Bisulphid of carbon is very inflammable, so handle it where there is no open light or fire. If you could devise a plan of conducting the fumes from an automobile exhaust into the gopher burrows that would poison them as it does woodchucks.

HOLSTEIN OR FRIESIAN.—I keep Holstein cows and know that their right name is Holstein-Friesian. Is it right to call them Friesians as some folks do, or is this another breed of cows? A. B. W., Vermont.

A.—In the United States the correct name for the breed commonly referred to as Holstein is Holstein-Friesian. In Great Britain the same breed, or at any rate cows descended from the same stock in Holland, are called "Friesians," and the British herd book of the breed is known as the Friesian herd book. There seems to be some reason to favor the British name, as the breed was originated in the portion of Netherlands called Friesland. Holstein, in north-west Germany, does not rank with the former as a cow-producing country, nor did it play an important part in the origin of this breed.

The Piano on the Farm

In the cities, where there are chances to hear music daily, the piano is considered necessary in every home where it can possibly be afforded. If the piano is so important in the cities, it should be even more important on the farms, where life is apt to be monotonous. The farm people, old and young, usually appreciate music; and the old folks, especially, like to hear played their favorite songs that they learned in the long ago. The young folks like to hear the new hits, and want to try them out on their own instruments. They want to learn to play the piano, as is the fashion in the cities, and there is nothing wrong in the desire, for the farm folks work hard and deserve everything that can make them pleased and happy.

There is hardly anything between work and play that gives so much pleasure as music. The boys delight in baseball, but like music, too, and the girls simply must have it in one form or another. The piano is now no doubt the most popular musical instrument, having almost entirely replaced the reed organ which was once very much in style. The phonograph is also a popular musical instrument, and a very good one, but the piano gives the young a chance to study music and develop their musical talents. Everybody is proud of his own achievements, and as soon as the young student has learned to play a few songs, he finds the study easier and more interesting. I know girls who, after learning several songs, keep on playing and practicing entire evenings, and no one can deny that they derive pleasure from the exercises.

Often the old folks feel like singing, too, and if there is a piano in the house, one of the daughters can then sit down at the instrument and play the tunes, sacred or otherwise, thus making singing easier, and leading the faltering voices on through hours of sweet enjoyment. In many farm homes nowadays the wife is a good musician herself, and then she can do the playing, and can also teach the children. Moreover, she can make some extra money by giving music lessons to those in the neighborhood who are desiring a teacher.

Learning to play the piano is not so difficult as some may think. Of course, a few lessons from one who knows how are necessary to give the student a start, but after that he can proceed for himself by practicing when he has the time. Practice does the most. I am acquainted with a young violinist who has already won laurels for his art, and he says that the trouble with most musicians is that they do not practice enough. He often plays his violin a while in the morning before he gets out of bed. Lessons can be taken from a teacher in town or from a friend in the neighborhood. Now when almost every farmer has a car, getting to town at least several times a week is not difficult, and only half an hour or an hour is necessary for each lesson. I know farm girls who have learned to play the piano well after taking only ten lessons. They can play all the new hits, and are very popular wherever there are listeners and a piano. As sheet music is cheap, anybody can afford to get the best pieces.

The piano will provide good entertainment when there is company in the home, or when there is a house party. It can also furnish the music for the lady's sewing society, the young people's society and the Sunday school class, which so often meet in the homes on the farms. And every girl likes to entertain, with music on the piano, the admiring youth who comes to see her.

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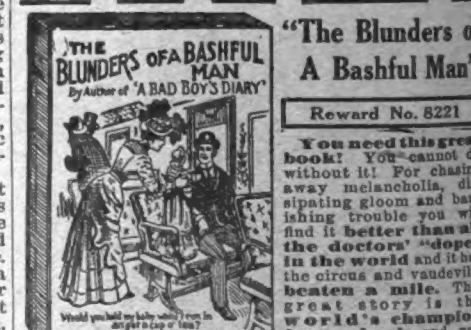
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Agents—Beautiful Complete New Line Combination Toilet Article Sets—Magnificent Display Boxes—sells instantly until Xmas. Tremendous Profits—Exclusive Territory. Foster Reid Factories, B2001 Mango, Chicago.

The Start of Spiritualism

It was in 1848 that Hydeville, a small town in Wayne County, New York, sent out the startling message that one of its respected residents, J. D. Fox, as well as his wife and daughters Kate and Margaret had established communication with the world beyond this life by means of raps, table tipping and similar manifestations.

The tale of the solution of a murder mystery through the instrumentality of spirits conjured up by the Fox family became a topic of excited discussion in an apparently small circle immediately after the story had been told for the first time.

AGENTS WANTED

Be successful Agent! Free sample outfit—worth \$2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lynas Co., 200 Logansport, Ind.

Agents—Six new fast selling necessities, big demand, unique selling plan, makes dollar an hour, credit given, samples free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk H, Chicago.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit \$57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid, \$1.39. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Make \$5000 every year—\$2000 in spare time. Share profits besides. Show "Weather Monarch" Raincoats and Waterproofed Overcoats. Ask about "Duo Coats" (No. 999). Free raincoat for you. Associated Raincoat Agents Inc., 444 North Wells, Chicago.

Wanted Energetic men and women to solicit orders in commission basis for individual printed stationery. A high class proposition. Great profit possibilities. No experience or capital necessary. Write Hoosier Paper Co., 46 Third St., Marion, Ind.

\$100 weekly. 350% profit. New, easy seller. Big repeater. Free samples get customers. Crew manager's harvest. Hansen Mfg. Co., P. 220 W. Ontario St., Chicago.

Agents—Steady income large manufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freepoint Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sell guaranteed coal saving devices—Save half coal. Expensive coal makes tremendous demand. 100% profit. A. H. Dalot, 204 N. 5th St., Phila., Pa.

Agents—Jolly Molly dresses are quick sellers—good repeaters. Every woman wants one or more. Complete line new ready. No capital required—no experience necessary. Commissions advanced. Domestic Products Co., 524 Davies Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Men's Shirts. Easy to sell. Big demand everywhere. Make \$15.00 daily. Underwear stores. Complete line. Free samples to workers. Chicago Shirt Co., 9 So. Clinton, Factory 202, Chicago.

Make \$25 to \$50 Week representing Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gold Sign Letters for stores and office windows. Photo Pillows, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Medallions, Waterproof Aprons, Novelties. Samples, catalogue free. Thirty days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk H10, Chicago, Ill.

NICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Land Seekers! Opportunity awaits you near bustling city in Lower Mich. 30, 40, 80 acre tracts only \$10 to \$50 down. Bal. long time. Investigate. Write today for big Free booklet. Swigart Land Co., C-1346 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

\$6-\$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for Stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

Be Gown Designers. \$35 week. Learn while earning. Sample Lessons Free. Franklin Institute, Dept. 3501, Rochester, N. Y.

Ladies Wanted everywhere. Easy spare time homework. Particulars free. Ellier Company, 27 Warren St., New York.

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting. Tatting, making aprons and caps. Material furnished. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

U. S. Government positions for women. \$100 month. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. 39, Rochester, N. Y.

At Once; 5 bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. \$40 to \$75 a week. R. R. fare paid. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 82, Omaha, Nebr.

Earnest, refined women wanted to introduce Frigidaire Refrigerators, Electric Stoves, etc. Easy pleasant work. Good pay. Samples, instructions furnished. Write Fitzcharles Co., 404 Fitzcharles Bldg., Trenton, N. J.

Women—Girls, over 15. Learn Millinery Designing—Making in your home. Big Fall demand. \$125 month. Sample Free. Franklin Institute, Dept. 3800, Rochester, N. Y.

Ladies—\$10 to \$50 weekly selling sanitary specialty used by women; whole or part time; dignified work; no experience; free particulars. American Rubber Products Co., C 608 5th Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Earn While You Learn to become a nurse, the best paying profession for women. One and two year courses. Burnside Hospital, Chicago, Ill.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Genuine Imported Oriental Indestructible Pearl Necklaces. 24 in. \$4.00; 1m. Carved Ivory Bead Necklaces, 30 and 35 inches, \$2.75. Great values. Chas. C. Johns, Maritime Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 37-M, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents Secured. Prompt service. Avoid dangerous delays. Send for our "Record of Invention" form and Free Book telling How to obtain a Patent. Send sketch or model for examination. Preliminary advice without charge. Highest references. Write Today. J. L. Jackson & Co., 230 Ouray Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, 16 to 60, willing to accept Government Positions, \$117-\$200, traveling or stationary, write, Mr. Ozment, 104, St. Louis, immediately.

Be a Railway Traffic Inspector! \$110 to \$250 monthly, expenses paid after 3 months' spare-time study. Splendid opportunities. Position guaranteed or money refunded. Write for Free Booklet G-6. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, \$133 to \$192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2 Columbus, O.

Firemen, Brakemen, Haggagamen, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). \$140-\$200. Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Wanted—Men-Boys. \$35 week. Become Automobile experts. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 410, Rochester, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, for railroads nearest their homes—everywhere, beginners \$150, later \$250 monthly. (Which position). Railway Association, Desk M-17, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

\$30 A Week, Evening—I made it, mail order business. Booklet for stamp, sample 25c. I trust you for \$3.00. A. C. Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

FARMS FOR SALE

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale, give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

INVENTIONS

Inventions wanted on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91 St. Louis, Missouri.

POULTRY

Baby Chicks; 3c up. 25,000 every week. 15 Pure breeds. Catalog free. Booth Hatchery, Clinton, Mo.

HELP WANTED

Government Clerical Positions Open to men, women, girls 18, over, Postoffice, Railway Mail, Departmental, Other Positions. Good salary. Experience unnecessary. Examination soon. Full particulars free. Write Columbia School Civil Service, 464 Pope Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Men, women, over 18, desiring Govt. positions, write immediately Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Keener Bldg., Chicago.

U. S. Government wants help. Men, women, over 17. \$52-\$150 month. Common education. List positions free. Write immediately Franklin Institute, Dept. J12, Rochester, N. Y.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make \$19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

DOGS

Dog Owners, amateur or professional. Here is your opportunity. New book "Care of Dogs" free, contains helpful instructive information on feeding, training, diseases. Every dog owner needs it. Book mailed free with a 3 months' trial subscription to Sportsman's Digest—America's popular illustrated Dog and Hunting Magazine. Send 25c today (coin or stamps). Sportsman's Digest Publishing Co., 525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

A Pretty Soft Job

WANTED—The three best looking babies in New Orleans. Must be over ten months and under three years old. Apply in person at ladies' lunch room, New Orleans Railway and Light Company, No. 421 Baronne street, Saturday 10.30 a. m. Good salary to right babies. Nothing to do but look pleasant.—New Orleans Item.

Or Just Above Reproach

Perhaps the proper length for a skirt would be just beneath notice. —Rochester Times-Union

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

Big Money in Writing photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Send today for Free copy Writer's Bulletin, full of helpful advice how to write, where to sell. Edwards, Publisher, 609 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

PHOTO FINISHING

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 3c each. Moser & Son, 2172 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Better Pictures—Your kodak film developed 4c—prints 4c each. Remember—Satisfaction or money back. Cameron Photo Co., C-3418 Burch Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Kodak Prints: 3c, postcards 5c. development 5c. "Quality and service." Altine Photo Co., Dept. A, 1892 Kinney, Cincinnati, O.

Special Trial Offer: Any size Kodak film developed for 6c; prints 2c each. Over-night service. Expert work. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 128 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

World's Finest kodak photo new art style. Entirely different, never seen before. Roll dev. 5c, prints 2c each. Maiden Art Co., 5 Cin., O.

Films developed 5c—prints 3c each. All prints glazed. Photo Shop, Dept. C, Station D, Cincinnati, O.

HELP—MALE & FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 461, St. Louis, Mo.

Government Positions Are Fine: \$1400, \$1600, \$1800 at start, up to \$2300 and \$2600. Exams everywhere. Write today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box K, Rochester, N. Y.

Get a Business College Course At home. Prepare to earn \$100 to \$200 month. Successful Graduates everywhere. Graduates placed in good positions. Details free. Brown's Home Study School, 72A, Peoria, Illinois.

MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1610 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

Ladies Self-threading Needles save time & Eyesight. 10c silver brings them. L. P. Miller, Box 1250, City Hall Station, New York.

Trapping Methods, deadfalls, box traps, snares. Big blueprint list free. Wee-Shu-Co., 41-M, West Market, Detroit, Mich.

Don't buy a Bicycle Motor Attachment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. 3, Galesburg, Kansas.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Iowa.

Hemstitching and Picotting Attachments for sewing machines, easily adjusted. Price \$2.00 with instructions. Ladies Art Sales Co., Box 71-G, Hamtramck, Mich.

Hundred Hounds Cheap. O. O. D. Trial. Photos. Write. Kaskaskas Kennels, Herrick, Ills.

SALESMEN WANTED

Only One Policy A Day Means \$130 Per month profit; same on renewals. Policy pays \$5,000 Death; \$25 weekly benefit for injury or sickness. Premium \$10 yearly. Full or spare time. Easy seller. Write quick for territory. Underwriters, Dept. F30, Newark, N.J.

Easy to sell Groceries, Paints, Automobile Oils, Kooling, Stock Food to consumers from samples, no capital or experience necessary, steady profits, no work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed. 50 years in business. Write for full particulars. Loverin & Browne Co., Wholesale Grocers, 1701 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Good Bye Gray Hair!

Science Shows How Any Man or Woman Can Now Quickly Restore Hair to Its Own, Original Color

GRAY hair is simply hair without color! Science has discovered that if a certain natural process in the root were not affected by worry or by advancing age, the hair would never become gray, but retain its natural color throughout life.

A remarkable new discovery now makes it possible for the original color of the hair to be restored quickly and easily through a simple, natural process. Hair acquires its color (blond, black, brown, auburn, etc.) from the presence of coloring matter of pigment in tiny cells found at the root of the hair. This coloring matter is given off at the tip of the papilla, enters the root, and is dissolved in tiny corpuscles in the middle layer of the hair. The process is known as pigmentation. (See diagram).

How Hair Loses Its Color

As long as the process of pigmentation continues, the hair remains black or brown or whatever the original color happened to be. But as soon as this process is affected by advancing age, or by shock, worry, or illness, the pigment supply lessens or fails—and no coloring is sent up into the hair.

The result is that the hair becomes streaked with gray. This gray does not indicate a change in color. It indicates an absence of color. The hair has simply blanched.

How New Discovery Restores Natural Color

Tru-Tone, the marvelous new scientific discovery, quickly restores the true, original color to gray hair—to hair that has blanched. It is not an ordinary dye, or stain, or tint. It is pleasant to use—none of the muss and trouble of ordinary color restorers.

It makes no difference whether your hair was black, brown, blond or auburn—Tru-Tone works equally well, making your hair appear the same as it was before it had even a trace of gray in it. It makes no difference how gray your hair is—Tru-Tone will restore it and no one need know you are banishing your gray hair if you don't want them to.

Wonderful for Thin, Falling Hair

It was only after extensive research and experiment that Tru-Tone was discovered. It is just a clear, pure liquid—almost colorless. It contains tonic properties that stimulate the natural growth of the hair. Tru-Tone, therefore, not only restores the natural color to your hair but makes it thick, glossy and beautiful at the same time. You can use it with absolute confidence, knowing that it cannot possibly discolor the hair or harm it in any way.

This Bank Guarantee Protects You

To protect every user of Tru-Tone we have placed a deposit of \$10,000.00 in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia.



Read What These Delighted Users Say

"I am ready to 'boost' Tru-Tone for it has restored my hair to its natural color, and I have good faith in it."

Mrs. E. W. Harris,
1042 Lake Avenue, Pueblo, Col.

"I find my hair has grown thicker with the use of Tru-Tone, and while there are still a few gray hairs left, the color is a beautiful light brown, just as it was years ago. I am delighted."

Miss Lillian F. Schoellhorn,
2903 Allen Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

"Your treatments of Tru-Tone to my hair did wonders."

Mrs. H. Witty,
702 N. Minnesota Ave., St. Peter, Minn.

"I received your Tru-Tone, and think it is a wonderful restorer. My hair was almost all gray and I think that I got your remedy just in time for my hair. Now my hair is almost its natural color. I shall recommend it to all my friends."

Mrs. O. D. Moddy,
414 So. 5th Street, Columbia, Mo.

This guarantee insures the return to you of your money if, after a fair test of Tru-Tone, you are not delighted with the result. Tru-Tone simply has to do what we say it will, or it costs you nothing.

Surely you are not going to miss this wonderful opportunity to restore the true, original color to your hair. Think of having once again the beautiful, lustrous hair you had years ago—when you put it up for the first time! Think of restoring the true color to your hair!

Send No Money

Nothing can so thoroughly convince you of the wonderful power of Tru-Tone in restoring the hair to its natural color as trying it. That is why we are making this very special introductory offer.

If you will fill in the coupon and mail it to us at once, we will send you a full-sized bottle of Tru-Tone in plain sealed package—no marking to indicate contents. No need to send any money. And don't send a sample of your

hair. Tru-Tone acts alike on all hair; it restores it to its own natural color. Just mail the coupon—but do it NOW before you forget.

ONLY \$1.45

Send No Money

When the postman delivers Tru-Tone to your door, give him only \$1.45 (plus postage) in full payment. This is a special introductory price—Tru-Tone ordinarily sells for \$3.00. If after a fair test you are not delighted with results, simply return what is left and your money will be refunded at once.

Clip the coupon and mail it now, before you forget. Bear in mind that this is a free-proof offer; the test of Tru-Tone need cost nothing if you are not absolutely delighted. Act NOW! Domino House, Dept. T-3410, 269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Send No Money

Domino House, Dept. T-3410

269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a \$3.00 bottle of your Tru-Tone. I will pay the postman only \$1.45 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am purchasing the first bottle with the absolute guaranteed privilege of returning it after a fair trial and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name

Address

City State

If you wish, you may send money with coupon and save postage.

(Price outside U. S. \$1.60, cash with order.)

Why Gray Hair Is Simply Hair Without Color

